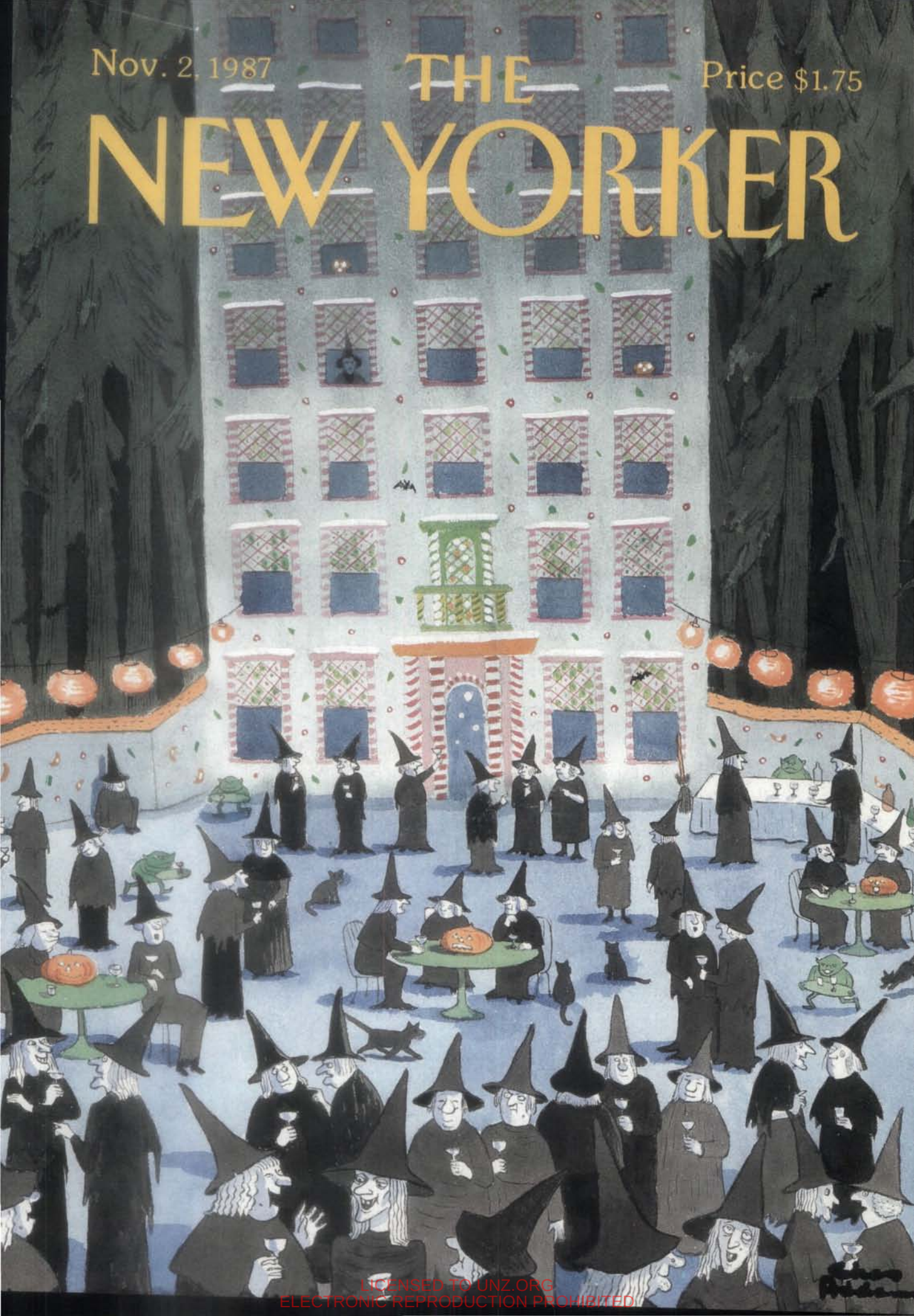


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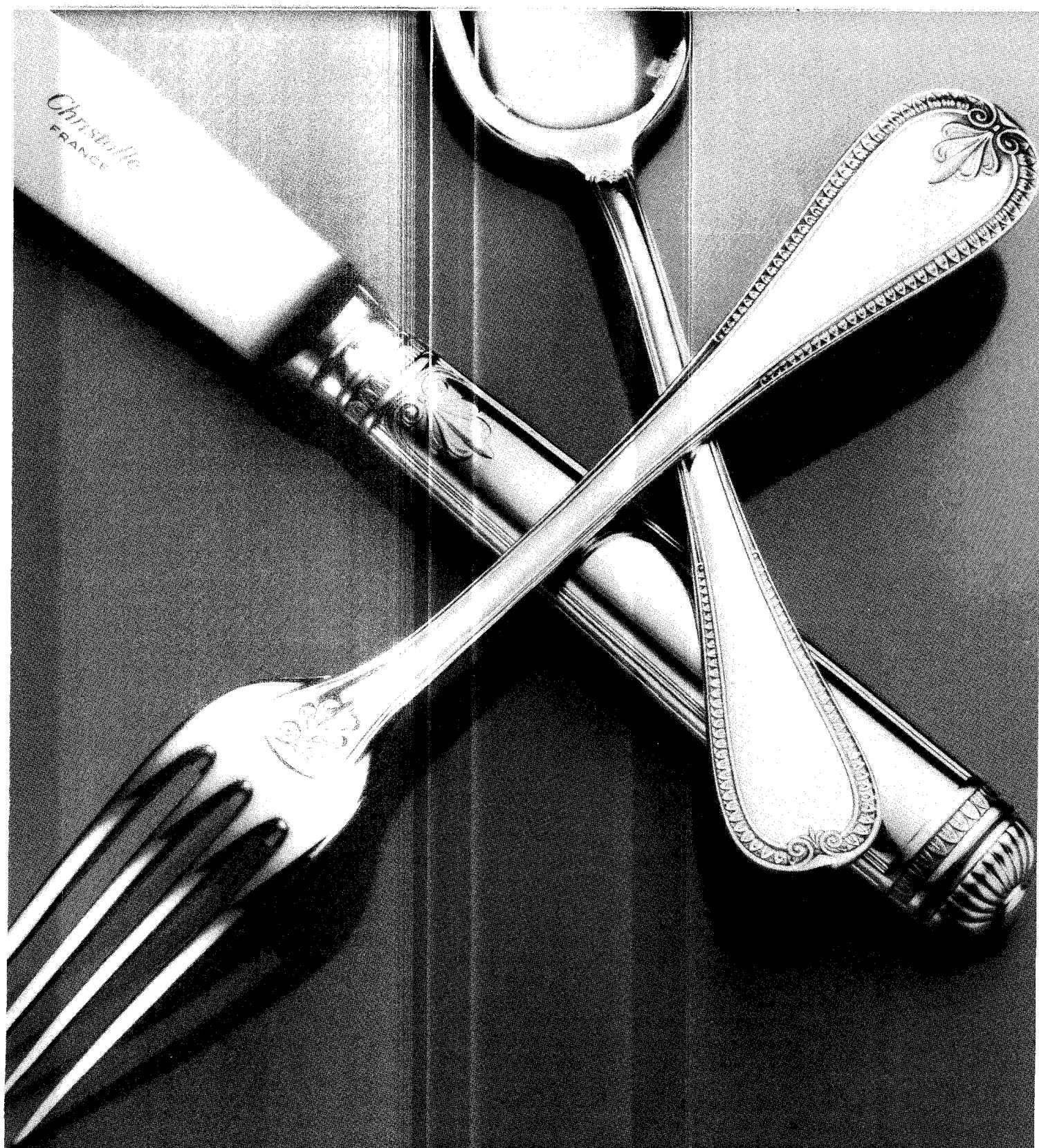
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANYTHING GOES—Under the clever, gifted direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant, satisfying revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahoney-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. The elegant settings and costumes were designed by Tony Walton and lighted by Paul Gallo; the witty choreography was by Michael Smuin and the witty orchestral arrangements by Michael Gibson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BIRDS OF PARADISE—A musical comedy with a book by Winnie Holzman and David Evans, lyrics by Miss Holzman, and a score by Mr. Evans. Directed by Arthur Laurents. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BURN THIS—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are very good. Marshall W. Mason was the able director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/87.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CABARET—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb, based on the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories," is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it. The first is a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; the second is a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee; the third is a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Rafael Lima's play **EL SALVADOR**, about a group of television journalists in that embattled country, is short on substance, but his characters are credible, and the lines they speak sound authentic, and are often funny. John Bishop directed the capable actors. (10/26/87) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Nov. 7, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

CIRCUMSTANCES—A one-man show written and performed by Louis Mustillo. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 691-7641. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DON'T GET GOD STARTED—A gospel musical with a score and lyrics by Marvin Winans and a book by Ron Milner, who also directs. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially

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on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyn wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The second in this season's series of eight productions will be a revival of the 1953 musical **KISMET**. Score and

lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest; book by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis, who have revised it for this production. Opens Thursday, Oct. 29, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FENCES—August Wilson's play about a black garbage man, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE—Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh in a new play by Terrence McNally. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

INTO THE WOODS—A new musical by Stephen Sondheim, mainly based on folktales by the Brothers Grimm. With a book by James Lapine, who also directed. The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Joanna Gleason, Chip Zien, Tom Aldredge, and Robert Westenberg. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 4. Opens

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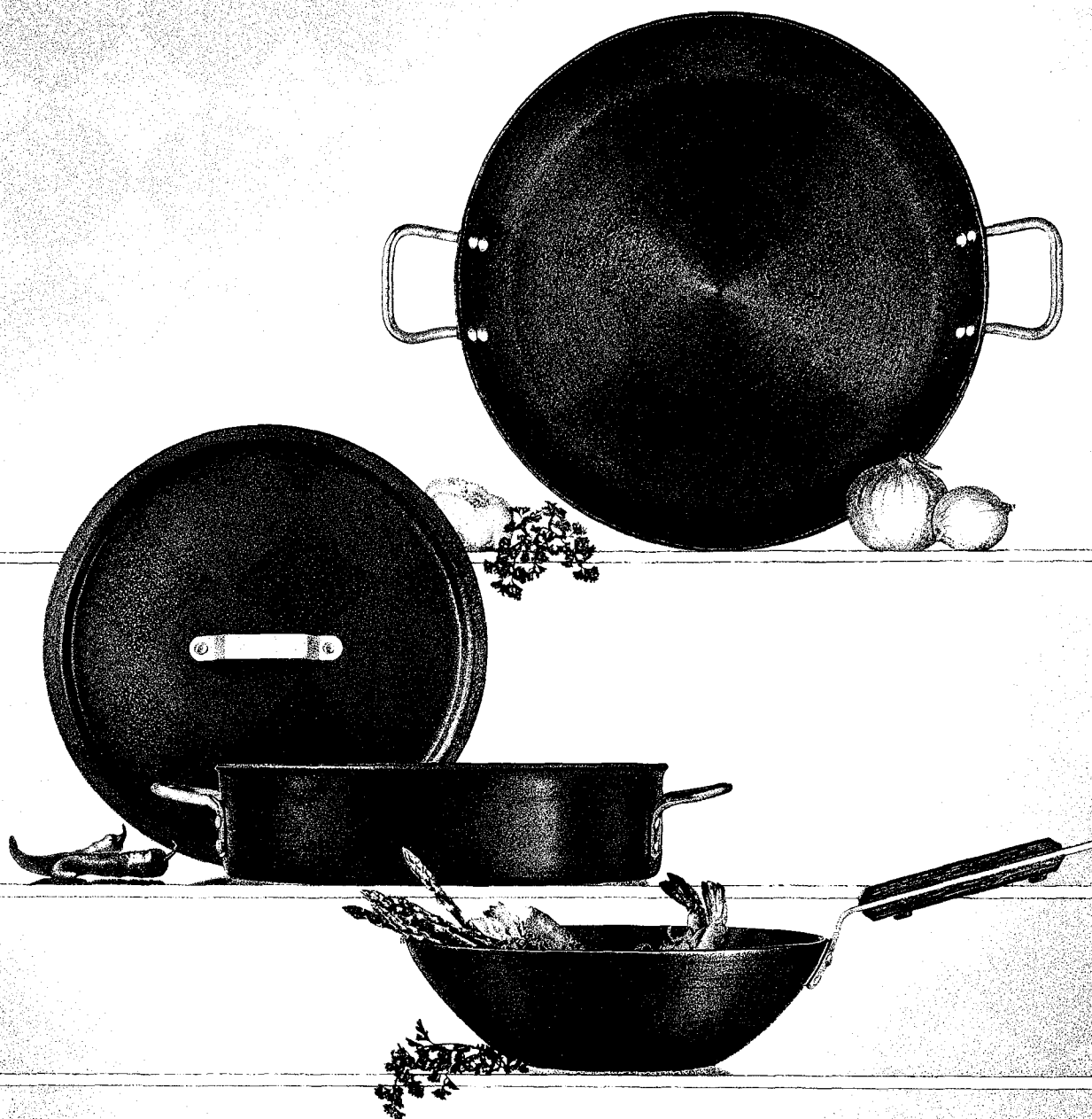
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

officially on Thursday, Nov. 5. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—A twenty-six-member company presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**, a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

THE MAHABHARATA—This nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic uses pagantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of the conflict between two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator Jean-Claude Carrière have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (Reviewed in this issue.) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

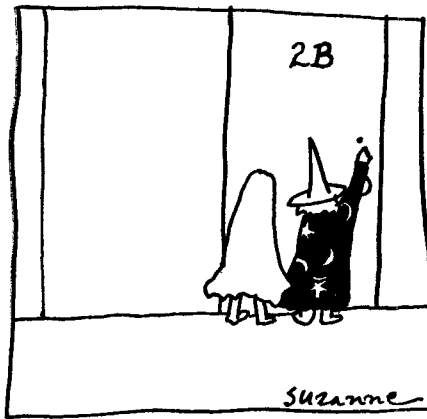
MOMS—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MORT SAHL ON BROADWAY!—For anyone who doesn't know what he thinks about politics and the state of the world, this one-man hour-and-forty-minute show by the veteran monologist and standup comic will be a delight. For anyone who thinks he knows what he thinks and likes thinking so, it may prove to be a nightmare. The moral thrust of Sahl's satire flits about—like Socrates' gadfly—settling now here, now there, but never long enough for one to swat it or slap it down. The show is a kind of one-man Aristophanic comedy; it leaves you laughing—uplifted because it is so refreshing—but not knowing where to turn for comfort or help. (10/26/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 1.)

THE NERD—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A dreary revival of John Steinbeck's dreary play about a pair of ranch hands—smart little George and big stupid Lennie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur-



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days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROSIE'S CAFE—This play by R. A. Shiom, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, amounts to a full-length prologue to his delightful "Yellow Fever," of four years ago. The time is the early fifties, the setting is the Japanese section of Vancouver, and Sam Shikaze, super detective, has just graduated from the police academy. Again portrayed by Donald Li, he is as engaging as ever, and so is Carol A. Honda, who returns in the role of a young and lovesick Rosie. (10/26/87) (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 7.)

SARAFINA!—A musical written and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, and composed by Mr. Ngema and Hugh Masekela. With a cast from South Africa. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—Melissa Gilbert stars in a play by Barbara Lebow. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SHERLOCK'S LAST CASE—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STEEL MAGNOLIAS—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Oct. 31, at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinees Wednesday, Oct. 28, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2.)

TALK RADIO—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

YEAR OF THE DUCK—A new play by Israel Horowitz. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—A revival of **COMPANY**, the 1970 musical with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by George Furth. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

LONG RUNS—BROADWAY BOUND: In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,448 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoover who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M NOT RAPPAPOORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and WASPs. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he is hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Nov. 1.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broad-

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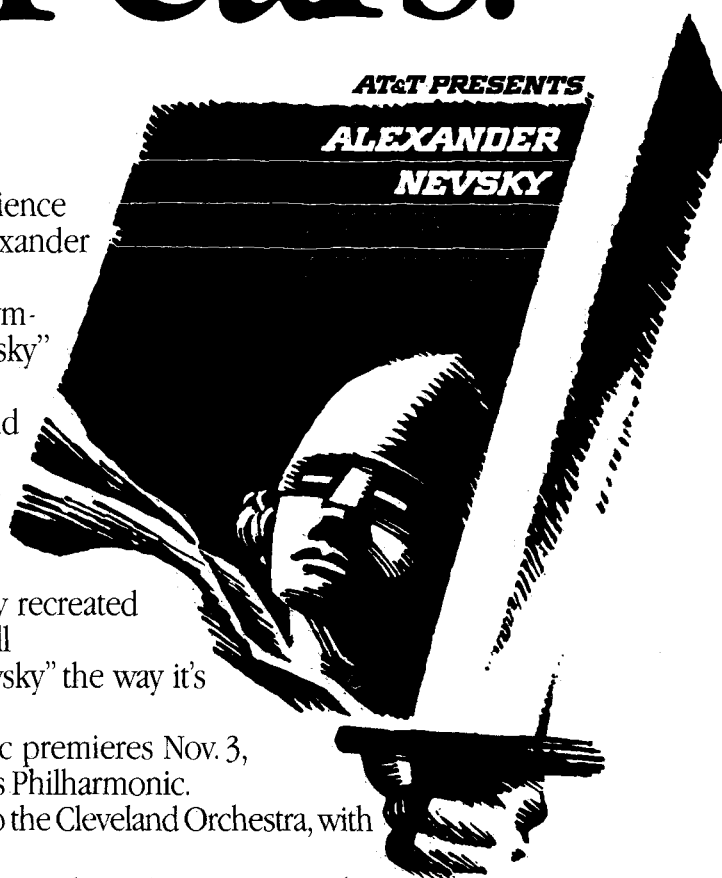
On Nov. 22, "Alexander Nevsky" moves to the Cleveland Orchestra, with Vladimir Ashkenazy on the podium.

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way at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées-Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Presenting "SWING," a new work by Elizabeth Swados—Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 28-30, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2. ... **ANNE TERESA DE KEERSMAEKER & THE ROSAS COMPANY**—"Elena's Aria." Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 4-7, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2. ... **MUSIC BY STEVE REICH**—"Three Movements" and "The Four Sections" (New York premiere), performed by the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Kent Nagano conducting, and "Electric Counterpoint" (premiere), performed by Pat Metheny, guitar. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) ... On Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7, and Monday, Nov. 2, at 8, excerpts from the Reich works will be performed, by the principals, at the Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. For information about tickets, call 360-3503. ... **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

JULIE WILSON: FROM WEILL TO SONDHEIM (A CONCERT)—The singer, with accompanist William Roy. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THULI IN CONCERT—Thuli Dumakude performing traditional and contemporary songs of black South Africa. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Saturdays at 10:30 p.m. and Sundays at 6.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Parade," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." ... Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." ... Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Arden Court," "Three Preludes," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Force Field." ... Saturday evening, Oct. 31: Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 1; and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 3-4: "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Arden Court," "Three Preludes," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Force Field." ... Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Parade," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." ... Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

FELD BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." ... Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." ... Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." ... Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Harbinger," "Medium-Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." ... Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Over the Pavement," "Embraced Waltzes," and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

GARTH FAGAN'S BUCKET DANCE THEATRE—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Nov. 4, and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Prelude," "Oatka Trail," "Passion Distanced" (New York premiere), and "Traipsing Through the May" (premiere). ... Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Sojourn," "Traipsing Through the May," and "Mask Mix Masque." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

EKATHRINA SOBECHANSKAYA AND HER ORIGINAL TROCKADERO GLOXINIA BALLET COMPANY—A return engagement. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Performances by two contemporary dancers and their companies. **LIZ LERMAN:** Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 29-31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3. ... **SUSAN FOSTER:** Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, who are singing here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano flies under the flag of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg and John Wallowitch and delicately pitched love songs by herself, and just about every word, from "puce" to "deben-ture," is delivered clearly. **LONETTE MCKEE**, a long-legged actress with a theatrical voice, flits from Harold Arlen to Curtis Mayfield to Gershwin to Sting to the Beatles to Billie Holiday. Shows at nine Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. **MAX ROACH** and his all-percussion octet, **M'BOOM**, work out through Sunday, Nov. 1; **BILLY ECKSTINE**, whose voice is a lordly rumble, sings here starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue pillared room that seats four hundred. Wednesday, Oct. 28, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, Oct. 29, the Furey Brothers & Davey Arthur, a folk band composed of four Irishmen and one Scot; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, Garland Jeffreys; Sunday, Nov. 1,

Breton harpist **ALAN STIVELL**'s band and guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN**'s ensemble; Tuesday, Nov. 3, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; and Wednesday, Nov. 4, Marti Jones and Don Dixon. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **RED MITCHELL**, a New York-born bassist (he also plays piano and sings a little) who has lived for the past twenty years in Sweden, winds up a monthlong visit on Sunday, Nov. 1, when he does duets with trumpeter and flugelhornist **CLARK TERRY**. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 28-31, he will work with **HANK JONES**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Jamaican guitarist Ernest Ranglin's quintet performs through Sunday, Nov. 1; a sextet led by Panamanian flutist Mauricio Smith will be on duty Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 3-5; and on Friday, Nov. 6, **BENNY CARTER** enters with his alto saxophone, his trumpet, and a rhythm section. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays. He and his two sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**, do their stuff at ten and midnight. ... Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' long-eared critters gambol on the walls, and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair, mostly for mainstream cats. **BUCK CLAYTON**, lyrical trumpeter with the Basie band of the thirties and forties, who devotes himself nowadays mainly to composing and arranging, will be here with a thirteen-piece band through Sunday, Nov. 1. **OREGON**, the chamber-jazz-of-the-pastoral-world quartet, will be in residence for six nights starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music after eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, **MICHAEL WEISS**; Friday, Oct. 30, **PETER MALINVERNI**; Saturday, Oct. 31, **MICKEY TUCKER** (with bassist **RUFUS REID**); Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 3-4, Tardo Hammer; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, **BROOKS KERR**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH**, an Arkansas-born bopper, is at the upright singing his own version of that song ("I played the Village Vanguard opposite Miles, I wear all those latest SoHo downtown West Side styles"). Mr. Dorough, whose career included a stint as Sugar Ray Robinson's accompanist (in the early fifties, when Robinson quit boxing and took up tap dancing) and whose singing is peppered with shouts and hisses and knockabout scatting, will be here Wednesdays through Saturdays with bassist **BILL TAKAS**. Music from about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART** swing it through Saturday, Oct. 31, and on Tuesday, Nov. 3, **PETER**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

MALINVERNI and **MICHAEL MOORE** take over. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a young pianist from New Orleans who turns much of what he touches into a flexible and satisfying kind of stride. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmonies and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Wednesday, Oct. 28, alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE'S** quartet; Thursday, Oct. 29, **RICHARD LLOYD**, the **CUCUMBERS**, and **Joey Arias**; Friday, Oct. 30, electric pianist **Roger Miller** (no relation to the composer of "You Can't Roller Skate in a Buffalo Herd"); Saturday, Oct. 31, **Pianosaurus** and others; Sunday, Nov. 1, saxophonist **David Ware's** trio; Monday, Nov. 2, saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; and Thursday, Nov. 5, **JOHN ZORN** and **ARTO LINDSAY**. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Oct. 28, the **Fantasy Band**, a fusion outfit featuring vibraphonist **ROY AYERS**, violinist **NOEL POINTER**, and trumpeter **TOM BROWNE**; Thursday, Oct. 29, ex-dB **Chris Stamey** and **Victoria Williams**; Saturday, Oct. 31, the **Crazy 8's** and the **Pressure Boys**; Tuesday, Nov. 3, **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4-5, a tribute to **Jaco Pastorius**, the **Weather Report** bassist, who died last month in Florida, featuring **DR. JOHN**, **RANDY BRECKER**, **HIRAM BULLOCK**, and (on Wednesday only) **PAT METHENY**, **WILL LEE**, and **VICTOR BAILEY**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARY WILSON**, who sang and shimmied with the **Supremes** from beginning to end and recently wrote a book all about it, recycles some **Holland-Dozier-Holland** numbers here through Saturday, Oct. 31. The next four weeks, starting Tuesday, Nov. 3, will be devoted to the flower pop of the **Mamas** and the **Papas** (revamped but with the original head papa, **John Phillips**, still at the helm). Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, **Woody Allen** usually turns up with his clarinet to play some blues and spirituals with the **New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra**. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thursday, Oct. 29, the **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS** and **Omar & the Howlers**; Saturday, Oct. 31, the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and the **Royal Crescent Mob**; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 1-2, **Kid Creole & the Coconuts**; Thursday, Nov. 5, the **Jesus & Mary Chain**; and Saturday, Nov. 7, **Père Ubu**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS** and **Adja**; Friday, Oct. 30, **MIKATA**; Saturday, Oct. 31, **PE-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Nov. 3, **THIAGO DE MELLO'S** Brazilian jazz band; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4-5, reggae singer **JUDY MOWATT** and **Oku Onoura**; Friday, Nov. 6, **TABOU COMBO**; and Saturday, Nov. 7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAYA BAHIA BAND**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougall St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **ROD MAC DONALD** sings here on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31; **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN**, a Louisiana-born singer and multi-instrumentalist whose music is a gumbo of blues, jazz, and country, drops by on Friday, Nov. 6. Sundays are the property

of the **Wretched Refuse String Band**, a bluegrass outfit. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

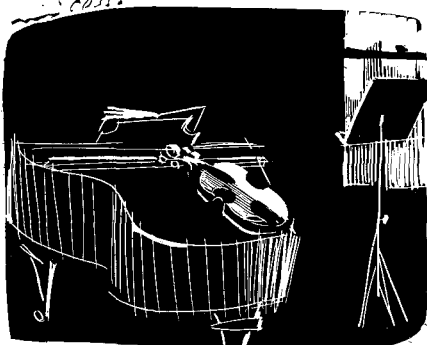
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **SUN RA**, the veteran pianist and mystic who hails from the wild blue yonder, will be here in full regalia, along with his heliotropic **Intergalactic Halloween Arkestra**, through Sunday, Nov. 1; **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, whose piano is a model of clarity, brings in his trio on Tuesday, Nov. 3. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek room, which has been taken over (through Sunday, Nov. 1) by the **New Xavier Cugat Band** and its girl singer, **Ada Cavallo**. The **Toys**, a Queens girl group that flourished in the sixties, sing here starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. Music from nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, Oct. 28, the **Splatcats**, **Sunset Strip**, and **Who's Your Daddy**; Thursday, Oct. 29, the **Iguanas**; Friday, Oct. 30, the **PERSUASIONS**; Saturday, Oct. 31, the **Delancey Street Hawaiians**; Sunday, Nov. 1, the **Ned Sublette band** and the **Wild Blue Marlins**, featuring **Soozie Tyrell**; Tuesday, Nov. 3, **Binky Philips** and others; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, **OTIS RUSH**. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Nov. 2, trombonist **STEVE TURRE** will take a solo or two with **COSTA BRAVA** and **Tommy Olivencia's** ensemble. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN's** trio. Music from about ten. Pianist **PATTI BOWN** holds forth from six to nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by **Max Gordon**, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **BUD SHANK**, an alto saxophonist who recently abandoned the studios of L.A. (where he settled in the late forties) for the less commercial waters of Port Townsend, Washington, leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 1. On Monday, Nov. 2, **BOB MINTZER's** big band will fill in for the **Mel Lewis** orchestra, an institution that made room for teen-age trumpet ace **JON FADDIS** in the early seventies. Mr. Faddis, who tends to work the sunny side of the street with his trumpet, arrives with his quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 3. Music after ten.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN**, one of Basie's men in the forties and fifties, will be here Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, with a combo that includes pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY**. Guitarist **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE** brings in his group on Wednesday, Nov. 4. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **PAUL WEST** hold sway through Saturday, Oct. 31, and on Monday, Nov. 2, guitarist **JOE BECK** and pianist **LONNIE SMITH** go to work. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** shoot the breeze. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JERRY GARCIA—Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 8; Friday, Oct. 30, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 8.

LISA LISA AND CULT JAM—With **Exposé**. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, at 8.)

THE CARS—With **Icehouse**. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

TONY BENNETT—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

LOREN SCHOENBERG QUARTET—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.

BILLY TAYLOR—With his trio, in the first of three concert/lectures. This one features the music of **Duke Ellington**, **Count Basie**, **Benny Goodman**, **Fletcher Henderson**, and **Fats Waller**. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.—With **Gil Scott-Heron**. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11:30.)

MICHAEL TARAWHITI MCGIFFORD—With **Kelly Wyatt**, in the second of three concerts. (13th Street Repertory Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 675-6677. Monday, Nov. 2, at 7.)

MARTY EHRLICH QUARTET—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—With the **Billy Taylor** trio, the **Roy Haynes** quartet, **Jackie Paris**, and **Candido**. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

THE CHI-LITES, BLUE MAGIC, AND SILK—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Nov. 6, at 7 and 9:30.

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8.

SIMPLY RED—With **Danny Wilson**. (Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 8.)

GRASSROOTS GOSPEL FESTIVAL—Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: The **Original Blind Boys of Alabama**, the **No Name Gospel Singers**, and **Sister Sadie & the Famous Biblettes**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: The **Original Blind Boys of Alabama**, the **Heavenly Tones**, and the **Golden Sons**. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

ART

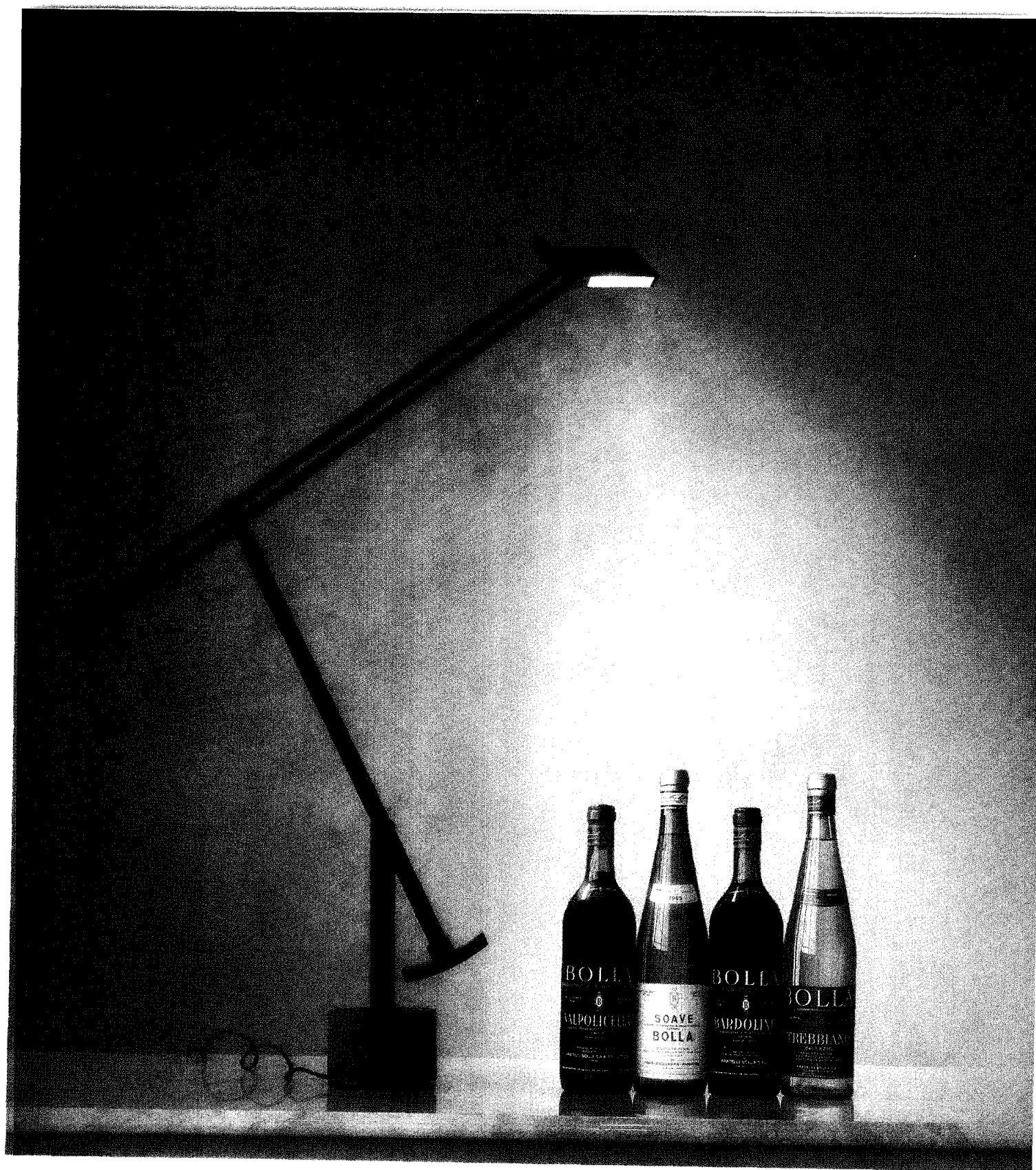
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Fragmented figures in bronze and ceramic. Through Nov. 14. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Vertical wood panels that have been painted with phosphorescent colors and grouped so as to reflect off one another. Also, drawings and watercolors. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ED GARMAN—Abstract paintings by an artist



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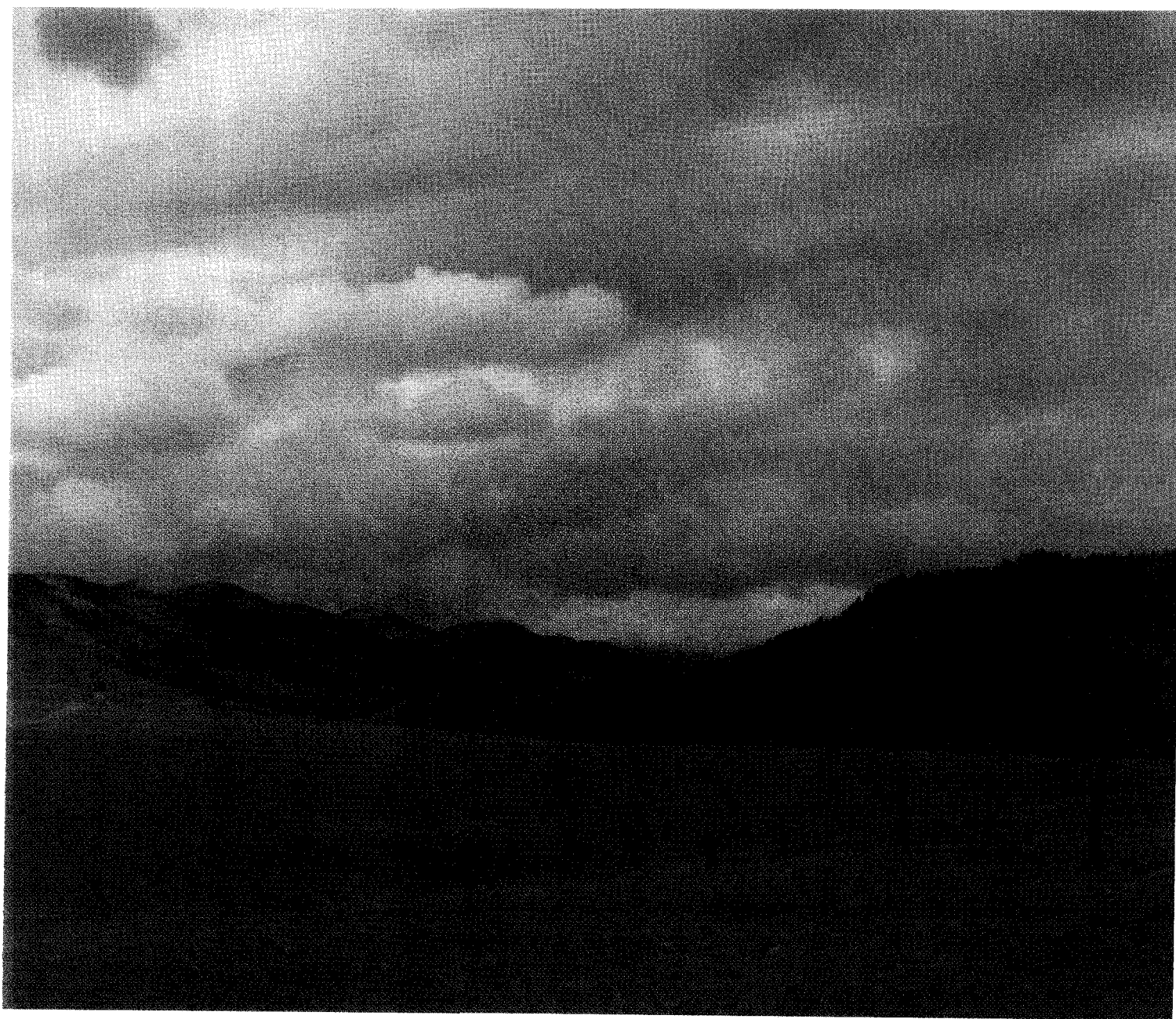
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who was allied with the Transcendental Painting Group, which was active in New Mexico from 1938 to 1941. Through Dec. 19. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—A loan exhibition of fifty oils. Through Dec. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays. Admission is five dollars.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings. Through Nov. 14. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Small oils of faces or parts of faces done in the course of the artist's recent travels, and two large figure paintings done after he settled in a studio (in Switzerland), and had the room to use bigger canvases. Through Nov. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT OHNIGIAN—A challenging new series of collages centering on headresses of earlier times. Through Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ROLAND PETERSEN—Figurative paintings from the sixties by a Bay Area artist. Through Nov. 28. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

MOSES AND RAPHAEL SOYER—Paintings and drawings from the W.P.A. period. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

DAVID STOREY—Abstract paintings, a few on shaped canvases, a few on multiple panels, plus drawings. Through Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JOHN WALKER—Semi-abstract paintings; most of them have a shield-and-axe motif. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FREDERIC AMAT—Large-scale relief paintings. Through Nov. 21. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

KAREL APPEL—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

BEN BERNIS—Plein-air paintings of North Carolina landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN BOWMAN—Didactic paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LARRY BROWN—Abstractions painted on several wood panels arranged in slight relief. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CONLON / JOEL PERLMAN—Geometric abstractions on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. / Five welded-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract mixed-medium paintings from the past four decades. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LYNN FOULKES—Pop-inspired grisaille paintings from the sixties. Through Nov. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

PHILIP GRAUSMAN—Six-foot-tall portraits in metal, as well as life-size heads, a peacock, and a goose. Through Nov. 25. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON (1913-80)—Paintings from 1971. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HOYLAND—Abstract paintings and monotypes by a British artist. Through Nov. 28. (Lever-Meyerson, 16 W. 57th St.)

GEROME KAMROWSKI—Paintings and collages from the forties. Through Nov. 21. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Portraits, mostly, from the early sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ (1891-1973)—Freestanding sculptures, wall reliefs, and drawings from his Cubist period. Through Nov. 14. (Marlbrough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Recent landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Sculptures in assorted mediums, including bronze, wood, and

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papier-mâché, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

BRIAN NISSEN—Abstract relief paintings and small bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

ELIZABETH OSBORNE / MARJORIE PORTNOW—Geometric patterns appear in the backgrounds of several of these still-life paintings and drawings. / Small landscapes of the Hudson River Valley and Santa Barbara. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

GIULIO PAOLINI—Recent sculptures by a member of the Arte Povera movement. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

REBECCA PURDUM—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

DAVID SAUNDERS / MAX ERNST (1891-1976)—Oil paintings, most of which have a single object (an apple, a rice bowl, a hand) seemingly afloat on the canvas. / Prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ISABELLE H. SIEGEL—Abstract bronze sculptures with a variety of patinas. Through Nov. 11. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DAVID TRUE / WIN KNOWLTON—Rich-colored paintings on paper of obscured figures and animals. / Abstract objects cast in concrete, iron, or copper. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

IDELLE WEBER—Superrealist paintings of nature, some of which incorporate Formica frames around, on top of, or below the canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

NANCY WISSEMANN-WIDRIG—Tranquil landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

JEROME WITKIN—A five-panel series of oils titled "A Jesus for Our Time," and other paintings. Through Nov. 21. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten British artists, among them Frank Auerbach, Barbara Hepworth, and Graham Sutherland. Through Dec. 5. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Works, primarily from the forties, by artists who at the time embraced surrealism. Louise Bourgeois, Jean Arp, and Isamu Noguchi are among those represented. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

IDA APPLEBROOG—New paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

MIQUEL BARCELÓ—Sand, pieces of fabric, and cigarette butts are among the materials the artist uses to add texture to these abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT BECHTLE / ARIS KOUTROULIS—Realist paint-



ings. / Patterned drip paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

DEREK BOSHIER—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

PAUL BRACH—Pointillist paintings and cross-hatch drawings of Southwest landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

HELMUT FEDERLE—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract geometric paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. ... ☐ Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

JACQUES FLÈCHEMULLER—Wall hangings made of army tenting that is painted with concrete-looking but wholly imaginary forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

APRIL GORNIK—Paintings and drawings of dramatic sweeping landscapes imagined by the artist. Through Nov. 14. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St.)

PETER HALLEY—New paintings by an artist whose work appeared in this year's Whitney Biennial. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

CHAM HENDON—Colorful kaleidoscopic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

CHRISTOPHER HEWAT—The intense stylization of memorial sculpture is underscored in an installation consisting of a small, very crowded cemetery of painted wood obelisks, pyramids, and railings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH—Five new works. Through Nov. 14. (Gorney, in a new location, at 100 Greene St.)

SUSAN LAUFER—New abstract mixed-medium paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL LOEW (1907-85) / **ELLEN WIENER**—Geometric paintings completed in the last ten years of his life. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Pearl, in a new location, at 420 West Broadway.)

KARL MANN—Assemblages. Through Nov. 14. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

JOAN NELSON—Landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

BEATRICE RIESE / JOEL TARLOWE—Pattern paintings. / Pastel landscapes. Through Nov. 8. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

SUSAN ROTHENBERG—New paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

LUCY SALLICK—Self-portraits, each composed of up to fifteen images on separate sheets of paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

GRETA SCHREYER / TIBOR GERGELY (1900-78)—Dense pen-and-ink drawings of a stream in Woodstock, Connecticut. / Landscapes, still-lives, and portraits painted by this Hungarian artist before he emigrated here, in 1939. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

PETER SCHUYFF—A two-gallery show. Large-scale paintings of geometric abstractions. Through Nov. 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) ... ☐ Watercolors. Through Nov. 15. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ALAN SIEGEL—The artist has stretched the definition of a chair even further with these new pieces in painted wood. Through Nov. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ROBERT SMITHSON (1938-73)—Five sculptures, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

TED STAMM (1945-84)—Shaped canvases and drawings. Through Nov. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

MARK TANSEY—New monochromatic allegorical paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

ELENA URBATIS—Sculptures with expansive painted planes, some textured and some smooth. Through Nov. 21. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

MICHAEL VENEZIA—Small wood ladders and artists' palettes painted with gold, silver, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bronze leaf and hung like canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Roeder, 545 Broadway.)

KAY WALKINGSTICK—Diptychs juxtaposing landscapes and abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

ANDY WARHOL (1930-87)—Paintings, drawings, and collages based on the human skull. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

CHIHUNG YANG—Large paintings with figures, plants, and motifs from African and pre-Columbian sculpture. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings done between 1955 and 1963. Through Dec. 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

MAURA SHEEHAN—A two-part installation based on the artist's ideas about the Mayan civilization. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Through Nov. 14. . . . **Facchetti**, 476 Broadway. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4.)

MICHAEL TRACY—A twenty-year survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOW—Works by Blinky Palermo, Imi Knoebel, and Joseph Beuys inaugurate the Dia Art Foundation's newest exhibition space, at 548 W. 22nd St. Through June 19. (Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT AND EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Photographs of Paris. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

EVE ARNOLD—Photographs of Marilyn Monroe taken between 1952 and 1962. Through Nov. 12. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

DANIEL BABIOR—Black-and-white photomontages of urban figures in rural landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

HARRY CALLAHAN—Photographs. Through Nov. 28. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

CHARLES HARBUTT—A retrospective of works by a photojournalist. Through Nov. 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ELLIOT SCHWARTZ—Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

RALPH STEINER (1899-1986)—A retrospective of his lesser-known photographs. Through Dec. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

PAUL STRAND (1890-1976)—Prints of Maine and its inhabitants. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

TODD WATTS—Prints of a simulated galaxy. Through Sunday, Nov. 1. (P.P.O.W., 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

EDWARD WESTON (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints are at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

CLARENCE H. WHITE (1871-1925)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 28. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

NEIL WINOKUR—This portraitist surrounds each of his subjects with four photographs of things they value. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman I, who, during his forty-six-year reign over the Ottoman Empire, ruled as vigorously over his imperial studios (wooden Koran boxes, painted tiles, embroidered costumes, illuminated manuscripts) as he did over his spectacularly

outfitted soldiers (jewel-encrusted helmets and swords, embroidered leather boots). Through Jan. 17. . . . **Eighty or so** paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . **A** retrospective of approximately seventy works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY: A Weston retrospective that also includes letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs, plus a few of the works that led up to them. Through Jan. 5. . . . **The** career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Prints from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing, is on view through Sunday, Nov. 1. After that, the museum will be closed for two weeks as it prepares an exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Guggenheim Foundation. (Open Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 28-Nov. 1, from 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Charles Demuth (1883-1935) retrospective of paintings: Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . **Paintings** and models of dinosaurs as they have been envisioned by artists and paleontologists in the past hundred years or so. Both shows through Jan. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in a show (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Drawings, prints, and photographs of arches—that is, historic monumental arches, as in Piranesi's etching of four Roman arches or Stanford White's working drawing for the Washington Square Arch, and contemporary fanciful arches designed for the 1986 Galveston Mardi Gras by seven architects. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"Marianne Moore: Vision Into Verse," a show from the personal literary archive of the writer which groups thirty-three of her poems with objects that inspired them—a toy crow alongside "To Victor Hugo of My Crow Pluto," for instance. Notebooks, working manuscripts, letters, books, and other materials on loan from the Rosenbach Museum and Library, of Philadelphia. Through Nov. 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JEVISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items, including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael, among them a study for an apostle in the great altarpiece "Transfiguration," and drawings by artists who were his studio assistants. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Japser F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for, and architectural drawings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, original manuscripts, illuminated books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of William Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," J. M. W. Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Starts Saturday, Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Sundays and Election Day, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Robbie McCauley (performance). Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 4-7, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Frank Conversano (dance). Friday through Sunday, Nov. 6-8, at 9.

NOTE—"Blue Scene Grey," a new work written and directed by Linda Mussmann, with a cast of thirteen, five of whom are musicians. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 28-31, at 8:30, at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For information about tickets, call 924-0077. . . . Andy Warshaw and Andy Teirstein performing their music. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 2-3, at 8, at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. . . . Performances by Carol Childs, Eric Barsness, Nancy Topf, Yves Musard, and Marta Renzi. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 9, at the Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. For information about tickets, call 925-0991.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum,

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Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Gary Lakes, and Hans Sotin; conducted by James Levine. . . . Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Vaness, Alfredo Kraus, Erich Parce, and James Courtney; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, Oct. 31, at 1: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. . . . Saturday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Timothy Jenkins, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . Monday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Bohème" (a nonsubscription performance), with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Vaness, Alfredo Kraus, Erich Parce, and James Courtney; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Vladimir Popov, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. . . . Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Sabine Hass, Timothy Jenkins, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Vaness, Alfredo Kraus, Gino Quilico, and David Hamilton; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . Saturday, Nov. 7, at 1:30: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Vladimir Popov, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "The Rake's Progress," with Elizabeth Hynes, Joyce Castle, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; conducted by Jorge Mester. . . . Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Tosca," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Robert Grayson, and Roger Roloff; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Elizabeth Holleque, Constance Hausman, Mark Beudert, and Robert Orth; Imre Pallo. . . . Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Turandot," with Gail Tremittiere, Edith Davis, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Herbert Perry; Elio Boncompagni. . . . Sunday, Nov. 1, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "Pagliacci," with Margaret Cusack, Jon Fredric West, Pablo Elvira, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7: "Die Zauberflöte," with Valerie Girard, Virginia Sublett, Randall Outland, and Jan Opalach; Scott Bergeson. . . . Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Claudette Peterson, Mark Beudert, and Brian Steele; Jim Coleman. . . . Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Jim Coleman. . . . Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2: "The Student Prince," with Claudette Peterson, Mark Beudert, and Brian Steele; Jim Coleman. . . . Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "The Student

Prince," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Jim Coleman. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:30; and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: A Mozart-Stravinsky program. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: An all-Beethoven benefit concert, with Nathan Milstein, violin. . . . Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, and Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8: A Britten-Walton-Debussy program, with Lorne Munroe, cello.

LENINGRAD STATE SYMPHONY OF THE U.S.S.R.—In its first New York appearance in ten years. Alexander Dmitriev conducting a Weber-Tchaikovsky-Shostakovich program, with Lazar Berman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

TORONTO SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Andrew Davis conducting. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: A program that includes works by Mendelssohn and Saint-Saëns, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3: A Mussorgsky-Britten-Dvořák program, with Jon Vickers, tenor.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting the premiere of Steven Stucky's "Concerto for Orchestra," and works by Beethoven, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

ZURICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Edmond de Stoutz conducting. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

MANHATTAN STRING ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Engles conducting Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting a program of spine-chilling music. The Amazing Kreskin will be on hand to read minds. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

MASTER PLAYERS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Stephen Pomerantz conducting an all-Mozart program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Pinchas Zukerman conducting, among other works, the New York premiere of Marc Neikrug's "Concerto for Two Violins, Viola, Cello, and Orchestra." With assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

SOLISTI NEW YORK—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Mozart program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in Bach's "Magnificat" and other works. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 7:30.)

ST. THOMAS CHOIR AND THE ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Gerre Hancock directing Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass" and other works. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS AND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Monteverdi program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

RECITALS

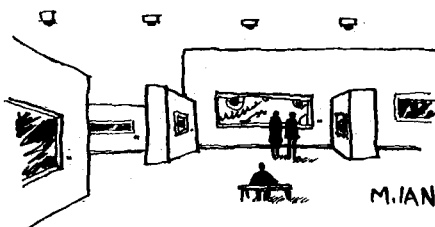
PILAR LORENGAR—Soprano. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

JAMES LEVINE AND KEN NODA—Duo piano and piano four hands, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

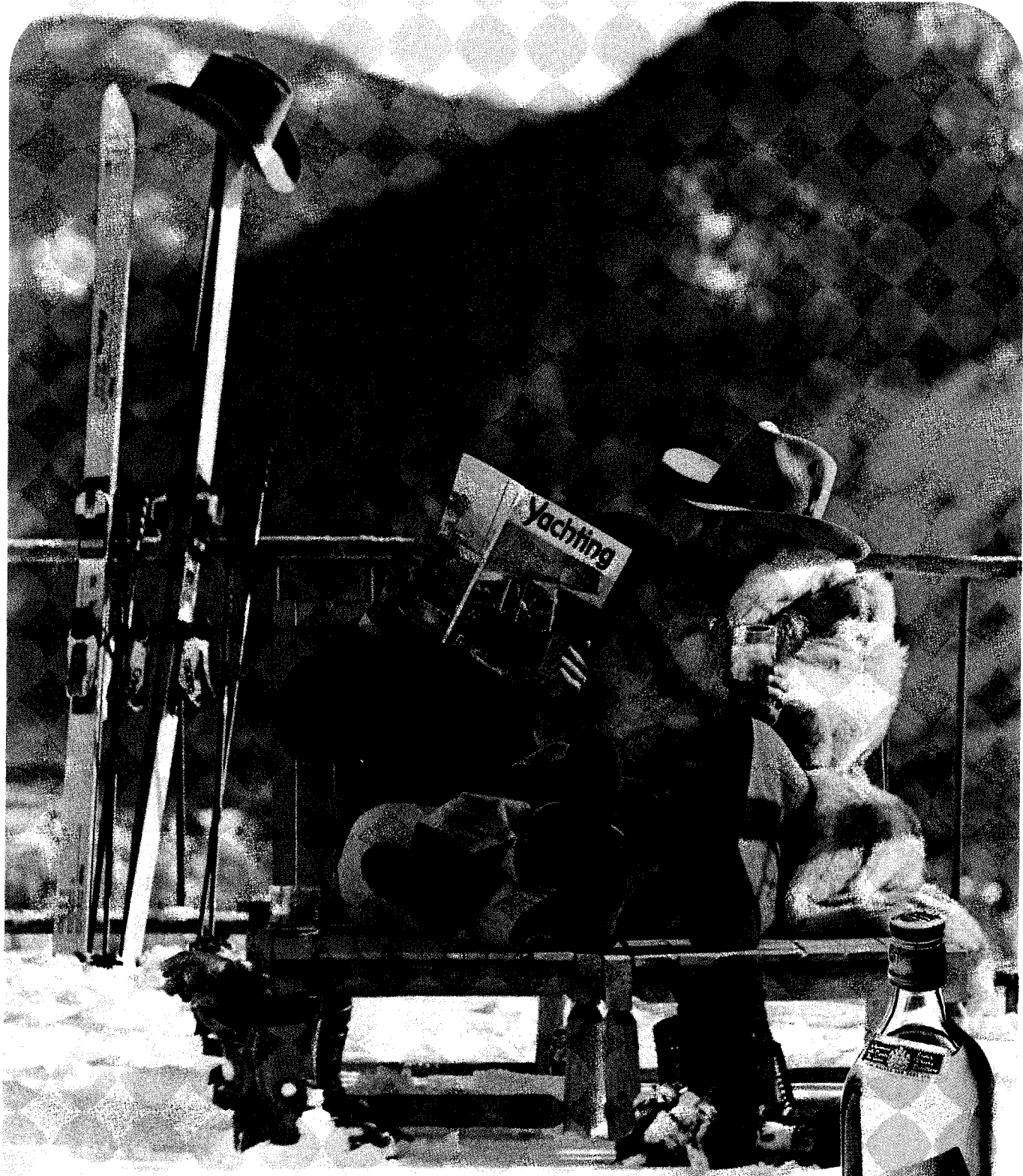
AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—With Robert McDonald, piano, in a Beethoven-Schumann program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

WILLIAM WOLFRAM—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

COLORADO QUARTET—With Menahem Pressler,

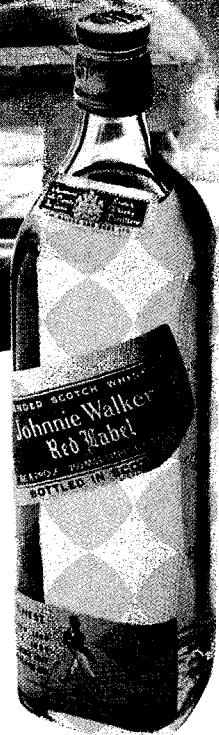


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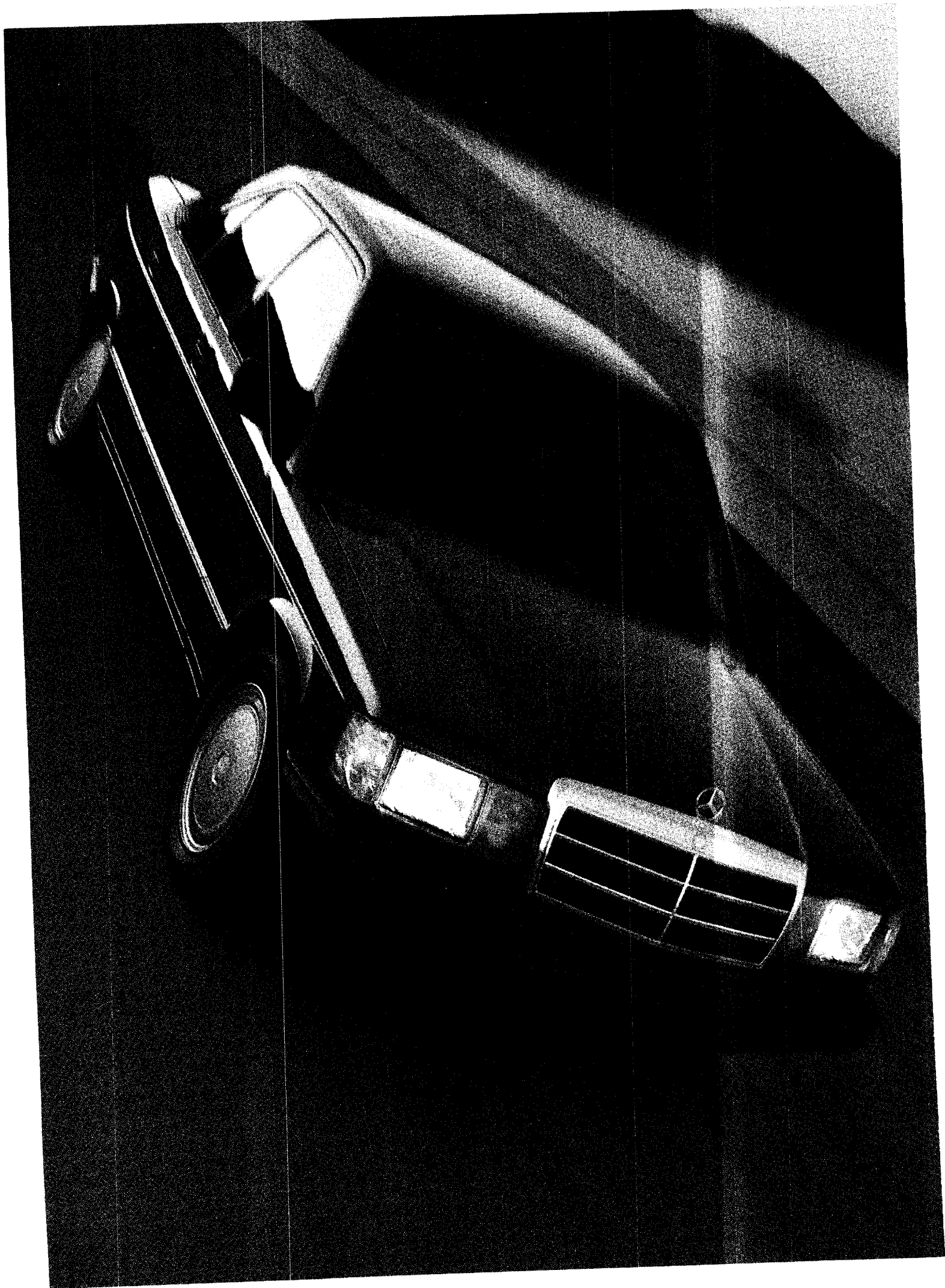
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THE MERCEDES-BENZ 190 CLASS: THE DELIGHTFUL PARADOX OF BEING IN A RUSH AND WANTING IT NEVER TO END.

You have no reason to hurry, other than to see how a sedan built for triple-digit Autobahn velocities, and equipped with what Britain's *Car* magazine terms "the most sophisticated steel suspension ever put into volume production," might elevate the experience of driving.

So you lean on the throttle a bit. The speedometer needle darts upward. The scenery begins to blur. But all other familiar sensations of speed have been transformed.

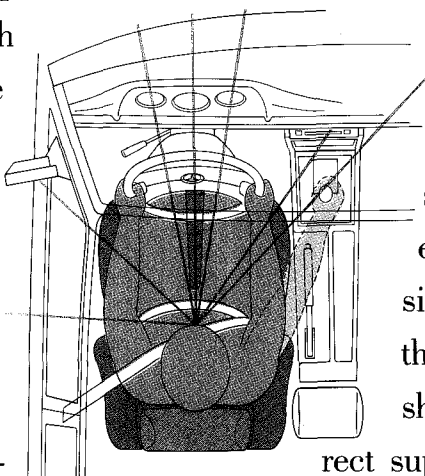
Engine and wind noise are reduced to what one automotive writer described as "a hushed *whoosh*." In place of juddering tires comes an unflustered negotiation of the road's flaws. The car does not lurch through turns but shifts direction crisply, smoothly. Missing are the chassis squeaks that you expect as a matter of course. That anxious sense of being on the edge has given way to a calm, purposeful sense of control.

The effect is liberating; you do not grapple with a 190 Class sedan but confidently direct it. Because Mercedes-Benz engineers grappled in advance with thousands of design details, aiming to achieve consummate driv-

ing efficiency — a state wherein automobile and driver interact to maximum effect, with a minimum of wasted energy and motion.

The feelings of pleasure and deep satisfaction that ensue are intensified by other signs of scrupulousness. By seats that are not styled but built and shaped for biomechanically correct support. By controls that provide an object lesson in ergonomic intelligence. By craftsmanship that led *Car and Driver* to ask, "How is it that Benzes fit together better than anything else in the world?" By the reassuring presence of the Mercedes-Benz Supplemental Restraint System (SRS), with its driver's-side air bag and knee bolster and front seat belt emergency tensioning retractors, primed to deploy within milliseconds of a major frontal impact.

The only perplexity is how, at this quickened pace, to make the trip last just a little longer.



Engineered like no other car in the world

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A little something to
improve my backhand.
Love, Elizabeth



Dazzling Diamond Tennis Bracelets for on the court or on the town.

Somewhere there's someone who deserves
diamond jewelry this special, this beautiful.
Isn't that someone worth it?

What makes these casual, yet elegant bracelets
extraordinary is the combination of superb
design and quality diamonds. Diamonds that

have been judged by the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity
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Diamond Tennis Bracelets are available in a
variety of sizes and carat weights. Ask your
jeweler to show you his collection.

Prices start around \$2,500.

The Diamond Tennis Bracelet.

A diamond is forever.

DeBeers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

TIMOTHY EDDY AND GILBERT KALISH—Cello and piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ENSEMBLE BARATTI—Playing two programs of contemporary Italian music. Sylvano Bussotti will conduct his own works, and Orazio Tuccella will conduct the others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 360-3503. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.)

IDA AND ANI KAVAFIAN—Violins and a viola. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

LYNN HARRELL—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

PAUL SPERRY—Tenor, singing contemporary songs by native New Yorkers. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2. Tickets at the museum one hour before the concert.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Dawn Upshaw, soprano, and Alexander Schneider, violin, in a Bach-Schubert program. With assisting artists. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ENSEMBLES—The second in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

ANDRAS SCHIFF—Piano, playing Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II." (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

RICHARD GOODE—Piano, in the third of his seven-recital series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

ALBERT MARKOV—Violin, performing works by Schubert and Ravel, as well as several of his own compositions. With assisting artists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

MIRIAM MEGHNAGI—Singing Biblical, folk, and ceremonial songs in the languages of the Diaspora. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 4. Tickets are free with museum admission.)

MARGARET PRICE AND JAMES LEVINE—Soprano and piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 5.)

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

MICHAEL PARLOFF—Flute, with the Solisti New York (Ransom Wilson conducting), in a concert that includes the world premiere of Allen Shawn's "Concertino for Flute and Strings." (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

JUBAL TRIO—Chamber music. (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MUSICAL ELEMENTS—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

DOWNTOWN CHAMBER AND OPERA PLAYERS—In a program of chamber music by contemporary women composers. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—With Grupo Piap, eleven percussionists from Brazil, in an evening of contemporary music that features Elliott Sharp, guitar, in the premiere of his new work, "Roundwound." (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

PIERRE AMOYAL—Violin, with Shigco Neriki, piano, in a program of three sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

CHELSEA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—In a program of music by contemporary Latin-American composers. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

THE ART OF THE EARLY KEYBOARD—A series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth and guest artists, this first one with Drew Minter, countertenor; Charlotte Mattax, harpsichord; Miss Toth, harpsichord and organ; and others. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

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BENNETT LERNER—Piano, in a program of music by Alexander Tcherepnin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano, with Rudolf Jansen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

LOUIS LORTIE—Piano, playing works by Ravel and Chopin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

MICHAEL NEWMAN AND LAURA OLTMAN—Classical guitarists. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. With assisting artists. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

SHARON ROBINSON—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NOTE—The Portland String Quartet will give a concert at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 2, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Nets vs. Washington Bullets and Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Saturday, Oct. 31, starting at 6 (exhibition games). . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Friday, Nov. 6, at 7:30.

FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Indianapolis Colts. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:35. . . . **Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers**, Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 31, at 7:05. . . . **Islanders vs. Devils**, Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:05. . . . **Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins**, Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:05. . . . **Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings**, Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7:05. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Oct. 31, at 7:45. . . . **Devils vs. St. Louis Blues**, Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7:45. . . . **Devils vs. Washington Capitals**, Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7:45.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Competitions Tuesday and

Wednesday, Nov. 3-4 and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 6-8, at 1:30 and 7:30, and Thursday, Nov. 5, at 1 and 7:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 12:30. The Remsen and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

RUNNING—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Nov. 1, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end in Central Park, near the Tavern on the Green. The lead runners will cross the finish line shortly after 12:30.

TROTTING—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 3; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

POETRY READINGS—W. S. Merwin and George Bradley reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.) . . . **Philip Levine** reading from his own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.) . . . **Theodore Weiss** reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **John Ashbery** reading from his own works. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURE—Philip Glass speaking about his music. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

FLOWER SHOW—Thousands of varieties of Japanese chrysanthemums are on display in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

TENNIS—At **Madison Square Garden**: Virginia Slims Championships, Nov. 16-22. . . . **Nabisco Masters**, Dec. 2-7.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 16. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, Nov. 9. . . . **Nathan Milstein**, Nov. 15. . . . **Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra**, Nov. 29. . . . **Dresden Staatskapelle**, Dec. 4. . . . **Itzhak Perlman**, Dec. 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): **London Philharmonic**, Nov. 10. . . . **Vladimir Feltsman**, Nov. 11. . . . **Shura Cherkassky**, Nov. 16. . . . **Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug**, Nov. 18. . . . **Dresden Staatskapelle**, Nov. 19 and Dec. 3. . . . **Ax/Stern/Ma Trio**, Nov. 21. . . . **Rudolf Firkušný**, Nov. 30. . . . **American Composers Orchestra**, Dec. 6. . . . **Philadelphia Orchestra**, Dec. 8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): **Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century**, Nov. 22. . . . **The Kronos Quartet**, Nov. 27. . . . **Carol Vaness**, Nov. 29. . . . **92ND STREET Y** (427-4410): **Alicia de Larrocha** and **André Emelianoff**, Nov. 14-15. . . . **Julian Bream**, Nov. 21. . . . **Dawn Upshaw**, Dec. 2. . . . **Yefim Bronfman**, Dec. 5. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): **Les Arts Florissants**, Nov. 19. . . . **The Bach Ensemble**, Dec. 3. . . . **Emerson String Quartet**, Dec. 5.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Teddy and Alice" (Roosevelt, that is), a musical with Len Cariou and Nancy Hume. . . . **Derek Jacobi** in "Breaking the Code," a London import by Hugh Whitmore.

DANCE—The New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 18-Feb. 21. . . . **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre**, at City Center, Dec. 2-27.

OTHER DATES—Veterans Day is Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . **Thanksgiving Day** is Nov. 26.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Oct. 28: (Separate admissions) "Deliverance" (1972; directed by John Boorman), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Written on the Wind" (1957; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone.

Oct. 29-30: (Separate admissions) "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Written on the Wind."

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: (Separate admissions) "The Emerald Forest" (1985; John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman; and "Written on the Wind."

Nov. 3-4: (Separate admissions) "Hell in the Pacific" (1969; John Boorman), with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune; and "Written on the Wind."

From Nov. 5: (Separate admissions) "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977; John Boorman), with Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; and "Written on the Wind."

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Suspect" (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Dirty Dancing" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Theatre 3: "Weeds" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Princess Bride" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Baby Boom" (†).

Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 29: "No Man's Land" (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney. From Oct. 30: To be announced.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Dirty Dancing" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Positive I.D." (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Nov. 5: "Dancers" (†).

From Nov. 6: "Manon of the Spring" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

Theatre 2: "Prince of Darkness" (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jameson Parker.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).

Theatre 2: "Barfly" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Weeds" (†).

Theatre 2: "Suspect" (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Princess Bride" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "No Man's Land" (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney.

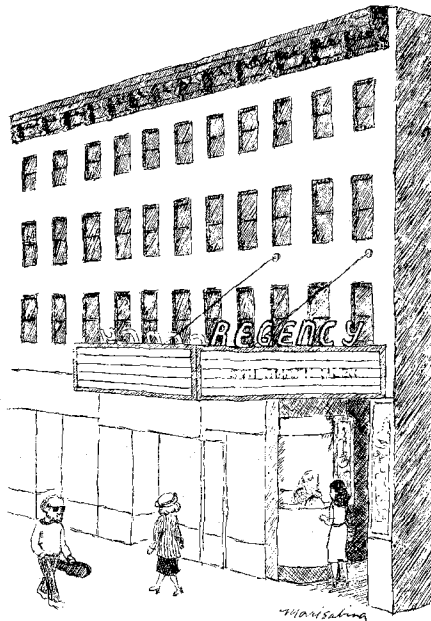
Theatre 2: "Baby Boom" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through Oct. 29: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

From Oct. 30: "Anna" (Yurek Bogayevicz),

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

with Sally Kirkland, Paulina Porizkova, and Robert Fields.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with

Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "The Killing Time" (Rick King), with Beau Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland. From Oct. 30: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.

Theatre 2: "Prince of Darkness" (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jameson Parker.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "No Way Out" (1987 †). From Oct. 30: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Theatre 2: "The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Jewel's Darl" (1985; directed by Peter Wells); and "A Death in the Family" (Stewart Main and Peter Wells). From Nov. 4: "Broken Noses" (Bruce Weber), with Andy Minsker.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: The 20th International Tournée of Animation.

Theatre 2: "Vera" (Sérgio Toledo; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).

Theatre 2: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 29: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

From Oct. 30: "Dirty Dancing" (†)

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Dancers" (†).

Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "John and the Missus" (Gordon Pinsent). From Oct. 30: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).

Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Prince of Darkness" (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jameson Parker.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Nightflyers" (T. C. Blake), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Michael Praed. From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 3: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Princess Bride" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Nov. 5: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry.

From Nov. 6: "Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Oct. 29: "Dogs in Space" (†).

From Oct. 30: "Gaby: A True Story" (Luis Mandoki), with Liv Ullmann, Norma Aleandro, and Robert Loggia.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"The Princess Bride" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Long Live the Lady!" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Maurice" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"No Way Out" (1987 †).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Fatal Attraction" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).

Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Funeral" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Tampopo" (†).

From Oct. 30: "The Theme" (Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish). From Oct. 30: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (Stephen Frears).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Barfly" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).

Theatre 2: "No Man's Land" (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

Theatre 2: "Suspect" (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.

Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "Dancers" (†). From Oct. 30: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Theatre 5: "Weeds" (†).

Theatre 6: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Matewan" (†).

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Principal" (directed by Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).
Theatre 3: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "Like Father Like Son." From Oct. 30: "Weeds" (†).
Theatre 5: "Suspect" (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.
Theatre 6: "Near Dark" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Oct. 29: "The Killing Time" (Rick King), with Beau Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland.
Oct. 30-Nov. 5: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
From Nov. 6: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "No Man's Land" (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 5: "No Way Out" (1987 †). From Nov. 6: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 5: "Baby Boom" (†). From Nov. 6: "The Hidden."

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through Oct. 29: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods, Brian Dennehy, Paul Shenar, and Victoria Tennant.
From Oct. 30: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Prince of Darkness" (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jameson Parker.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 2: "Nightflyers" (T. C. Blake), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Michael Praed.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 29: "Hidden Pleasures" (1985, directed by Eloy de la Iglesia); and "Hell Without Limits" (1978; Arturo Ripstein).
Oct. 30-31: "The Pit and the Pendulum" (1961; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, John Kerr, and Barbara Steele; "The Tomb of Ligeia" (1965; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price; and "The Raven" (1963; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson.
Nov. 1: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Nov. 2-3: "The Morning After" (1986; Sidney Lumet), with Jane Fonda, Jeff Bridges, and Raul Julia; and "Agnes of God" (1985; Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Nov. 4-5: "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French); and "Servant and Mistress" (1978; Bruno Gantillon; in French), with Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol.

Nov. 6-7: "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "La Jette" (1963; Chris Marker; in French).

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 29: "Islands" (1986; Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and David Maysles); and "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary about the Rolling Stones.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan.

Nov. 2: "Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt; and "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

Nov. 3-4: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.

Nov. 5: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

Nov. 6: "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel.

From Nov. 7: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Marie Windsor; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955; Stanley Kubrick), with Frank Silvera.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Oct. 28: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; "Across the Pacific" (1942; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Report from the Aleutians" (1943; John Huston), an Army Signal Corps documentary.

Oct. 29: "The Color Purple" (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg; and "Native Son" (1986; Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.

Oct. 30-31: "Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Nov. 1: "My Sweet Little Village" (1987; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech).

Nov. 2: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polan-



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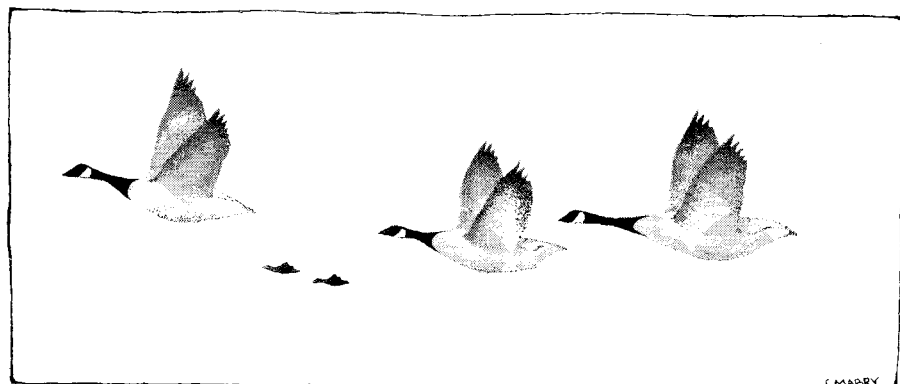
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HONGKONG

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ski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.

Nov. 3: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Nov. 4: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, and John Randolph.

Nov. 5: "Pickup" (1951; Hugo Haas), with Haas; and "Over-Exposed" (1956; Lewis Seiler), with Cleo Moore and Richard Crenna.

Nov. 6-7: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 28: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Oct. 29: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, Dewey Martin, and Gig Young.

Oct. 30-31: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young," 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

Nov. 1: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936; John Ford), with Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart.

Nov. 2: "General della Rovere" (1959; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi.

Nov. 3: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

Nov. 4: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Do-

nen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

Nov. 5: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Nov. 6-7: "The Trial" (1962; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Through Oct. 31: Theatre closed.

... ¶ Nov. 1 at 2 and 5: "A Woman of the World" (1925; directed by Malcolm St. Clair; a silent film), with Pola Negri and Charles Emmett Mack. ... ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30 and 6: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn. ... ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30 and 6: "Buddies" (1985; Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.), with Geoff Edholm and David Schacter. ... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920; Maurice Tourneur; a silent film), with Barbara Bedford, Wallace Beery, and Albert Roscoe. ... ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "The Television Makers" (1986; Newton Meltzer), "Made in the Bronx" (1981; Susan Fanshel), "Drum/Sing" (1985; Gregor Nicholas), and three short films by Caroline Leaf. ... ¶ Nov. 7 at 2: A program of avant-garde films by Ernie Gehr. ... ¶ Nov. 7 at 5: "Borderline" (1928; Kenneth MacPherson; a silent film), with Hilda Doolittle and Paul and Eslanda Robeson.

THEATRE 2: Oct. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Weapons of the Spirit" (1986), directed by Pierre Sauvage, who will be present. ... ¶ Oct. 30 at 3: "Queen Elizabeth" (1912; Louis Mercanton; a silent film), with Sarah Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen. ... ¶ Oct. 30 at 6:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron. ... ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921; William De Mille; a silent film), with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, and Theodore Roberts. ... ¶ Oct. 31 at 5:30: "The Testing Block" (1920; Lambert Hillier; a silent film), with William S. Hart

and Eva Novak. ... ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Moran of the Lady Letty" (1922; George Melford; a silent film), with Dorothy Dalton and Rudolph Valentino. ... ¶ Nov. 1 at 5:30: "Zaza" (1923; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson and H. B. Warner. ... ¶ Nov. 2 at 3: "Humoresque" (1920; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Vera Gordon and Alma Rubens. ... ¶ Nov. 2 at 6:30: "Moran of the Lady Letty." ... ¶ Nov. 3 at 3: "Zaza." ... ¶ Nov. 5 at 3 and 6:30: "Ragazzi, Nuits d'Eté" (1986; Vincent Martorana; in Italian, with French subtitles), a documentary. ... ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of animated films shown at Annecy, France, in 1986.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—The final showing in a program of films which marks the twenty-five-year collaboration of James Ivory, Ismail Merchant, and Ruth Praver Hahvala. Oct. 30 at 3 and 7: "Heat and Dust" (1982), with Julie Christie, Shashi Kapoor, and Greta Scacchi.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 28 at 6:30: "Zegen" (1986; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Oct. 30 at 6:30: "Echigo Okumomote: A Traditional Mountain Village" (1984; Tadayoshi Himeda; in Japanese, with partial narration in English and English subtitles), a documentary. Mr. Himeda will be present. ... ¶ Nov. 3 at 6:30 and 8:45: "A Taxing Woman" (1987; Juzo Itami; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki. ... ¶ Nov. 6 at 6:30: "Final Take: The Golden Days of Movies" (1986; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

REEL PIECES: FILM AS COLLABORATIVE ART—A series of films and lectures. Oct. 29 at 8:15: "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with André Gregory and Wallace Shawn. Mr. Malle will be present. ... ¶ Nov. 5 at 8:15: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray. Ed Lachman, the cinematographer, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—"Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925; Ernst Lubitsch; a silent film), with Ronald Colman and Irene Rich. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Nov. 4 at 7 and 9.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

BABY BOOM—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steady Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. She, her child, her lover, and her business are all booming, and the picture rattles along cheerily, cutting to the child for clever reactions, the way movies used to cut to the family dog. But Keaton is smashing: the Tiger Lady's having all this drive is played for farce and Keaton keeps you alert to every shade of pride and panic the character feels. She's an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." With Sam Wanamaker as Fritz, Harold Ramis as the heroine's apartment mate, James Spader as her baby-faced assistant, Britt Leach as her Vermont

plumber, and the twins Kristina and Michelle Kennedy as the baby. Also with Pat Hingle, Mary Gross, and, in quick flashes, Victoria Jackson, Dori Brenner, Robin Bartlett, Constance Forslund, Margaret Whitton, and many other wasted talents. Cinematography by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. ... ¶ Embassy; through Nov. 5.)

BARFLY—With Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway, directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Regency.)

THE BIG EASY—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera

too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (Waverly.)

DANCERS—One of those ballet films in which life mirrors art, and not the worst by a long shot. A company closely resembling American Ballet Theatre is in Italy filming "Giselle." Mikhail Baryshnikov is the glamorous, womanizing star, and Julie Kent is the artless young girl, new to the corps, who attracts him, falls in love with him, and becomes distraught when she learns that he is involved with the Italian countess (Mariangela Melato) who is visiting the set. The parallels are set up in Act I, which we see mostly in rehearsals that also serve to explain the action and style of the ballet. An extensive excerpt from Act II is then performed before the cameras (costumes and scenery are those of the current A.B.T. production), while the backstage tragedy plays itself out. The point of it all, of course, is Baryshnikov's performance of Albrecht, here captured on film for the first time, and it's enough to carry the movie's contrivances and occasional miscalculations. As Tony Sergueyev, Albrecht's real-life counterpart, Baryshnikov is required to play a man whose deadened spirit is awakened by

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youthful innocence, and he hardly ever gets a chance to show the marvellous wit and comic energy his theatre audiences know him to possess. (One shot of him doing a Chaplin walk down a hotel corridor has to suffice.) Another drawback is that he and the lovely-looking Miss Kent never dance together; the on-camera Giselle is Alessandra Ferri, and the Kent character is mainly a device to move the parallel plots, which at times get pretty thick with cross-references. Leslie Browne, the young dancer in love with Baryshnikov in "The Turning Point," appears here as one of his former flames, who as a consequence of their affair bears a grudge against men. She puts it to good use as Myrta, Queen of the Wilis. Tommy Rall, who years ago quit ballet for the movies, returns in this film to play Wilfrid, Albrecht's squire. Lynn Seymour appears as a self-styled "crazy lady" in the role of Giselle's mother, and Victor Barbee is Hilarion. The director is Herbert Ross, of "The Turning Point;" the script is by Sarah Kernochan, and it was prepared under the supervision of Ross's wife, the ballerina Nora Kaye, who also initiated the film, and was working on the production end when she died.—A.C. (Art Greenwich Twin. . . .) Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Oct. 29. . . . Plaza; through Nov. 5.)

DARK EYES—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry," or, as *Variety* put it, "a joyful sleighride through the turn of the century." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted; is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. At this point, the film turns into a satire of bureaucracy in Imperial Russia as he goes from ministry to ministry trying to get the necessary permit. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. (He's like Paul Muni in "Juarez" and "The Life of Emile Zola.") The cast includes Vsevolod Larionov as the beaming Pavel and Innokenti Smoktunovski as Anna's husband. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Cinema 1.)

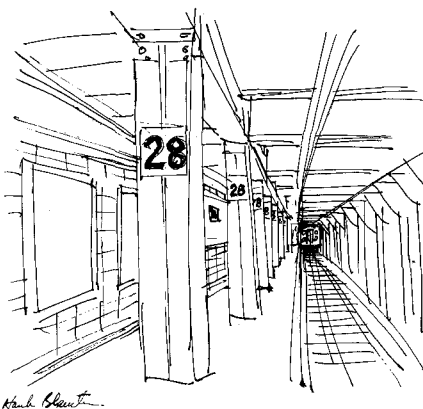
DIRTY DANCING—With Jennifer Gray, Patrick Swayze, Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, and Jerry Orbach; directed by Emile Ardolino. (8/24/87) (Eastside Cinema. . . .) Movie-land 8th Street Triplex; through Oct. 29. . . . 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 30.)

DOGS IN SPACE—Richard Lowenstein's movie about a houseful of punks, hippies, musicians, and counterculture hangers-on in late-seventies Australia comes on like a rock "Nashville," and has the right spirit for the music: drunk and disorderly. But this sort of reckless energy works better in three-minute bursts than it does over the course of a feature-length film. The movie's chaos gets tedious very quickly, and we have to wait nearly an hour before a few coherent characters and a hint of a story struggle out of the crush of dancing bodies into the light. For those who haven't given up by then, the last half hour isn't bad: Lowenstein pulls off a genuinely wild party sequence, and the grim climax, edited to Iggy Pop's "Endless Sea," is a lovely, haunting music video. The film's star, Michael Hutchence, is the lead singer of the Australian band INXS, for whom Lowenstein directed the sensational video "What You Need." His role seems to have been conceived

as a combination of Jim Morrison and Renoir's vagrant Boudou, and he's awful. Also with Saskia Post, Nique Needles, and Tony Helou. Cinematography by Andrew de Groot.—T.R. (57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 29.)

FATAL ATTRACTION—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. The film is about men seeing feminists as witches, and, the way the facts are presented here, the woman is a witch. Brandishing a kitchen knife, she terrorizes the lawyer and his family. Basically this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format. It's made with swank and precision, yet it's gripping in an unpleasant, mechanical way. The violence that breaks loose doesn't have anything to do with the characters who have been set up; it has to do with the formula they're shoved into. The picture enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling on paranoia. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (Dearden's script is an expansion of the forty-two-minute film "Diversion," which he wrote and directed in England in 1979.) (10/19/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

THE FUNERAL—This 1984 comedy was the first film written and directed by Juzo Itami; the second was "Tampopo." "The Funeral" isn't as exuberant and recklessly imaginative as the movie that followed it, but it's a funny and intelligent work in its own, more deliberate way. An Altman-like take on an Ozu theme, the film follows a large, extremely modern Japanese family through the ordeal of arranging a traditional religious funeral. Crowded together for several days in the country house of the deceased, the bewildered relatives seem to be living in a severe formal structure that wasn't designed for them. They're like actors in a poorly rehearsed classical play, on an unfamiliar stage—bumping into each other, blowing their lines, looking anxious and miserable. Itami orchestrates their discomfort with real visual wit, and the genuine grief that lies beneath his characters'



farfical panic emerges clearly and unsentimentally. Perhaps the movie works because we feel Itami's empathy for the characters: like them, he's trying to find his way in a form that's a bit too controlled and elegant to accommodate his wilder impulses. With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (the stars of "Tampopo"), and Ozu veteran Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

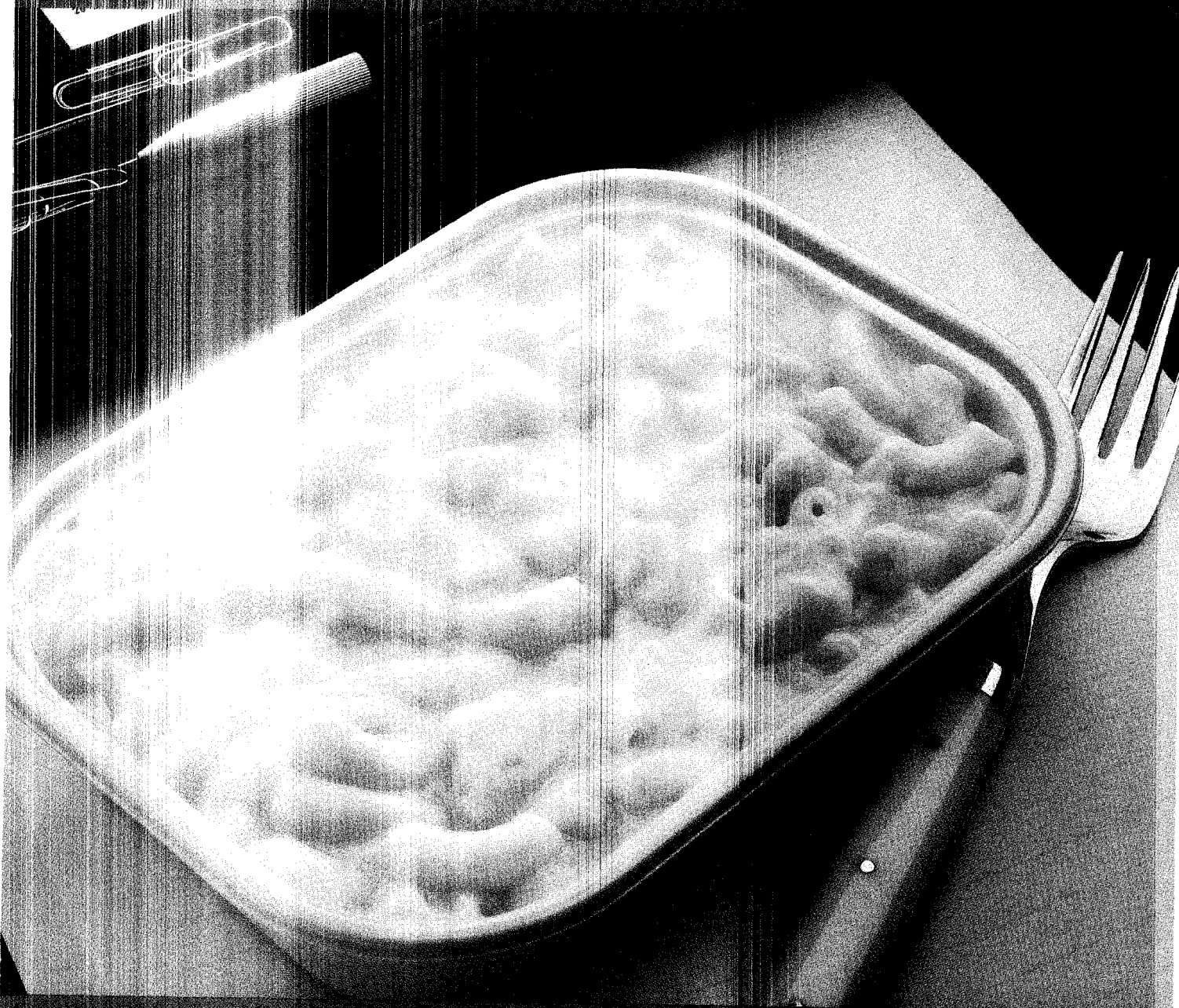
HOPE AND GLORY—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desensitize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. The movie has a beautiful pop clarity. He doesn't deny the war's terrors, but it does destroy much of what the genteel poor like the Rohans have barely been able to acknowledge they wanted destroyed. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The movie is wonderfully free of bellyaching; it's a large-scale comic vision, with ninety-foot barrage balloons as part of the party atmosphere. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Woodridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian joker. (10/5/87) (Baronet.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

LONG LIVE THE LADY!—The hero of Ermanno Olmi's latest film is a teen-age hotel-staff trainee who wears incredibly thick glasses—through which, in the course of waiting on a large, grotesquely formal dinner party, he sees intimations of the petty dangers and sorrowful corruptions of the adult world. This is not the usual coming-of-age movie. Olmi, who's gifted enough to be (perhaps) a little restless, seems to have challenged himself to tell a psychological story in a purely concrete, almost nonverbal style. The bizarre sights and sounds of the banquet, made stranger by the boy's half-comprehending reactions to them, are pretty much the whole movie: the structure is clearly meant to be musical rather than dramatic. (Teleman plays in the background of virtually every scene.) It's all hints and suggestions, incongruous details, glints of possible meanings in otherwise opaque relationships, and teasing moments at which stories seem about to be told, then aren't. Despite the many ingenious passages and delicately funny bits of business, Olmi's experiment doesn't really succeed. It's not a common problem in movies these days, but there is such a thing as an excess of subtlety. With Marco Esposito as the boy and Marisa Abbate as The Lady, the party's alarming hostess—a mummified old woman who stares at her guests through opera glasses and never says a word. In Italian.—T.R. (Carnegie Screening Room.)

MATEWAN—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. You shouldn't make a picture about the labor movement if you don't know how to give life to crowd scenes, or one that ends with a massacre if you lack the skill to render complex action lucid and comprehensible. Sayles' deficiencies as a filmmaker don't seem to be the products of smugness and arrogance, but (like Bruce Springsteen, for whom he has directed several music videos) he may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be

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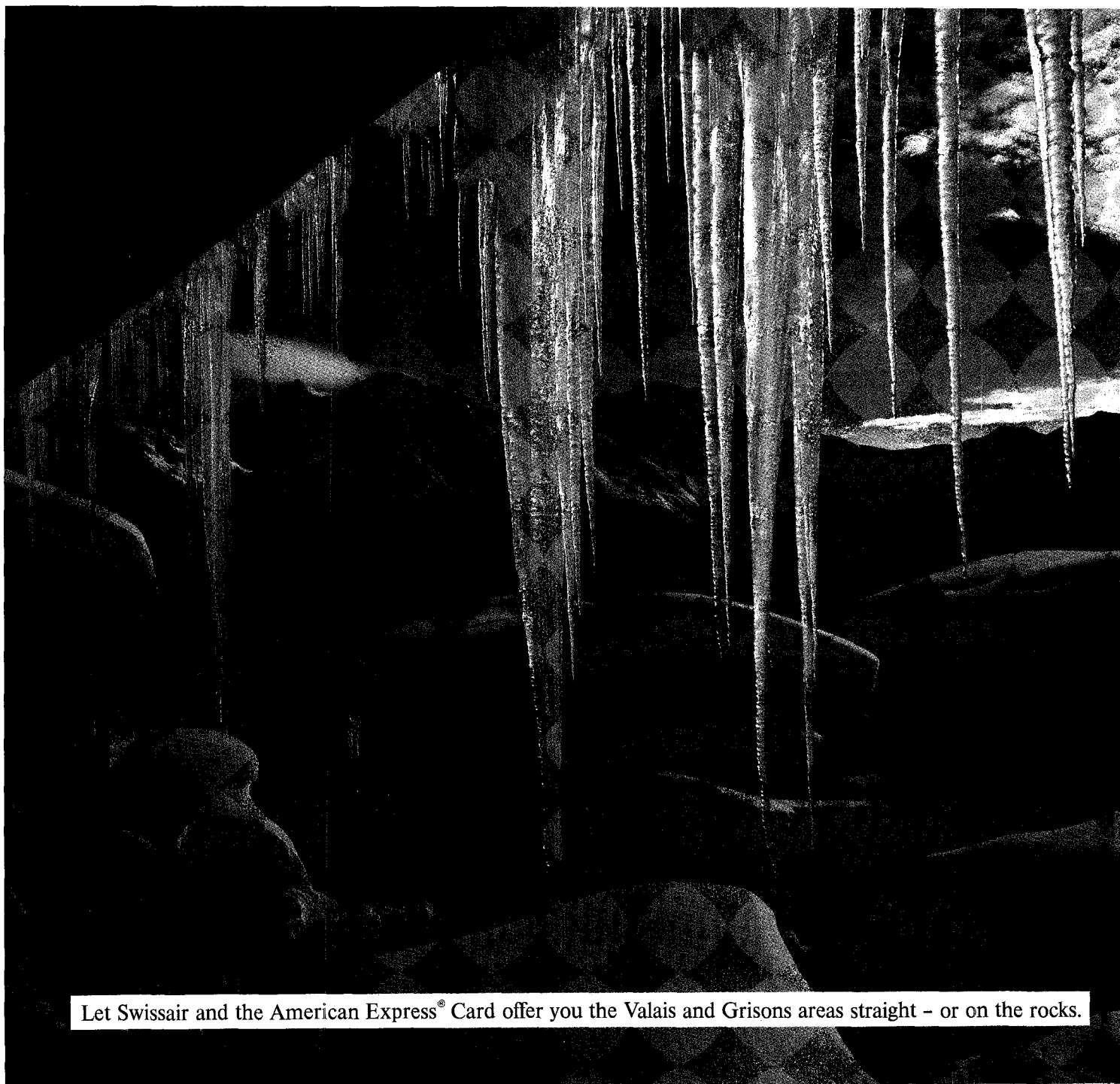
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema.)

MAURICE—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clutches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's undergamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

MY LIFE AS A DOG—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naiveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingemari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännström, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

NEAR DARK—The vampires here are a gang of outlaws travelling by van, drifting around the country, hibernating in motels during the sunlight hours. Most of the time they pick off a chance victim, but when they're really bloodthirsty they take over a roadside bar and slaughter everybody in it. This thriller, directed by Kathryn Bigelow, has a nocturnal, erotic atmosphere, shards of wit, and some better performances than are customary in the genre. And it becomes more intense as it goes along. Vampirism is reversible here, so the characters' fates aren't sealed, and this allows for curiosity about what will happen to the melancholy heroine, appealingly played by Jenny Wright. (She bites reluctantly and almost mournfully, yet hungrily.) Bill Paxton, as the most rambunctious of the gang, has a biker's gusto that energizes his scenes. Jenette Goldstein makes an impact, too—she's the mom figure of the pack. The cast includes Lance Henriksen as the dad figure, Joshua Miller as the little brother, Adrian Pasdar as the new inductee, Tim Thomerson, and Marcie Leeds. A painter turned filmmaker, Bigelow (who was a graduate student in film at Columbia) shows a talent for the uncanny; the cinematography, by Adam Greenberg, contributes to the exploitation-movie lyricism that draws you into the horror. The script is by Eric Red and Bigelow; music by Tangerine Dream; editing by Howard Smith. (Criterion Center.)

NO WAY OUT—With Kevin Costner, Gene Hackman, Sean Young, and Will Patton; directed by Roger Donaldson. (9/7/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema 3.... 86th Street East Twin; through Oct. 29.... Embassy; through Nov. 5.)

POSITIVE I.D.—This low-budget psychological

thriller, a first film by writer-director Andy Anderson, is solidly O.K. The plot, about a passive, depressed Fort Worth housewife who manufactures a completely new identity for herself (for reasons that only gradually become clear), is cleverly worked out, and Anderson gets an intelligent, finely judged performance from Stephanie Rascoe in the central role. His direction sometimes crosses the line from brooding and atmospheric to ponderous and arty, but he holds our interest, and uses the locations well: he makes the plainness of these houses and bars seem ominous. It's a craftsmanlike, modestly entertaining picture—about on the level of a good "Alfred Hitchcock Presents." Also with John Davies, Steve Fromholz, and Laura Lane.—T. R. (Sutton.)

THE PRINCESS BRIDE—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredevilry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). Westley is captured by pirates, and Buttercup, selected by Crown Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon) to be his bride, is abducted by a trio of ruffians: Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, and all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant. The cast includes Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, Mel Smith as the Albino, Margery Mason as the ancient woman who boos the royal family, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing make-up that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. Photographed partly on locations in England and Ireland; Florin Castle is actually Haddon Hall, parts of which date back to the twelfth century. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, Beekman, Guild, New Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME—With Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco; directed by Ridley Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Warner.)

TAMPOPO—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 29.)

WEEDS—With Nick Nolte, directed by John Hancock. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movie-land 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.... Criterion Center; starting Oct. 30.)

THE WHALES OF AUGUST—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhevian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction: the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity. Also featuring Ann Sothern, in good sidekick form as a gossip neighbor, and Vincent Price.—T.R. (Cinema II.)

WISH YOU WERE HERE—With Emily Lloyd, Tom Bell, Geoffrey Hutchings, Jesse Birdsall, Pat Heywood, and Heathcote Williams; directed by David Leland. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema.)

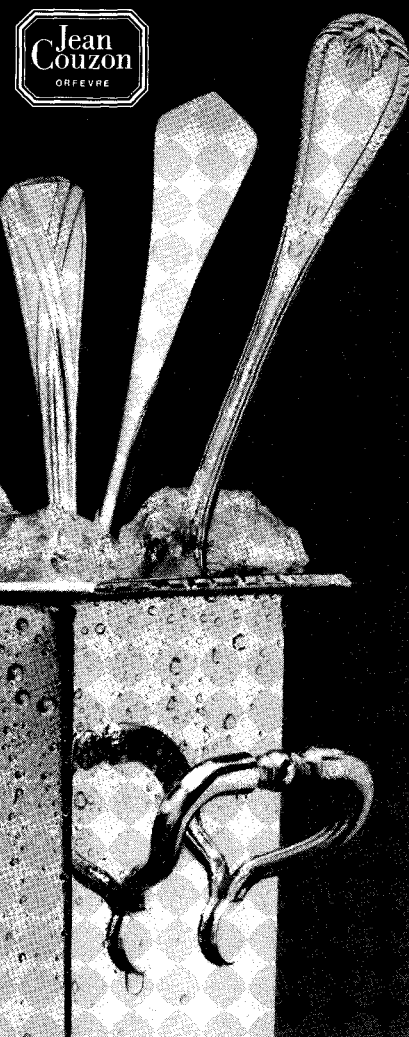
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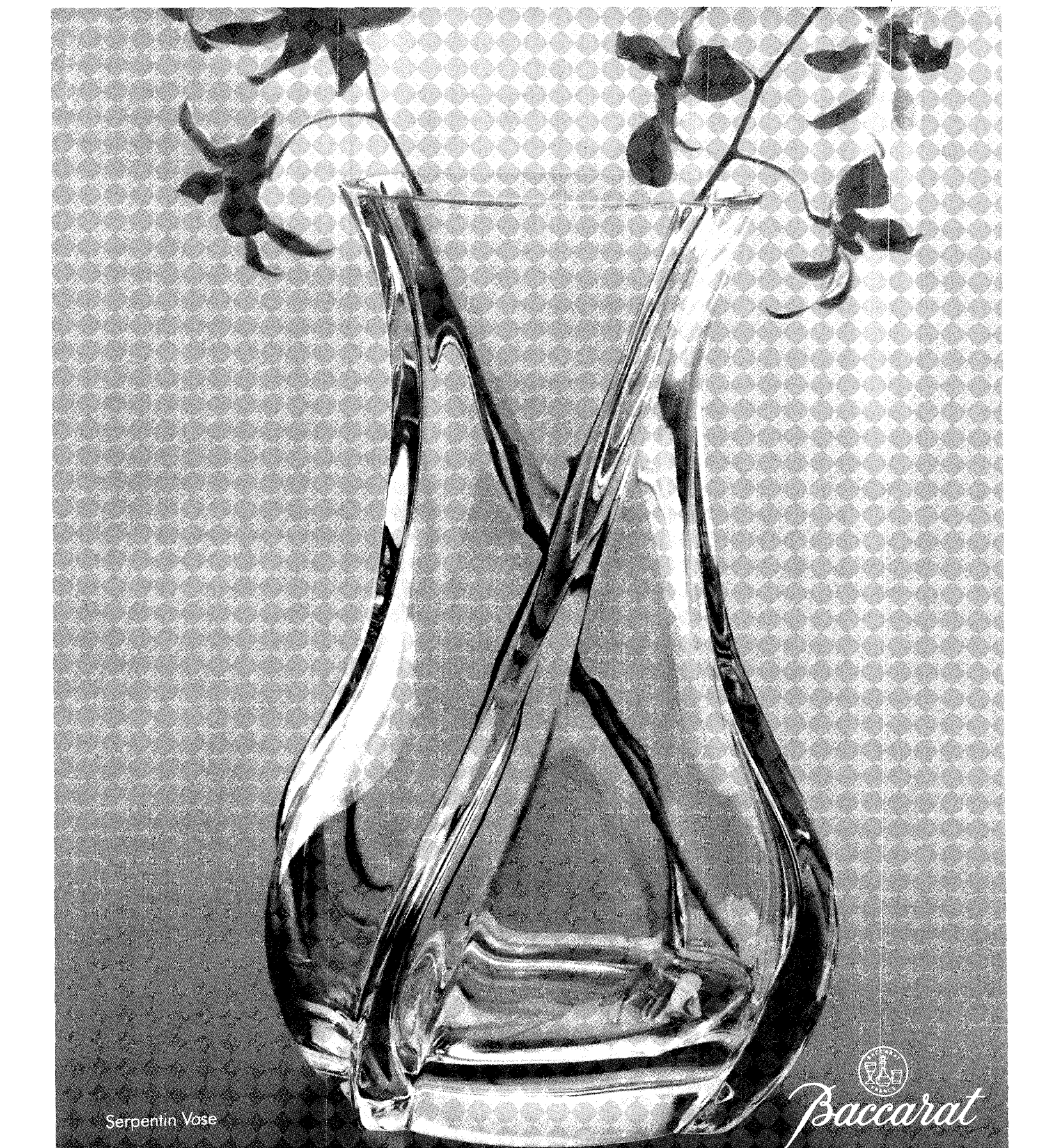
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

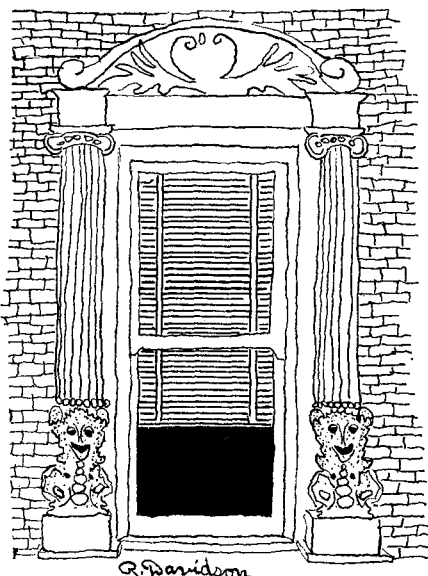
BETWEEN the end of August and the third week of October, the stock-market value of American corporations dropped by about a trillion dollars—an amount equal to one-fourth of the gross national product of the United States. The money vanished in a whoosh of electrons and a typhoon of brokerage sell-order slips. On Monday, October 19th, we went to the New York Stock Exchange to watch money vaporize. That day, the Dow Jones Industrial Average fell half a thousand points, plus a few more. The glassed-in gallery that traverses the east side of the stock exchange, above the trading floor, was jammed with rubberneckers, including many market professionals, who had all come to look down on what at the time seemed to be a small, hot room where torture was taking place. There was a lot of noise at times—enough to shake the building—but more often the traders seemed subdued, if not stunned. An illuminated board showed that the ticker tape was delayed by more than two hours, and nobody seemed to know where the Dow was.

"Those people down there are holding up bloody well, considering the horror," said a tall fellow in a soft gray suit. He was an institutional stock salesman working for Merrill Lynch's London office, he said. He'd been sent here by his firm to learn how Americans sell stock to one another. "You have to be as brave as you can possibly be," he said in a quiet voice. "You have to tell yourself that your heart is still beating."

"Look at that guy down there—he's a loser," said a security guard, who had his face against the glass. He

pointed to a stock trader who was staring at a fistful of slips, and not moving. The trader had one hand clamped over his mouth, and his eyes kept going back and forth over the slips, as if he couldn't believe what he had just done.

We saw a man in an orange robe and an orange turban. His name was Daneshananda, he said, and he was a yogic monk and a disciple of the master P. R. Sarkar, who also happens to be the teacher of Ravi Batra, the author of "The Great Depression of Nineteen-Ninety." "There was some possibility that Ravi Batra would be here at the stock exchange today," Daneshananda said, "but we haven't seen him." Daneshananda explained that his master, Sarkar, teaches that one wins the Lord's grace by practicing tantric meditation in a dangerous place, to dispel the darkness there. "This is the most dangerous place in New York City right now," he said. "I can feel my tantra building up as the stock market goes down."



"We are here to see pain," another man said.

A voice came over a loudspeaker: "Please clear the gallery. You will see nothing exceptional." Nobody was moving, and the glass windows of the gallery had become greasy from people pressing against them. The same voice went on, "I do not have the Dow. Barney, can you hear me? We won't even know the Dow until tonight. Please clear the gallery."

At four o'clock, closing time, the building shuddered as brokers ran every which way to complete their last trades, and a bell went off. On Broad Street, in front of the exchange, a crowd had gathered around the members' entrance, just as on October 29, 1929. We expected to hear noise and shouting, but the crowd was quiet, alert, expectant, like those Roman mobs described by Tacitus, waiting for someone to be torn apart before their eyes. All attention was focussed on the members' entrance, but nobody came out for a while. Then a few clerks in blue jackets appeared. "That mother took a plunge," a clerk said. "I don't know *what* is going on."

"Scotty, how are ya?" said one clerk to another.

"Brain dead," Scotty answered.

"Tokyo starts in four hours. I hope they crash and burn, like we did."

A young man in a tan jacket, an institutional wire clerk, described what he had seen. He said he worked in a room called the Garage, beside the main trading floor. In the Garage, clerks and traders sit in front of computer screens and, taking telephone orders from all over the world, buy and sell huge blocks of stock. He said, "Half the Dow stocks couldn't open for trading this morning. They didn't open for an hour or more. We were

frozen in front of our screens. There were just no bids. I.B.M., General Electric, Merck—some of the biggest blue-chip stocks on the Dow, and we couldn't open them!" He inhaled from a cigarette that consisted of an ash attached to a filter. "I did some trades on Merck today," he said. "You know what a downtick is? When a stock goes down an eighth of a point, a quarter of a point? I was watching Merck on my screen, and it started trading on downticks four points at a time. Then it downticked eight points." He dropped his filter on the pavement. "I was puking," he said. He added that traders had been throwing up in the rest rooms all afternoon.

A voice rose over the crowd. "The emperor has no clothes! Ollie North for President! Only he can save us!" The speaker was a thin man in a hooded sweatshirt. He wore glasses and had a fuzzy chin. He told us that he was called John. "I came down here to celebrate," he said. "Earlier, I was shouting, 'Down with personal computers!' New York used to have a lot of crazies like me. Now they're all yuppies."

A security guard who works on the floor of the stock exchange described his day. "It was a zoo in there," he said. He said that a couple of fights had started to break out on the stock-exchange floor. "Like, nobody took a swing or anything, but those people were very tense. There were some situations. I had to step between two guys. Sometimes you can tell who the loser on the trade is. You stay between them, but maybe you let the loser take one swing, just to help him feel better."

We went over to the South Street Seaport, where the brokers hang out, but the place was almost deserted. Lights were burning on many floors of the big bank and insurance buildings of lower Manhattan. By the time we returned to the New York Stock Exchange, television crews had gathered around a brass-framed door on Wall Street. Exchange members and stock specialists were emerging in twos and threes, squinting into halogen flood-lamps, but few of them wanted to talk to anybody. One specialist said "Anything wrong today? Something happen?" and shouldered through the reporters. Along Broad Street in front of the stock exchange, a line of police cars and vans had drawn up. A

policeman said, "We brought a task force here in case somebody needs help." A kid carrying six pizza boxes went into the building. The emergency lights on one of the police vans began to flash silently, throwing a glare across the columns of the stock exchange and down Broad Street, which was almost empty of people. Nobody really understood what had happened inside the building, although by now it was clear that there had been an accident.

Home Team

A FRIEND writes:

It's a large moment when you leave a place where you have lived all your life and sail away over the edge. I am forty-five, and it felt enormous on Monday, September 28th, around 1 p.m., when my wife and I packed a bike, a swivel chair, and two big suitcases in the back of our red Chevy Blazer and drove along the tree-lined avenues of St. Paul and out of town, east toward New York City. On a sudden urge, I stopped at the bank and got more cash. We drove out on U.S. 12 toward the St. Croix River and Wisconsin. A bright fall day. "This is you and me—we're really leaving. Can you believe it?" she said. She is a city girl, born and bred in Copenhagen, and she never really took to Minnesota. To her, New York was the best idea we'd had since we got married. We cruised along at fifty-five, looking at the last stretch of Minnesota pasture and thinking. In 1961, a friend of mine drove his white convertible out that highway to start a new job, as a newsman at KDWB, and ran into the rear end of a school bus that had stopped to let kids off, and was killed. He is still a real person to

me—still nineteen, tall, with long black hair falling over his forehead, still (as I get older and older) talking about becoming a comedy writer in TV. All the time I lived there, I would occasionally run into someone who knew Barry, and it was sad to think that when I crossed the river there'd be nobody to remember him with.

Not far north of 12 is Marine, where I lived for a while, and where an old friend I haven't seen for seven years got into a big, ridiculous argument with me that I now think was actually caused hours before by my hitting him across the shins with a softball bat during a game. I walloped a high pop-up and tossed the bat aside in disgust and nailed the catcher, my friend, who hours later accused me of something—insensitivity, perhaps—and we quarrelled at the end of my driveway until he stalked away into the night. So long as I lived in St. Paul, there was a chance we might bump into each other, and smile, and our friendship click back on, but when the river is crossed the break becomes permanent, along with all the other dumb things I did here. I felt like stopping for a moment. The bridge was coming toward us fast. Then the Chevy thrust forward, and, flaps down, we rose up and over the river, landing in Wisconsin, heading east.

That evening, the Minnesota Twins won their division championship in the American League, down in Texas, against the Rangers, 5-3. By the time Herb Carneal came on the air with the play-by-play, we were in Oshkosh, and WCCO (The Good Neighbor to the Great Northwest) was gone from our dial. I read about the Twins' big win the next morning in the Milwaukee paper, which was not so excited about the event, and neither was my wife, for whom baseball is a book in a foreign language, interesting but not informative. So I didn't suggest that it might be fun to stop in Chicago and look for a Minneapolis paper.

Tuesday, we poked around Oshkosh and drove to Sandusky, Ohio. Night reached us near Gary, Indiana, and as we sped east on the turnpike we heard part of a White Sox broadcast as it faded out and part of another one, perhaps the Indians, fading in. Long pauses in the broadcast booth, a quiet crowd in the background, ruminating: you could tell that their team was out



Westman

of the running. That night, the Twins lost to Texas. They lost again Wednesday and went north to Kansas City and lost three there. We reached Pittsburgh on Wednesday (Three Rivers Stadium was lit up for a Pirates doubleheader, and I told my wife it was probably her last chance to see a game this year, and she agreed that it probably was) and New York on Friday evening. The moving van arrived Saturday. Sunday, October 4th, the last day of the season, as the Twins got shellacked 10-1 in K.C., we looked around at an apartment that resembled a landfill, and took a long walk. A warm evening, and the streets full of people, a river of yellow taxis flowing uptown on Eighth Avenue, and a sky almost full of skyscrapers—graceful old brick and stone ones—lit up. She was so happy. We walked and walked. "What are you thinking?" she asked. "Do you miss Minnesota?"

"Sure, and I miss Pall Malls, too," I said. But I was thinking about my team. You stick with a team for years, like a not so great marriage in which you're still loyal and hopeful, and then, the day you break up, she loses fifty pounds and gets a haircut and becomes an overnight success.

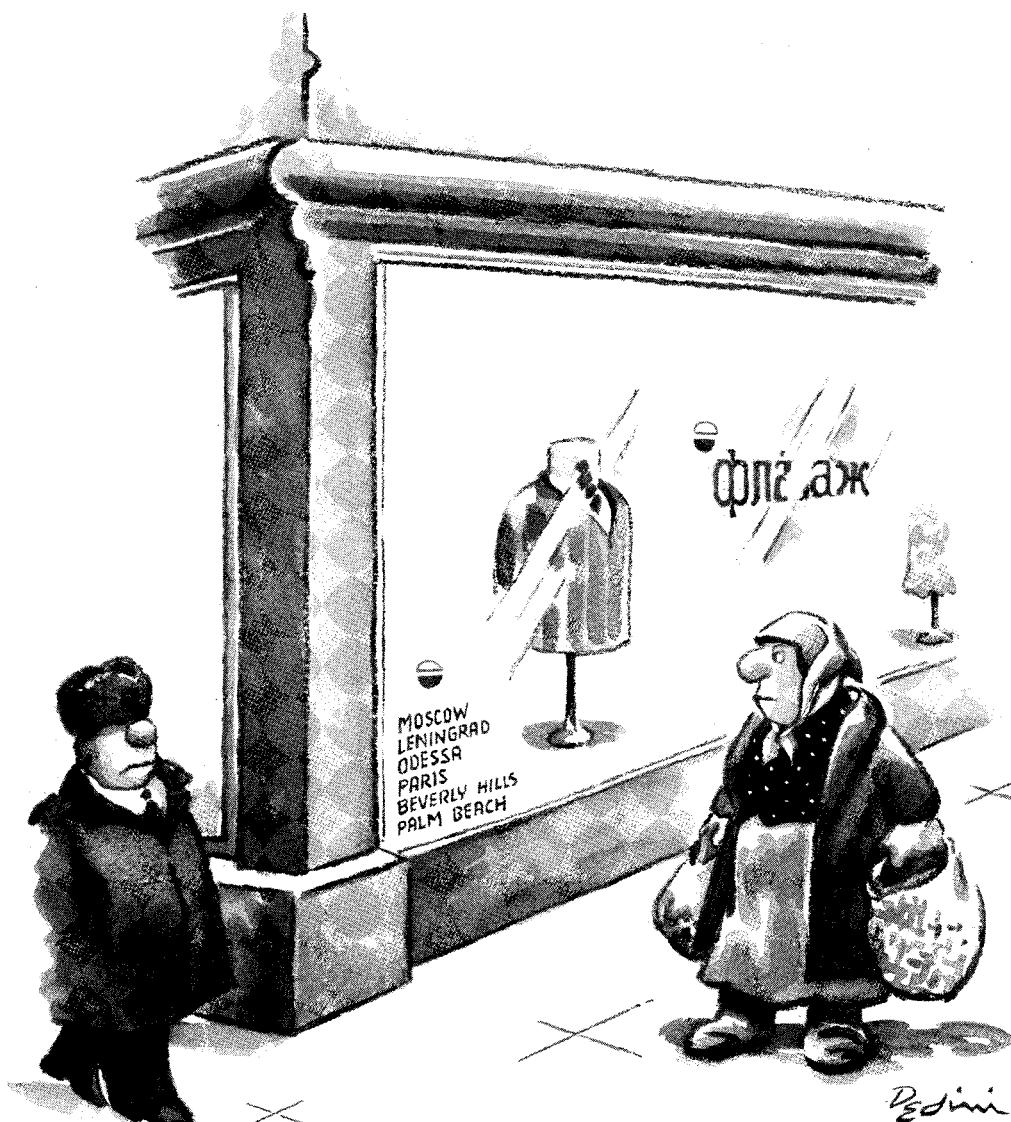
The Twins arrived in Minnesota in the spring of 1961 from Washington, D.C., where they had been the hapless Senators, but that didn't matter to us. They were ours, and we were proud to have them—Camilo Pascual and his big tabletop curve, Pistol Pete Ramos, Bob Allison, and the mighty Harmon Killebrew, America's nicest power hitter. It was my first year in college, the same year my friend was killed. In 1965, the Twins made it to the World Series and lost to the Dodgers, and then, for years, the Series looked as remote as the America's Cup, Minnesota not being a major center of yachting, but even those thin years—when the team lost, and attendance fell, and the careful owner, seeing the gate receipts dwindle, reduced his payroll costs by ridding the team of star players—seem like a bright, green paradise compared with the gloom that fell on the Twins

when they moved from the old ballpark in Bloomington to a domed stadium downtown for the 1982 season. In Minnesota, a northern state, where one is forced indoors for a large part of the year, the idea of spending a summer afternoon in an immense basement is deeply depressing, so I thought; it was a mistake, a fundamental heresy, just as if the Lutheran Church were to incorporate Mammon into the Godhead and make the Trinity a Quartet. I tried to like the dome for two years and gave up. It was, is, and ever will be a godforsaken, forlorn, and unhappy place to play the game of baseball, and right there my old team and I parted company.

The American League playoff began Wednesday night in Minnesota, against Detroit. Gaetti hit two home runs, and Reardon struck out the side

in the ninth with two men on base. The Twins won, 8-5, and again Thursday night, 6-3, Blyleven going seven and a third innings. I didn't watch either game—too busy, and our TV didn't work.

"I'm not really a Twins fan," I explained to people in New York who congratulated me on the team's doing so well, and I tried to explain about the dome, but it sounded like sour grapes. Everywhere I wrote a check and offered my Minnesota driver's license for an I.D., people said something about the Twins, such as "Hey, how about those Twins?" The man at the bank where I went to open a checking account treated me as if I were applying for welfare, but when he saw my former address he smiled and said I must be pretty excited. I wasn't, but I was grateful. The man



at the newsstand, whose sister is married to a man from Excelsior, Minnesota, greeted me like an old pal. "Hey, your guys won!" he said, and they did. On Columbus Day, they beat Detroit to get into the Series.

I started running into former Minnesotans, who recognized me from my maroon Golden Gophers sweatshirt. They couldn't believe it, they said—the *Twins* in the Series! I waited in the Twenty-third Street subway station at Sixth Avenue with a man from St. Paul, who asked me twice if I thought they could win the Series. Not if they would but if it was a possibility for them, as if a mysterious spore we had ingested in our mothers' tuna hot dish made us constitutionally unable to be fans of a winning team. Those four times the Vikings lost the football championship took a heavy toll on him, he said, and he didn't want to be fooled again.

Friends called from Minnesota, including a woman I went to college with who had never been to a Twins game in her life. She said that Minneapolis was feverish, full of noise and banners—on the tallest building in town one night, lights spelled out "WIN TWINS"—and strangers in the street talking baseball. "You should

come back for the Series," she said. "I've never seen people behaving like this. God, *I've* never been like this. I'm excited, and I don't even *like* baseball." A friend called to offer Series tickets, and called back the next night to cancel that—the friend of his who knew someone whose brother worked for the Twins was not returning phone calls. "The town is nuts. You wouldn't believe it. It's great. You just want to go out and walk around and grin at people. You better come back and see it. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss it."

I still hadn't watched a single game. Our TV set had worked in St. Paul, but in Manhattan it was receiving triple and quadruple shadow images, each human figure a chorus line, against a soup of colors—it looked like video art. We were busy unpacking boxes anyway, and trying to fit the furniture from a big old Minnesota house into a skinny three-bedroom apartment, and in the evening, when most of the games were played, we felt like getting out of our mess and walking the streets and seeing the city that had lured us away from the Midwest.

The first game of the Series was on Saturday night. When I woke up Sat-

urday morning, I found myself thinking about the game and how much fun it would be to be in Minnesota, soaking up all that jubilation and floating good will and good-humored anxiety, and go to Russell's house to watch the game, to sit jammed together in a den with ten or twelve people who all felt exactly as I did, so that if I said, "I really believe that they can win," they would all know the exact gravity of the sentence. We could mention a former player or manager, and instantly all of us remember that man vividly. We could recall games, we could reminisce about notable seasons, and not much would need to be said to call them to mind. When all of you have lived in a place forever, you're able to touch each other with a few slight words.

My wife had friends to go visit that night, so I sat down alone to watch, in a living room where we had piled quite a few things to be sorted out later, including a big brown jug I'm embarrassed to be still carting around—a trophy that went to the winner of an annual church softball game between single men and married men, a series that ended twenty-some years ago. The church was a pretty strict fundamentalist outfit, whose younger members tended to drift away into larger, more moderate churches, and by the early sixties so many players on both sides had been lost to heterodoxy that the summer Bible-camp classic came to an end. The scores of all the games are painted on the jug. I forget why it wound up with me; I left the church as soon as I could, sooner than most of the others.

When I turned on the TV, the picture was so blurry I didn't recognize the place as the Metrodome in Minneapolis, and the crowd waving hankies didn't look familiar, either, but the voice introducing the players belonged to the old ballpark announcer, Bob Casey, and that stamped the whole thing as authentic and genuine. I started to get good and tense, and by "rockets' red glare the bombs bursting in air" I was genuinely excited. I said "Go!" as the home team and a crowd of shadows ran out of their numerous dugouts onto the yellowish-blue-green field, and I leaned forward and girded up my innards to will them to victory. Win, team. We really need this one. For all the Lutheran back yards with the rose-



"It's my usual—a double rum raisin."

bushes wrapped and the flower beds covered for winter, and for all the romantic gents in the taverns and all the ladies buying bedspreads in Dayton's, and for me. I didn't come to New York to be pitied by a man at the bank because I'm from Minnesota. I don't want to stand in the station commiserating with fellow-losers. Win. When they ask "Where you from?" and I say where, I want them to smile and say "Hey. All right. Minnesota."

Archive

WE have received a grant of papers from a reporter:

Notes for Talk story —10th-anniversary celebration, Archival Management and Historical Editing Program, Department of History, NYU.

Lots and lots of archivists gathered, tp flr Bobst Library, Wshngtn Sq. Big map of NYC on one wall, red pins to mark archvs in NYC occpd by NYU archivsts. (Simile: looks like map in Patton hq.? Like pblc-hlth offcls monitoring spread of disease fm outer spce?) Inclds: NY Philharmonic, Trinity Church, New York Stock Exchange, J. Walter Thompson, American Bible Society, Corning Glass, Empire Blue Cross/Blue Shield, many others.

Talked to: Prof. Michael Lutzker, head of program. 10th anniv of revolutionary idea that archvl training shd be humanities trng. Mt of papers in every institution. Not just offcl hstry but hstry in the raw. What is ephemeral, what is enduring? Whole pblm of institutional memory really archivsts' pblm: sort thru notes, papers, memos. He/she mst decide wht belongs in memory, wht not. Archivsts' job to develop overview of memory.

Intrdcd to: Archvst of NY Philharmonic, Barbara Haws. (Lks exctly like Glenn Close in "Ftl Attrctn." Careful!) What found in music archvs? Record of negotiation Mahler/Phlhrmnc: Mahler says, "Mahler

must have this!" Phlrmnc says, "No way." (Human side of genius.)

Intrdcd to: Frank Buck, acting archvst of US. (Archvst of whole country? Dbl-chk this.) Ask: Any relation to Bring Em Bck Alive Frank Buck? No, Frank Burke. B-U-R-K-E. Explains is here for reading after party. Will read from T. Jefferson's lettrs. Shw that Jffrson hmslf knd of archvst, intrstd in stting record straight.

Overhrd btwn Lutzker and other guy after Burke leaves:

"Had any luck placing people with Burke?" (Still sounds like Buck—odd prnciatn.)

"Not for years, but now Arthur Sniffin has gone to DC."

Arthur Sniffin! Great name for archvst—Dcknsian!

Other people present: Walfredo Toscanini (Maestro's grndson), Geri Solomon, Katharine Houghton (niece of K. Hepburn, married S. Poitier in "Gs Whs Cmng Dnnr," will read from archvl matl—looks lot like Kate. Hair in bun, etc.), McGeorge Bundy, Phyllis Barr, Gregory Hunter . . .

McGeorge Bundy! Bst & Brghtst! Why he here? Walking archive? No, prof in hstry dept. NYU.

Food: crudts. (Raw history, raw

food—develop piece into Lévi-Strauss parody?)

NB: Look for people in charge of weird archives. Ask one archvst what weirdest thing in yr archv? Looks insulted. Must fnd more tctfl way ask ths.

Gvn copy of: *The Archivist Historian*, pblctn of archivsts. Intrstng rdng. Jackie Rbnsn papers, etc. Report on jobs in Japan: Job mkt wide open for archvst historians! But drawback or two. Few formal archvs, and unlikely anyone excpt Japanese wd be appted to staff them. Archivsts trained to see bright side. Archivsts very cheerfl people.

Program begins. Poem read by two archivsts—narrtv acct of early yrs of prgrm in archvs.:

A lesson was learned on that very first day.
Food, drink, and ink should be kept far away.
We dum-de-da-dum-de on many fine trips
And from other archivists learned many fine tips.

Smthng like that. Get txt of poem later.

Hey! One NYU archvst looks after Geoffrey Hellman papers—G. Hellman wndrfl old Talk writer. Talk notes valuable! Archivable!

Great! Here!



FROM 100 ELVIS STORIES

WELCOME to Graceland City. Graceland City is a scenic community situated among the beautiful and rugged hills of Tennessee only several hundred miles from Memphis. Graceland City is hoping to be the new capital of our gracious state and the new home of Elvis's grave. We have a population that is growing every day. Located in the main section of town is the Suspicious Minds Museum, and next to that the Courthouse Rock. All roads and highways extending from these city landmarks merge to form the shape of a guitar. You can see this clearly on our aerial-view postcards of Graceland City.

Rex Elvis Drexler founded Graceland City eight years ago. He conceived the idea the first and only time he met Elvis, and brought his dream to fruit some twenty years later. Rex had been down on his luck for some time when Elvis pulled over to the side of the road in Chattanooga. He invited Rex to take a ride in his gold-flecked Cadillac. Rex had worn holes in the bottoms of his shoes and was eager to jump inside. After hearing the story of how Rex lost his job, his wife, and his trailer, Elvis gave Rex a check for a thousand dollars and the keys to a blue Cadillac. Rex vowed then that he would find a way to pay tribute to the King.

Jack Elvis Velch is the mayor of Graceland City. He was elected mayor because of his crusading abilities. One of the first things he accomplished as mayor was to have all the fire hydrants painted to look like Elvis. At first he was going to make them all be of Elvis in his white suit and cape, but majority wins here, and so Elvis is wearing a different outfit on each hydrant. Jack also goes to Washington regularly with Elvis amendments and sends designs to the Treasury Department for the new Elvis currency we all would like to see circulated.

Hannibal Elvis Oldsley lives at Graceland Jr. He is a millionaire. Hannibal himself has given many Cadillacs and some money away. He also donated a warehouse to the teenagers in town so they would have a place to dance and play Pretend Elvis on weekends. Hannibal is loved and respected by all in Graceland City, but he says that before he moved here he was a pitiful sight, driving from town to town, ordering whiskey from Elvis commemorative bottles, crying and

trying to convince the bartenders that Elvis had been his friend.

My mother and I were among the first people to move to Graceland City. We had lived in Hedgerow, Missouri, all our lives but, like the rest of the Gracelanders, never really felt at home until we settled here. It was especially beautiful that first winter, all of us working hard—homesteading, so to speak—and then meeting over at the Viva Las Vegas around beer time and swapping stories. Mother would tell the story of how I had amazed the doctors in the delivery room by saying “Elvis” as soon as I was born and how she attributes this to the fact that all the while I was inside her she would wrap little headphones around her belly and play me Elvis records. Sheriff Roland Elvis Trubo would tell stories about the time he worked for the King. He said he was in charge of Popsicles and Fudgsicles. It was his job to make sure that there were always enough and that they were the red-dot brand and that they were cold enough. Nothing made Elvis madder than to find little crystals on a Pop or Fudgsicle, and one night the Sheriff got fired because he brought Elvis a Popsicle that had melted and been refrozen. There were many more stories that year at the Viva L.V., but then times began to change.

AS was natural in the course of settling, we all tended to divide and separate. No one seemed to mind until it became obvious that privilege was starting to prevail in some areas and prejudice in others. Take, for instance, the families that believe Elvis is still alive. They migrated to the north section of town, which is lush and green, with rolling hills and fresh-water streams. Most Elvis-still-lives people are professionals, with big houses and bigger yards; they say their belief that Elvis never died gives them strength and power beyond that of most, and that anyone willing to turn themselves over to the Elvis eternal shall also reap the joys and rewards. In the south section of Graceland City are the families who have seen visions of Elvis or been ESP'd by him. These are the business men and women of the community. They say that when Elvis comes to them he also gives them advice on deals and futures. The south section of town is overbuilt with red brick houses and lots of wrought iron, and on many a

moonlit night eerie wails and moans can be heard coming from the porches of these houses, although the north-siders say this is nonsense. There is quite a bit of tension between the north and the south, the two of them seeing Elvis in such different ways. They celebrate different holidays, and the northerners don't even acknowledge the day Elvis died—they still go to work and everything.

There are the families still driving the Cadillacs Elvis gave them—they live on Elvis East. It's simple on the east side, but you have to put your shades on when you walk down one of their streets, because the shine from those Cadillacs can blind. Over in the boondocks are the families who worked for or served Elvis at one time or another. These people are the waitresses, janitors, and clerks of the town and are generally referred to as the “trackers,” since they live by the railroad tracks. And, of course, there is the part of town that is most beautiful—Lakeside, with its old elm trees, its ponds and lakes all stocked with fish, ducks, and swans. Here are the homes that ramble, the homes lived in by the children of Elvis and their parents. These children all have horses and miniature electric cars they drive around on the streets. The finest school is also in Lakeside.

Ruby Priscilla Loos was the first one to bring up the education issue. Because little Ruby Lisa Marie Loos is musically gifted, she was invited to attend the School for the Children of Elvis, in Lakeside. But she is being shunned by the other students and some of the teachers, because the Looses are Elvis Easters. On the playground little Ruby is taunted constantly by her schoolmates' chanting, “Who's your daddy? It's a Caddy!” Then the other day Haywood Elvis Hayward went to the Roustabout, which is south of town, to buy some feed for his livestock, and Mister Elvis O'Cleef refused to sell him any. Mister said it was because his Ouija Elvis Board had told him not to sell to the trackers, but everyone knows the real reason. It's because Mister's son, Warren Elvis O'Cleef, wants to marry Wanda Lisa Marie Hayward, Haywood's stepdaughter. Most people in town aren't too terrible toward trackers, but none of them want their kids to end up marrying us. Well, I suppose you would have guessed it sooner or later—it was I who robbed Warren O'Cleef of his someday prominent position in Graceland City.



Manhattan Woods (After Everything Has Moved to New Jersey)

His father says there is no way to hide the shame and disgrace that will come from Warren's union with a person whose stepfather merely cleaned Elvis's firearms.

My mother always told me the greatest glory was in being able to serve the King, and Warren says

that's probably true. He says his father only cares about money and ghosts. Warren wants us to leave Graceland City for good. He says living here now isn't any different from living anywhere else. But tonight there's a town meeting over at the old Viva Las Vegas, and I've asked Warren to go with

me, because I don't want to say goodbye to Graceland City. I'm going to remind everyone what brought us here together in the first place—that in the beginning there was no north, south, east, or Lakeside, and it didn't matter how or why you loved Elvis, only that you did.

—LISA WALKER

THE SHIP AHOY

THE White Gull was the really nice motel in town. The Brinnesis had run it since 1964, and they kept it up, with white trim renewed every few years on the sixteen shingled cabins, firewood for the fireplaces, a flower box by every doorstep, good stoves and refrigerators in the kitchenettes. The last few years, they were asking sixty dollars a night for the ocean-view cabins, and on weekends in the season taking reservations only for two-night occupancy, and still filled up every weekend. Mrs. Brinnesi wore dresses, never pants; she was a religious-minded woman, attending Sunday Mass at St. Joseph's up the coast and various retreats and Catholic women's meetings. Mr. Brinnesi would tell people right to their faces that if they wanted to have loud drinking parties or behave immorally they could go to another motel in another town. They were strict people, the Brinnesis. Their son had not turned out well. He had raised hell in high school, and run off to Portland and become some kind of hippie, and they did not even know where he lived

now. Somebody told Tim Merion, at the Chevron station, that he had AIDS and was in San Francisco. But the Brinnesis were good neighbors, and the White Gull was a place people in town could be proud of.

Then across the loop road, up in the spruce and alder woods, was Hannah's Hideaway. Most people thought Hannah was a woman it was named for, but people like Mr. Voder could tell you that the man who built it way back in the Depression years had been named John Hannah, an eccentric Portlander with lumber money. He had started out building a cabin for himself there in the woods above Klat-sand Creek when there wasn't anything much in town but the old general store and the filling station and a few houses and summer cabins scattered around between the road and the beach; the loop road was the main road then, part of the coast highway. John Hannah built his wife a second cabin, a sort of tower, two rooms, one on top of the other. He said she got on his nerves sitting knitting in his cabin. Then some friend of his came to visit,

and John Hannah built a cabin for him. And some more friends came to visit. It ended up with eight different cabins sitting there in the woods on two and a half acres. After the Hannah estate sold it, there were times the Hideaway had been, as Mr. Voder said, "a very shady retreat," rented out to parties of men who brought their liquor by the case and their women by the carload and never came into town at all. Other owners had cleaned up the old cabins and made it almost a private-club kind of resort. In the seventies it had changed hands again and run down into an on-again, off-again second-rate seasonal motel. Now that the Shotos had it, it was doing a lot of week-long and even month-long summer rentals, and a nicer kind of people stayed there, although there was still something a little queer about the place, all those cabins with their gables and dormers and ladder-lofts in the thick woods, compared to the White Gull right in town at the top of the beach, with its white trim and sunny marigolds.

And then there was the Ship Ahoy. The Tuckets took over the Ship Ahoy in the mid-eighties, when it was pretty

badly run down. It never had amounted to much: a double row of jerry-built cabins with a carport between each pair, and just room between the rows for a car to pull out and turn around. The office and apartment were on the right coming in, and a storage building connected the two rows at the west end. The four cabins on the left had kitchens and could sleep five apiece; the three on the right were duplexes, room and bath with one queen or two twin beds. All the showers were some kind of plastic unit made for motels, installed when the place was built in the fifties, and they were really decrepit by now, cracked through, with dirt in the cracks, and leaking. The faucets



"I know you want me to be someone else—but someone else is not me!"

THE NEW YORKER

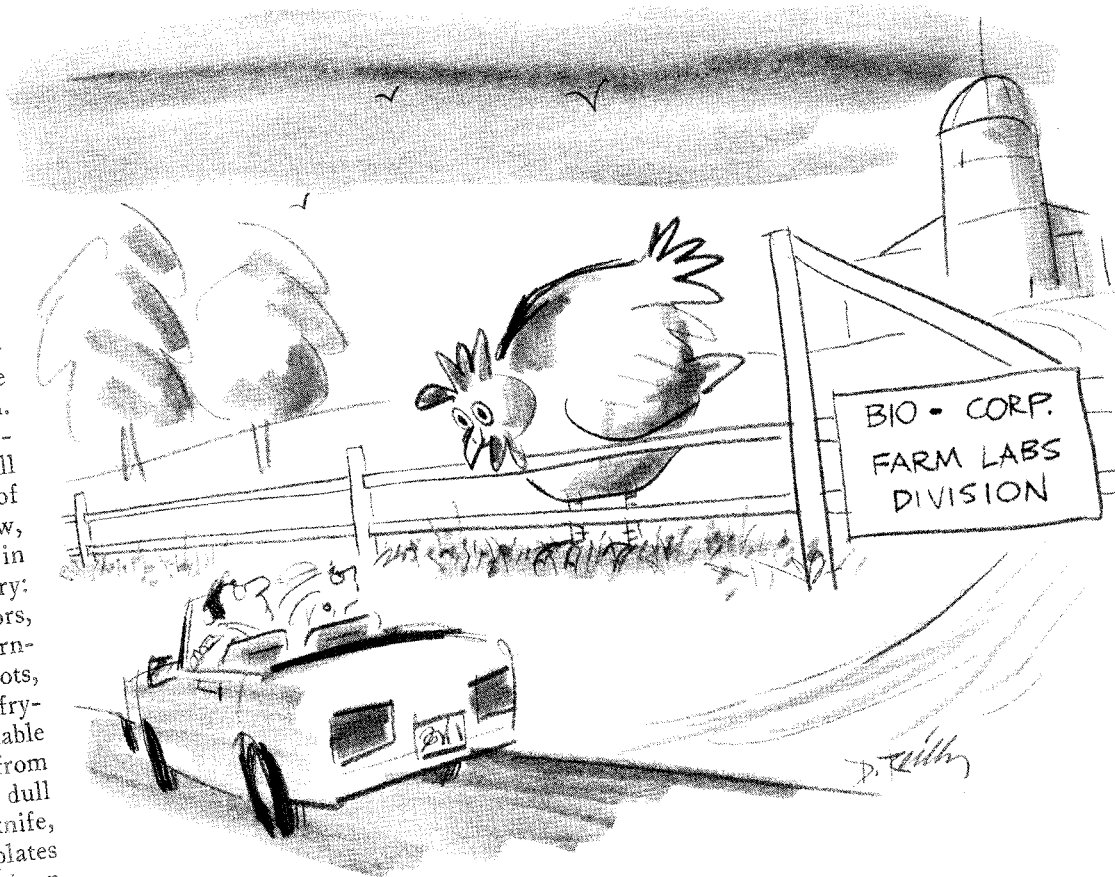
were cranky and the plumbing was explosive. The TV sets were huge old things fixed on imitation-wood stands; in the smaller rooms you could barely get between them and the foot of the bed. Most of the sets picked up three or four of the five cable channels available, but none of them got all of them. The bedspreads and curtains and carpets of all the rooms smelled of cigarettes and mildew, and the equipment in the kitchens was sorry: groaning refrigerators, stoves with dead burners, a couple of thin pots, a scratched no-stick frying pan that stuck, table knives and forks from the Goodwill, one dull serrated cutting knife, and odd plastic plates and cups that had been scraped and scorched and battered and worn till their aggressive pink and orange and aqua and chartreuse colors had gone whitey-gray.

But then, the Tuckets seemed a little run down too. He had been in the Marines, how long and how long ago nobody knew, but it was about all anybody did know about him. His first name was Bob, and this was his second marriage. People learned that from Mrs. Tucket. She joked that when she married Mr. Tucket she ought to have changed her name to Nan. But it was Rosemarie; and she had been married before too, but she didn't say more about it than that. She was friendly enough, and pleasant-mannered, but people knew her only in the stores and when she chatted with Tim at the Chevron station or had to have Bigley come out for the plumbing, that kind of thing; she did not get to know any women in town well, for the motel kept her on a short chain. She hired no help to run it, and did almost everything herself. Mr. Tucket had some kind of health condition that got worse soon after they bought the Ship Ahoy. He could not move furniture or do any heavy work. He wheezed and looked shaky even when he ran the

heavy old vacuum cleaner. Mostly he sat in the apartment living room and watched NBC, and answered the bell when anybody telephoned or came to the office to ask for a room. Nobody ever made reservations at the Ship Ahoy, except maybe on the really big weekends: Memorial Day, Sandcastle Day at Cannon Beach, the Fourth, and Labor Day. People just saw the sign up on the highway as they drove by, or the Gull and Hannah's filled up and sent people to it. It was on the loop road a little out of town to the south. It didn't have a sea view, but was only one block of sandy road and a bit of dune grass away from the beach. It could have been a nice little place, and no doubt Rosemarie and Bob Tucket had meant to make it nicer; or anyway Rosemarie had, since he seemed to be one of those men who never meant anything they did but just got angry when it didn't come out right.

Rosemarie had talked with people in town about some of the things she hoped to do with the Ship Ahoy to fix it up and make it more attractive. She did plant petunias in front of the office,

first thing. She made a good deal on weekly linen and towel rental with a nice young couple starting an agency in Astoria. The first week they had the place she threw out the old bedspreads that were fit for nothing but furniture packing and hounds to lie on in the back of pickups. She bought pale-green fibre-filled coverlets that served both as blanket and bedspread, and were fireproof. All a cigarette could do to them was melt a hole with hard brown edges. Several guests with cigarettes did so pretty soon. It took more money than she had figured on to buy the six queen, four double, and twelve twin spreads for the ten units. She kept the best of the old bedspreads for the rollaways and sofa beds. She bought good curtain material, beige with wide pale-green stripes, and sewed the drapes for the front kitchen units, the best ones, 1 and 2; but putting in the hooks for the drapery installation took so long it would take forever to make curtains for all ten units, hundreds of hooks to be sewn in. When was she to do it? At night the light wasn't good enough to sew by. Cleaning up the units to be ready by



2 P.M. took the whole morning, and there was their own apartment to keep clean and meals to cook and clear, and she had to have some time to herself. Hadn't they looked for a motel in a small town, a beach town, so that they could have some time free?

She had never minded being alone; indeed she would have enjoyed it, if she had had time to enjoy it. Certainly she hadn't planned to socialize with the guests. That might be what people wanted at these fancy bed-and-breakfasts where there was champagne and orange juice and everybody used first names. But most people at motels wanted to be left alone, she thought; and all she wanted was to greet them in a nice way so they felt at home, take their money and give them their key, and then clean up after them next morning. And she knew what that involved. Working at her first husband's service station in Tucson years ago, she had learned how people use public facilities, not only peeing on the floor and strewing paper around but scraping off paint, unscrewing fixtures, uprooting toilets even, like crazy monkeys wrecking their cage. She didn't expect the cleaning to be pleasant, and sometimes it was disgusting, you wanted to rub their noses in it. But then some people left things neat, the wet towels in a pile, trash in the wastebaskets; sometimes even a dollar bill under the ashtray, as if she was a maid, but they meant well. And nobody came here for big wild parties, like in city motels. Mostly they were just driving through on the coast highway and pulled off for the night—single men, a good many elderly couples, some families with young children. Sometimes women staying with their families in the kitchen units for a couple of nights liked to talk with her while the children were down playing on the beach. Mostly they started out with a complaint about the refrigerator or the shower or they wanted extra cups, but sometimes they also got to talking about their lives; and that was interesting. In some of them she recognized right away the pain and strangeness she felt in her own life, but others interested her because they seemed to be so dull and so familiar, and the women living these lives complained about them comfortably, feeling no strangeness at all. Such conversations usually took place in the front office or at the door-

ALL HALLOWS' EVE

In the great silence of my favorite month,
October—the red of maples, the bronze of oaks,
clear-yellow leaves here and there on birches—
I celebrated the standstill of time.

The vast country of the dead had its beginning everywhere:
At the turn of a tree-lined alley, across park lawns.
But I did not have to enter, I was not called yet.

Motorboats pulled up on the riverbank, paths in pine needles.
It was getting dark early, no lights on the other side.

I was going to attend the ball of ghosts and witches.
A delegation would appear there in masks and wigs,
And dance, unrecognized, in the chorus of the living.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(Translated, from the Polish, by the author and
Leonard Nathan.)

way of the units. Once, an elderly lady staying alone for the weekend for a church conference up in Seaside invited her in for a glass of iced tea. Rosemarie did not feel that she should accept the invitation, and did not want to accept it, but she appreciated it.

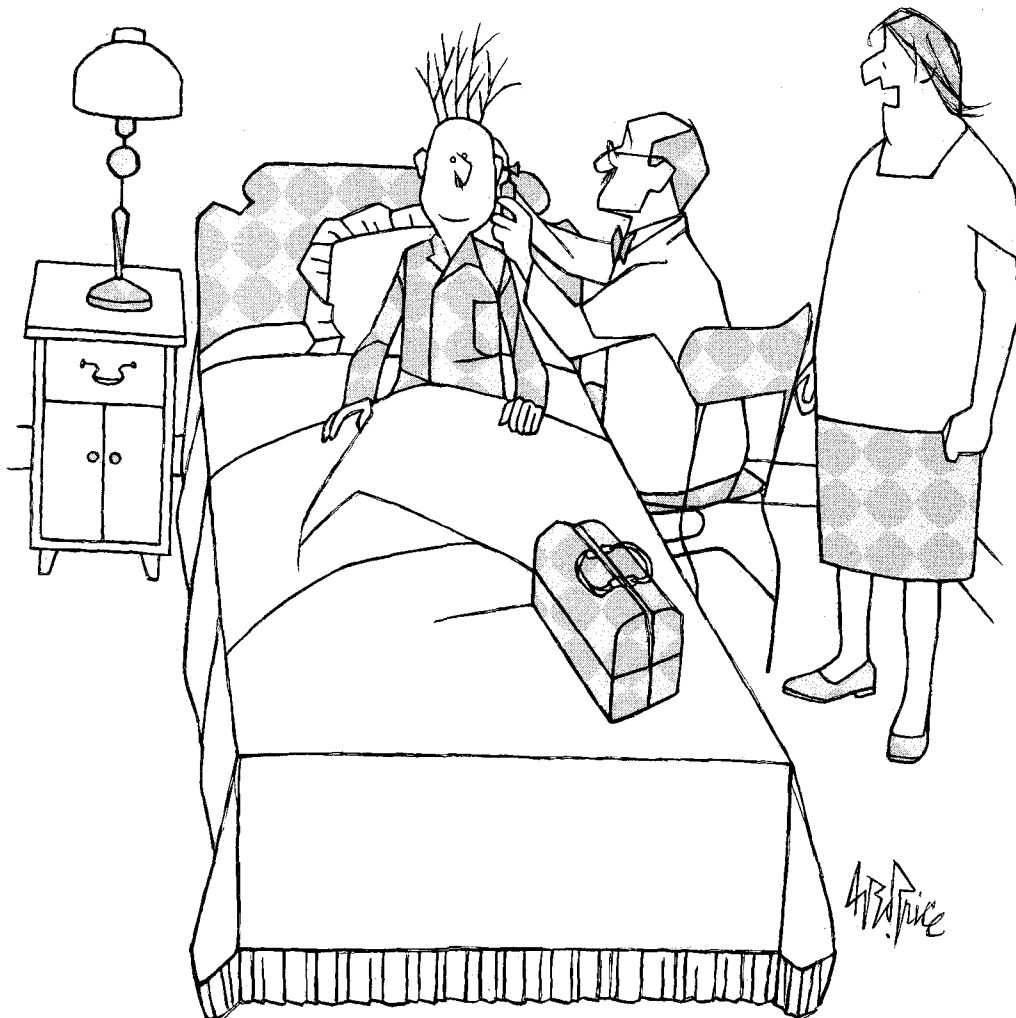
The apartment kitchen was cramped. The living room was dark, because Bob kept the blind down and the TV on, and it smelled like his socks. Since he was always there to answer the bell, Rosemarie took to spending a good deal of time that fall in the storage room. It had the only west window in the motel, looking down through some big old black Sitka spruce trees to the grassy dunes. You couldn't see the sea, but you could hear it, if you wanted to. Or she would lie down on one of the twin beds in No. 10, a unit they had never filled even

in the summer, saving it till last because its TV and heating unit both acted funny. She would lie down on the bed farther from the door and look at a mail-order catalogue or doze and think at the same time. Sometimes she read science-fiction books or magazines from the secondhand-paperback bookstore in Astoria. She had never liked what they called women's books. She did not like most of these either, the ones that were about wars and drugs and killing like the newspapers and everything else, but some of them told stories about places that were different from here. She wondered where the writers got their ideas from. She spread the untouched pale-green coverlet back across the bed and returned to the storage room to put the wash in the dryer. She looked out at the edge of the land, the dune grass bowing in the sea wind, and pretended that if you walked down the sandy road past the spruce trees and the empty lots and stood there on the edge you would see something entirely different—not the long, wide entire beach and the breakers and the gray horizon but another world. A city with glass towers, maybe. Pointed green glass towers like thin church steeples. A person came up from that green city toward her. He shone, with a kind of shimmering and sparkling at the edges and in his hair, because he was an energy person. Not flesh and blood, not earthly. She did not dare take his hand, although he held it out. She was afraid the touch would destroy her, until he smiled and said, "It's all right."



Then she smiled at him, or at herself day-dreaming, and finished loading the dryer. But she remembered him. He was sad, in trouble, she thought, another day, after she had cleaned 2 and 6 and put new blue deodorant blocks in the toilet tanks and emptied the vacuum for Bob and was opening a box of plastic glasses for the bathrooms. It was raining, and the rain beat on the window of the storage room. Through the water-wavery glass the old black spruces moved their stiff arms. Beyond them the top of the dunes was pale against gray-black cloud. She thought what it would be like if he came up over the edge of the dunes and down the sandy road. He needed help. He was in trouble. He had been driven out of the green city because the other energy people did not understand him. He had enemies, and was in danger, perhaps because he could talk to people in her world. She went to No. 10, and dusted the lamps and the TV before she took off the coverlet and her shoes and lay down on the twin bed farther from the door. If she could take him in and let him stay here, he would be safe. He could stay in No. 10. "You can come in," she whispered.

Bob never looked in the units anymore. It was easy enough. She told him not to put anybody in 10 till she could get the TV fixed, and she fiddled with the fine tuning and the vertical hold till it was completely out of whack, in case Bob got a fit of trying to fix it himself. He had used to be pretty handy with repairs, but it seemed that since they bought the motel, instead of fixing it up like they had planned, he only wanted to sit and watch TV like one of the guests instead of the owner. And there was so much to do she could never catch up. In a way it was lucky so few people were coming now, in the rainy fall.



"I told him to lay off the high-fibre diet."

The shower in 2, their best unit, had kind of split right down the back wall. The family with the teen-agers from Illinois had spilled what must have been beer on the queen bed in 4. Even after she poured scented deodorant disinfectant right on the mattress the beery smell came back, only with a sort of bubble-gum flavor to it. Once it dried, probably people wouldn't notice. But she had wanted the place to be nice. Not fancy, but homey. So that nice families would come back, with little kids. She didn't mind little kids, the way some motel managers did. She loved getting the old crib out of the storage room. Kids of six or seven were hard on the TVs, but there really wasn't anything else they could hurt, and what did it matter, anyway?

"If I used my energy," her friend said, with his lovely smile, and she said, "If you used your energy—?"

"All the rooms would be painted white, to start with."

"Oh, no," she said. "I wanted each unit different, see—1 pink, and 2 peach, and 3 aqua blue, and 4 daffodil . . ."

He smiled, shaking his bright head. "All pure white," he said. "Energy white. But with different-colored carpets. And curtains—red-and-white checked, blue-and-white, yellow-and-white . . ."

"Oh, curtains," she said, her heart sinking at the thought of that huge bolt of material, green-and-beige striped, but he laughed again, laughed at her so kindly that she had to laugh at herself too.

"It's all right. I'll handle the curtains," he said. And he did, for the time being anyhow.

She was not foolish about him. When she read in the *Sun* or the

Enquirer about space aliens and flying-saucer visits, she enjoyed the stories, but they were just like the science fiction. If you began to believe all that, you'd be in trouble. Her friend was different, because he was only a kind of game of make-believe or a gift to her, and because he needed her. It wasn't like the saucer people, who always knew everything and were sent to save people. Although he helped her in her daydreams, it was because he needed her help, because he was in trouble.

BOB had a gallbladder attack after Christmas. He thought it was his heart, and was terrified. But it was so much like his first attack two years ago that she was pretty sure it was gallbladder and was not too frightened, though the drive at night up the coast to the hospital was very like a nightmare, in the hard black rain, with Bob gasping for air, panicked. He would not listen to her trying to reassure him, or even to the doctor. Even after he was home, though he did stop eating so much potato chips and pork skins and boughten popcorn while he watched TV, he went on saying it had

been his heart. She heard him say it to a guest checking in at the front desk. "Had some heart trouble lately. Can't get around much for a while." He would talk with some of the guests, she never could figure out which ones or why, and then with the next ones be as sour and mean as an old hyena.

"It was all right in January, when you weren't well and hardly anybody came anyway, but if you're going to be in the office registering guests you *got* to shave," she said to him in March, after the family of four from Washington had looked at No. 3 and then said, "Thank you," embarrassed—they were nice young people with pretty children—and got back in their car and driven on south.

"I'll shave when I damn want to," he said. "Quit your damn nagging!" As if she had said one word to him from the night she drove him to the hospital to this day, one word anything but cheerful. She hadn't even felt cross with him, only sorry for him, even when he sort of boasted about his "heart trouble." But now his rudeness turned her against him, like the slam of a door. She could not bear the sight of his gray-stubbed chin. She wanted

to cry, looking at it, it was so ugly. She went off to the storage room without a word, though when she got there she did not know what she had meant to do there. It was late afternoon, and there was only one unit occupied. A young man had come in before noon yesterday. He had a junk-food complexion and a dull look, like the photos in newspapers of the man whose neighbors say, "He was always real quiet," after he kills his wife, the four-year-old, the baby, the babysitter, and finally gets around to himself, which he would much better have tended to in the first place. Rosemarie was not at all afraid of this young man, but she thought him creepy, and she put him in 9, where the TV only picked up two channels, because it seemed the right room for him. And she never could talk herself out of the notion that all the better units should be held for the nice families that were going to come later in the day. The young man paid cash and made no complaints. He stayed shut up with his two-channel TV all afternoon, as far as she noticed what he did. Later in the afternoon a couple in their fifties from Montana wanted a

kitchen unit. She gave them No. 1, still saving 3 for the nice family (and when they did come, Bob scared them off). The Montana couple paid with Visa, and Rosemarie could tell that they would leave the room clean. Then past eight last night a man in a pickup with Canadian license plates came in with a crunch of gravel and a slam of the car door and was in the office before she could get there, saying in a big booming beery voice, "All I want's a bed, lady. Dead on my feet!" Bob had taken over from her and had put the man in 3, which she wouldn't have done—twenty dollars more for a kitchen he wouldn't use. But he didn't complain, either. His



"When you're Grandpa's age, you will have accumulated a lot of baggage, too."

light went off five minutes after he went into the unit. He had left before sunrise. She had heard the pickup's wheels on the gravel, and then the crows began their morning cawing, and the singing birds tuned up inland in the alder woods.

She had got up early and had breakfast by herself. She cleaned 3, and then after she made Bob's breakfast and saw the Montana car leave, she cleaned 1, which they had left clean, as she expected. As she was coming out of the unit with the mop bucket and plastic bags, the young man in 9 had come across the gravel toward her, not looking at her. "Thought I might stay another night," he said in a kind of mumbling, sneering tone. It probably was shyness, young men did such strange things to disguise their shyness; but it was unpleasant all the same, the way he looked past her. She nodded and said, "Just tell Mr. Tucket. He's in the office. Just pay him. You need towels or anything?"

He turned away without response. It annoyed her. Even if they didn't have to be all over each other friendly, people could have manners, not just cut each other off. Even if he was young, he didn't have to be rude. Some men treated every woman over thirty like their mother, like dirt. She wasn't his mother, thank God. Even if he was young, he could start noticing other people existed. Probably he was a lonely person himself, or else why would he be here, a man in his twenties by himself not doing anything, not even going down to the beach, as far as she knew, just going into town for dinner and back by nine last night, but he wasn't going to make any friends by cutting people off like that. Not even "No, thanks," just turning away.

She stood in the storage room at the window, looking down the sandy road to the edge, but she would not think about her friend. Only of what had to be done so that nice people wouldn't look at the units and go on to another motel. Because it wasn't just Bob's fault. But there were so many, many things that had to be done to each one of the units, and they could not get more in debt. They were spending Bob's Marine pension to eat on, and it was still two years before she could get Social Security. She had the green-and-beige material and the sewing machine and the hooks. She could make new curtains. That was the first



"Chester! Remember hats?"

thing she could do. She ought to do it. The material had been expensive. But she could not bear it, sewing in those endless hooks for the out-of-date fixtures. She went to 10 and let herself in with the pass key. The little room was dim and stuffy. It did not smell clean.

"I'll just lie down a moment first," Rosemarie thought, distinctly, as if the words were saying themselves and she was listening to them. She took the new coverlet off the bed farther from the door, folding it on the other bed, and pushed off her shoes, and lay down. She lay still and began to see the sandy road. There was someone on it, but his back was turned; and she heard something terrible, and did not know what it was. It was a crying. The young man was in his room and he was crying. There was nothing but the thin wall between the head of this bed and the head of his bed. She could hear or feel his bed shake and hear him crying, not stifled sobbing but terrible, hoarse, short screams of pain or grief or fear.

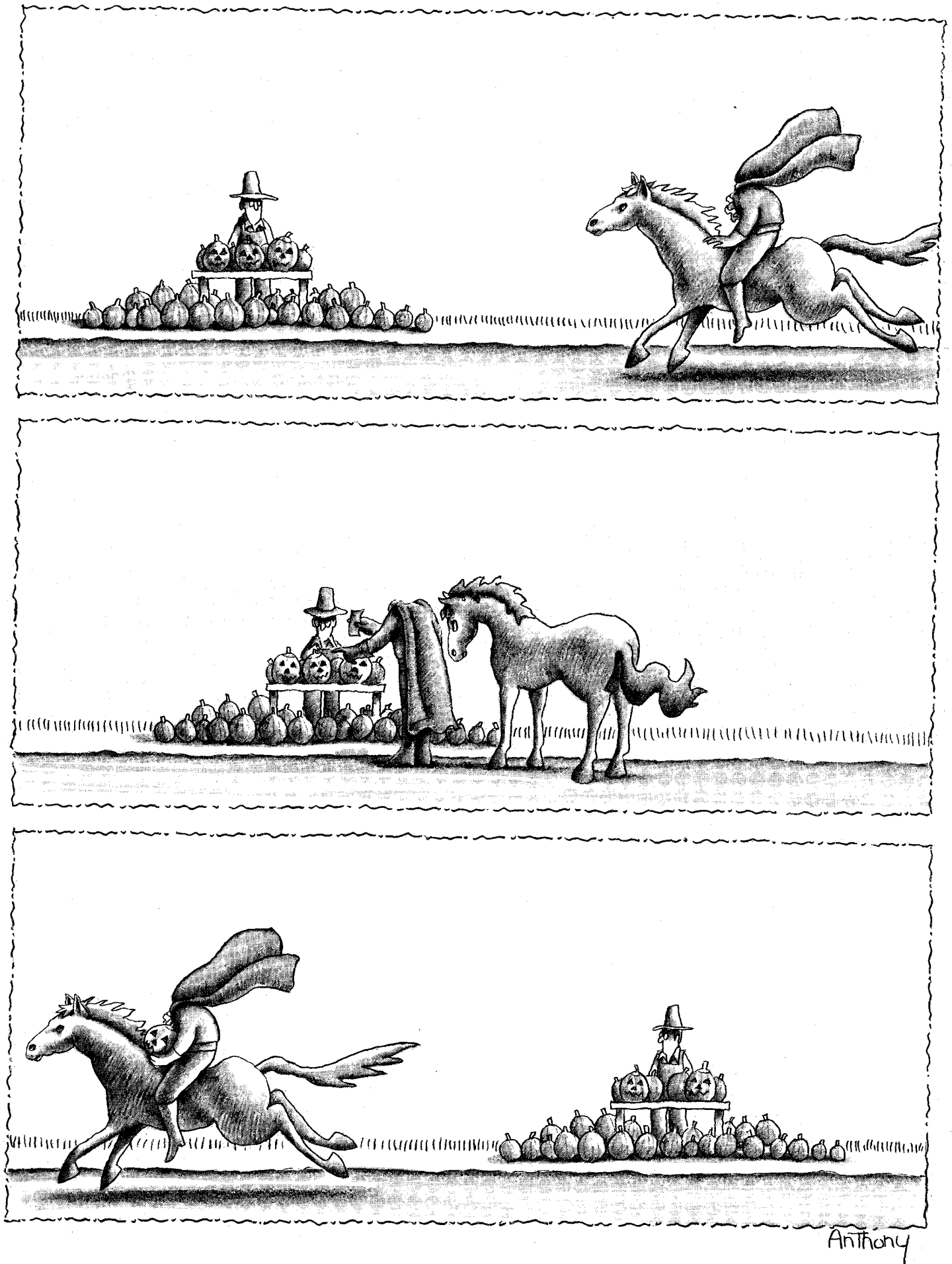
"I can't stand this, I can't bear this,

what shall I do?" said the words in Rosemarie's mind. She got up, slipped on her shoes, replaced the coverlet with shaky hands, and hurried out of the room. She stood in the pale, foggy sunlight on the rutted gravel in front of 9 and 10. She could not hear the crying from outside. There was no sound at all but the low undertone that was always there of the sea and the wind and the cars up on the highway. She wanted to knock on the door of 9, but she could not do it. She could not use the pass key. She did not deserve to. She was afraid. She thought as hard as she could, trying to send the energy through the door, to send the words to him: "It's all right. It will be all right. You're young, it will get better. Don't cry!" But it was no good. Like her friend, she could not help him.

—URSULA K. LE GUIN

I was honored the other day. The great pianist Francisco Rodriguez played "A2 and G Sharp Minor" by Rachmaninoff just for me!—Sue Belt in the *Village Gazette*, of Jacksonville, Fla.

Easy, Sue, easy.



REFLECTIONS

UNDER THE DICTATOR

EVERY moment of the day, the Chileans speak of Chile. Their hearts bursting with anguish, anxiety, and nostalgia, they never stop speaking of Chile. Fourteen years of dictatorship have not estranged the Chileans from Chile. It is true that the military rulers have prevented them from living fully like human beings, but they have not been able to prevent the Chilean people from surviving as Chileans. The Chileans say that life goes on in the churches, the courtrooms, and the cemeteries—the rest is survival. And they will survive General Augusto Pinochet and his dictatorship, because beyond it is Chile. They take refuge in the churches, seeking consolation or the strength to extend the spaces in which they can fight the regime. They go from courtroom to courtroom, with volunteer—almost suicidal—lawyers, to defend their relatives, to search for the missing, to get the condemned released from prison. They also visit the cemeteries, so that the graves of those murdered by the military will help them not to forget. But they do all this like sleepwalkers, or as if they were in a state of shock and didn't realize the risks they are taking. A mother says to her twelve-year-old son, "Don't ask questions. Don't get involved in anything. When you go to college, Pinochet will no longer be here."

One of the things that Chileans take pride in is the fact that, under the dictatorship, they have created what they call an alternative life. Some Chilean psychologists believe that the alternative life is a creation of the regime; in their view, the regime has had the intelligence to provide an escape valve for a system that, one way or another, has absorbed all levels of Chilean society.

Between 1983 and 1986, when the economy had collapsed and what had widely been acclaimed as "the economic miracle"

had almost been forgotten, the misery of the people led to mass demonstrations in the streets. In Santiago alone, the dictatorship sent eighteen thousand fully equipped soldiers into combat. There were days when three, ten, and fifty demonstrators died. There were days when a hundred demonstrators died. There were "disappearances." Bodies were discovered with their throats cut. Some demonstrators were burned to death, and some are still in jail or waiting in exile. The leaders of the country's political parties felt themselves to be so strong as a result of the upheaval that, beginning in August of 1983, they called for the resignation of Pinochet, insisting that his departure was a condition of their agreeing to negotiate with the military. Gabriel Valdés, the leader of the Christian Democrats, the leading political party, proclaimed that 1986 was the decisive year for the overthrow of Pinochet. But the political leaders placed limits on the risks that they

were prepared to take, and they were defeated. The year marked not Pinochet's defeat but the consolidation of his power. The appeal of the alternative life, which allowed Chileans to go on living in their evasive fashion, was stronger than their convictions.

Living with the dictatorship has taken many forms. A lawyer who works for the Catholic Church's Vicariate of Solidarity, an organization that records human-rights violations, called on all his neighbors early in 1986 to explain what they should do and what he and his family would do if there was an attempt to kidnap him. Then, after leftist guerrillas attempted to assassinate Pinochet, in September of last year, the military decided to eliminate five members of the opposition—one for each of Pinochet's bodyguards killed in the attack. Cars arrived during the night at the lawyer's house. The attackers, wearing hoods, came through the garden, but two sturdy doors, one at the



"I need a sounding board, Mr. Wiley. Could you be that?"

CRABBING FOR BLUE-CLAWS

We row along the shore on the bay side
to a spot my father knows.
He drives the steel hooks
through frozen bait, drops the oily 'bunkers
six feet to the bottom.

Along the inlet, cattails
and sea oats, the shoebox bungalows
in yellow and blue, everything familiar
on the coast where I was a boy.
Twenty years. A line jerks,

and he draws it in slowly,
the fish's white flesh in green water.
I scoop it up, netting a blue-claw
big enough to keep:
four inches from point to point,
the length of a beer can.

We're lucky. By noon,
we have fifteen keepers whispering and clicking
in a wicker basket.
When I look in, they raise their claws—
inky blue on the undersides, bands
of scarlet along the top pincers—

and scramble to the corners,
mouths open, their eyes on stems.

At home, my father
fills the Dutch oven

with beer, bay leaf, laurel, and dill,
and when it starts to steam
he drops the crabs in.

They only struggle a moment;
then drift in the rolling boil.

Bright red, our catch
smokes on the table, cooling.

Each crab is a can to be opened.
He lifts the top shells
for the buttery lumps of back fin,
splits the claws with a nutcracker, and digs
in every joint for more of the snowy meat.
Later, he can't wash the smell
from his hands,

and each card he touches—
queen of clubs, jack of diamonds—
gives off a faint scent of carrion.

I can't keep my eyes open.
When I lie down, still feeling the water's motion,

I drift in the green current,
the shadow of my father's boat
a knife point above me, the sun
a new penny vanishing over my head.

—JAMES ULMER

front of the house and one leading into the kitchen, both reinforced with steel bars, stood up to the first assault. Then, when the attackers tried to get through the barred windows, the lawyer and his family turned on all the lights in the house, blew whistles, and banged on their cooking pots. The attackers tried to force the iron bars on the windows, but the lights in the other houses in the neighborhood were now turned on, and the neighbors were also blowing whistles and banging pots. Five minutes later, the attackers departed. The operators at the local telephone exchange reported that emergency calls made to the Archbishopric in Santiago, to foreign correspondents, and to the embassies of the United States, Argentina, and Sweden, reporting what was going on, had been intercepted.

Others, too, have learned to live in Chile, although it has taken some of them a long time to perfect their methods. After a decade of military repression, with thousands killed or imprisoned, and hundreds "disappeared," in September of 1983 some seventy-five people gathered in front of a police investigation center whose existence was supposed to be secret. They unfurled a banner: "HERE THEY ARE TORTURING A MAN." In silence, each person pointed an index finger at the building. The demonstrators were beaten and dispersed, but a new movement had been born, which adopted the slogan of an Argentine who himself had been tortured—the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize laureate Adolfo Pérez Esquivel. His slogan is "Nonviolence is also a rebellion against oppression." Those in the movement now number three hundred, and they have taken the

name of Sebastián Acevedo, a worker who, in November of 1983, committed suicide in front of the cathedral in the city of Concepción by setting himself on fire. His act was in response to the kidnapping of his son and daughter by the military forty-eight hours earlier, and to reports that they were being tortured.

The Sebastián Acevedo Movement accepts as members only those who believe in nonviolence as a doctrine, and do not look upon it merely as a tactic. To avoid infiltrators, the movement considers for membership only those who are recommended by someone already a member. The members believe that by denouncing the military's use of torture they can eventually bring down the dictatorship and also bring the military leaders to trial. They admit the relatives of torture victims and of political prisoners, and they encourage the relatives of disappeared people to join, but they will not admit anyone who has been tortured; a torture victim, they fear, might break down as a result of the tension that accompanies street demonstrations.

A detailed study is made of each place the members plan to expose. They calculate the number of police-



R. MacMillan

men who patrol the area, and they determine at what time of day the largest number of people will be in the area, so that their demonstration will have the maximum impact. This is often the time when motor traffic is heavy, and tie-ups may delay the arrival of anti-riot squads, troop carriers, and trucks with water cannons coming from the nearest military garrison.

On the night before a demonstration, members of the movement meet in small groups for reflection and prayer. The road of nonviolence is not an easy one, because those who take it will themselves be the target of violence. They see themselves as drops of water splashing on the stone of the dictatorship, but the stone, even if it is being worn away, first breaks up the drops of water. At a demonstration, they frequently take out chains and padlocks and shackle themselves to the iron railings of a public building. They do not shout or sing. They unroll their sign denouncing torture, and while the police hit them and knock them around with jets of water they pray in silence. They know that passersby who see them will tell others what they have seen, and that the information—although censored by the mass media—will travel by word of mouth to every corner of Chile.

One day, a hundred of them arrive, one by one, for a demonstration outside the offices of the national medical association, in Santiago. Their sign calls upon the association to expel physicians who cooperate with police torturers. On another day, outside *El Mercurio*, Chile's leading newspaper, they take out a sign that reads "IN CHILE THEY TORTURE BUT EL MERCURIO SAYS NOTHING." They lie down in the street so that it will take the police longer to disperse them. One day, they gather outside the Palacio de la Moneda—Government House—in Santiago's Plaza de la



Constitución. There are only twenty of them this time, and they have calculated that it will take seven minutes for the guards to reach them. They set up a sign that reads "YES TO LIFE, NO TO TORTURE," and disperse quickly.

On a day set aside to honor the Carabineers, different groups call at police stations to deliver a letter expressing regret that the once respected national police force is "not the institution it was, because we know that it is now guilty of torture." Many of the demonstrators are beaten, but members of the movement believe that most human beings are decent to some degree, and that one day they will be able to appeal to the decency of the Chilean soldiers. So far, they have achieved very little. In a few isolated instances, policemen, when they thought that they were not being watched by their officers, have refrained from mistreating them. The demonstrators also know of occasional cases in which women prisoners have been told to scream as if they were being raped but, in the darkness of their cells, have not been harmed. These few cases keep alive the hopes of members of the

movement, but they have few illusions. In Chile, there is torture every day, and at every hour of the day.

TESTIMONY

The whole time, approximately sixteen days, they had me blindfolded. . . . Later, they put electrodes on my toes, knees, the tip of my penis, and on my testicles. . . . Every night, except for the last two, they made me sleep standing up. The next day, they began what became a daily routine: they would hang me and beat me. They had a barometer: it was that blood would burst from my nose and ears. I saw that when I felt something hot drip from my nose and ears they would calm down and lower me. . . .

Around the fourth day, they showed me a rat, and it seems I showed an adverse reaction, because they then forced rats into my mouth, into my shirt—closing it off at the bottom by tucking it into my trousers—and into my pants, with the ends sealed by my socks. . . . We went directly from the Centro Nacional de Informaciones operation to the military prosecutor after being tortured. For the first time, in the doorway of the prosecutor's office, I had my blindfold removed.—*Sergio Buschmann Silva, actor.*

NEAR the village of Calama, almost a thousand miles north of Santiago, there are a number of small settlements surrounded by inhospitable, windswept desert land. Most of the



concentration camps: that survival is intimately linked to the ability of an individual, relying on his knowledge, his ideology, or his political or religious beliefs, to find some significance in his situation. The long-suffering Women of Calama, however, survived without any such resource. Of the twenty-six men who were shot in Calama, a number had never been involved in political or social activities. The reasons for their arrest and execution, if there were any, were a complete mystery. Nobody asked about the men. When they disappeared, there were no protests from any political party or labor union, or even from any family member.

men are miners. In the aftermath of the coup against Salvador Allende, a number of them were jailed. A few weeks later, twenty-six men were taken from jail and shot on the orders of a general who had arrived by helicopter. (Also in the helicopter was a young officer named Armando Fernández Larios; three years later, he was involved in the bombing of an automobile in Washington which killed Orlando Letelier, who had been Chile's Foreign Minister when Salvador Allende was President.) After killing the men, the soldiers returned to the houses and threatened the women. The soldiers told the women that they must never speak about what had happened. If they did, their children would be killed.

The Women of Calama, as they are called today, organized their lives around silence. Some, the most daring among them, found abandoned graves in small, dusty cemeteries and placed photographs of their husbands on them. Once a year, always in silence, the women took their children to these graves, to keep alive the children's memories of their fathers, but none of the women ever knew—and never asked—what had really happened to the men. Some women simply told the children to be patient—that

their fathers had left in search of work.

Every so often, a military officer returned to check the area; but the Women of Calama had never broken their silence. They had always suffered in silence, and now the women had been ordered to keep silence. It appeared that what had happened to the Women of Calama was a perfect example of a dictatorship's achieving its objective: the total silence of the victims.

The first person in the outside world to hear something about what had happened at Calama was a psychologist who treated one of the women; she had come to a clinic in Santiago seeking help for a nervous disorder, and divulged the fate of her husband and the others who had been executed. This was five or six years after the men had been shot. The psychologist was in touch with a group of psychiatrists in Santiago, who, under the sponsorship of the Christian Churches' Social Aid Foundation, were working in the offices of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees. In general, psychiatrists, in the therapy they have developed for victims of repression, have confirmed something that Bruno Bettelheim established in his studies of the Nazi

When information about the executions finally surfaced, the psychiatrists went in search of the widows. A slow, difficult process of collective and individual therapy began. Distrust had to be overcome, safety guaranteed. The women had to share the truth with the children. The rite of mourning, beginning with the acceptance of death and of the form in which death had occurred, and with all the pain of remembering, had to be observed. The family unit, in which identities had been mutilated and the natural role of each member had been altered, had to be reconstructed. It was also necessary to establish a clear idea of a future that was possible, and, above all, to eliminate fear.

New fears emerged. Each member of each family had developed mechanisms for adapting to the situation, and each was afraid that she, or he, might not find suitable substitutes. The psychologists decided that the conclusion of this first stage of the treatment of the Calama families should take the form of an outspoken ceremony in which all the most painful aspects of their experience were to be reconciled. The families had to be reconciled with the murder of their menfolk and reconciled with fear. Afterward, individual therapy

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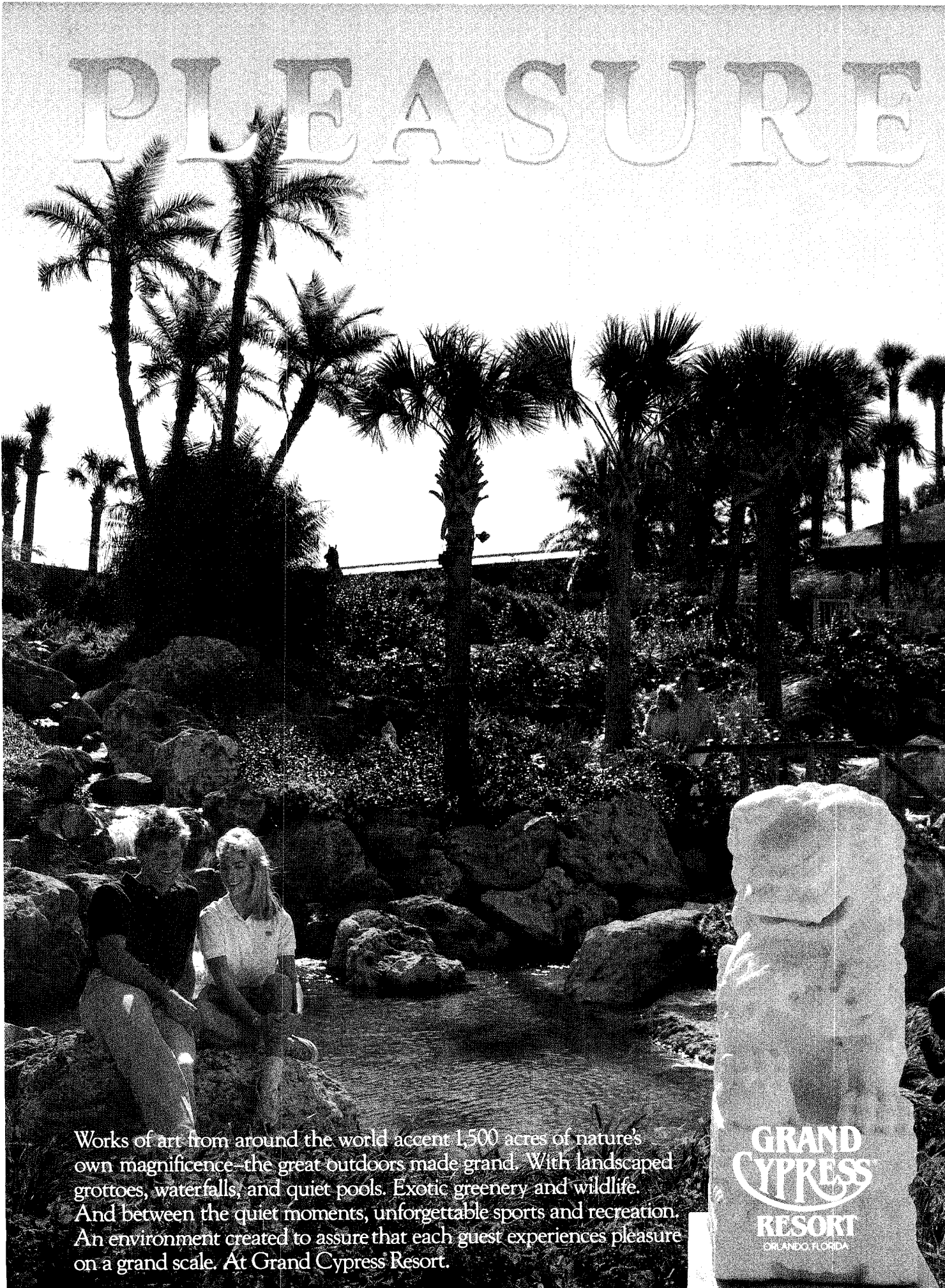
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could continue. The event took place in a cemetery, with all the women, their children, their friends, their neighbors, their psychologists, and the photographs of the murdered men, who were to receive symbolic burial. The people of Calama told stories to one another, they shared food prepared by the women themselves, and there were musicians to accompany the singing of hymns. They spent the day talking—remembering the past and revealing themselves, trying to come to terms with reality and with one another. Singing songs whose words were familiar was also good therapy. At the ceremony in Calama, death ceased to be an end and became a beginning.

Psychiatrists working with victims of the dictatorship have discovered that the repression in Chile is expressly designed to cause psychological damage to vast sectors of the population, and they have found what complaints are repeated most frequently by the thousands of patients they see. These complaints are depression, anxiety, insomnia, nightmares, diminution of intellectual powers, impotence, distortions in family and other emotional relationships, loss of memory, frigidity, apathy. The fear of further horror affects an enormous spectrum of people, ranging from those who have been tortured, and threatened with more torture if they divulge what they have seen in prison, to those whose fears stem simply from having seen someone arrested. And a powerful sense of guilt is experienced by those who have survived the loss of people they loved. These discoveries suggest that some form of collective treatment is needed for all Chileans—information provided about what has taken place, explanations of how and why it happened. Only in this way can the entire population be helped to recover from the damaging consequences of a mass trauma. But the polit-

ical conditions that would permit collective therapy for a public psychosis obviously do not exist in Chile today.

THE Chileans have turned themselves into expert, imaginative jurists. Simply in order to survive, they have to discover daily strategies that will allow them to emerge unscathed from a number of repressive laws that General Pinochet included in the constitution he got approved in 1980. These laws allow the regime's functionaries to arrest individuals without making charges, transfer people to other parts of Chile (internal exile), restrict personal liberty, expel people from the country, prohibit them from entering the country, prohibit them from leaving the country, restrict their freedom to travel within the country, suspend the right to hold meetings, restrict freedom of the press, suspend freedom of information, suspend freedom of opinion, suspend freedom to work, restrict the right to form a professional association, restrict the right to form a union, impose censorship of the mail, impose censorship on other communications, impose the requisition of assets, and impose limits on property rights. When one restriction is unexpectedly lifted, another is suddenly imposed.

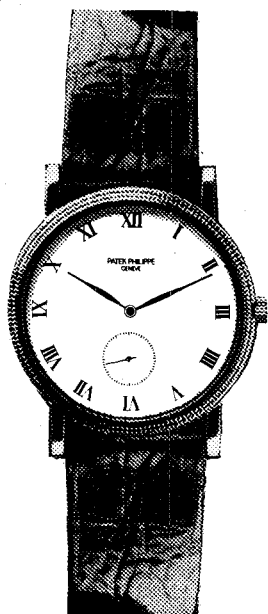
Yet however much time a Chilean

may spend studying these juridical formulas, even with the help of lawyers who are experts in Pinochet's methods of repression, it is impossible for him to organize his days so that he can avoid moments of panic. He can never hope to guess what interpretation will be given these laws by the military leaders if they arrest him, or by the judges who would try him: that, of course, being in the best of all cases—when he is taken from prison to a court of law.

A Chilean's only alternative to living with panic is to try to sustain a minimum existence—to reduce as far as possible the space in which he leads his life. Yet many Chileans are denied even this form of escape. They are the poor. Millions of poor people are condemned, by their mere existence, to be daily transgressors of legality as it is understood by the military mind. The Chilean military leaders identify poverty with Marxism, and seem to be convinced that poverty is an ideological choice. This means, in effect, that everyone who is poor is breaking the law. In any of the marginal settlements outside Santiago, four of every five young people, male and female, are unemployed. Early every morning, they walk the few miles that separate them from the city. They beg, and that makes them liable to arrest for vagrancy. They offer themselves as street ven-



"Thanks, R.B., but I prefer to stand."



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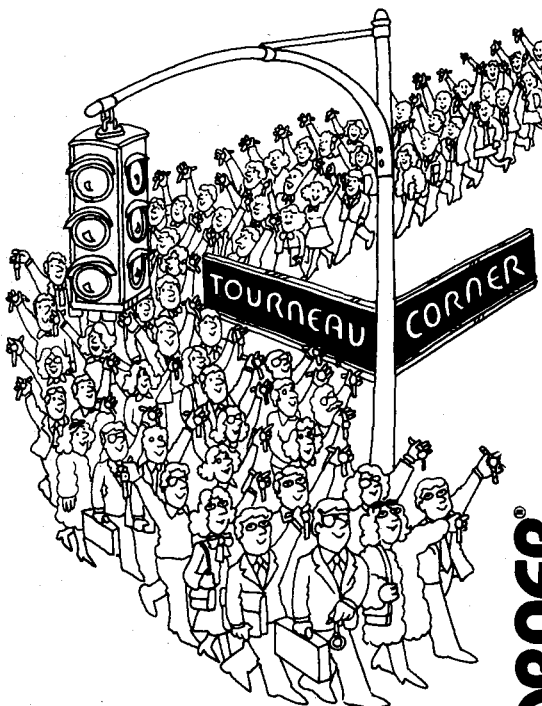
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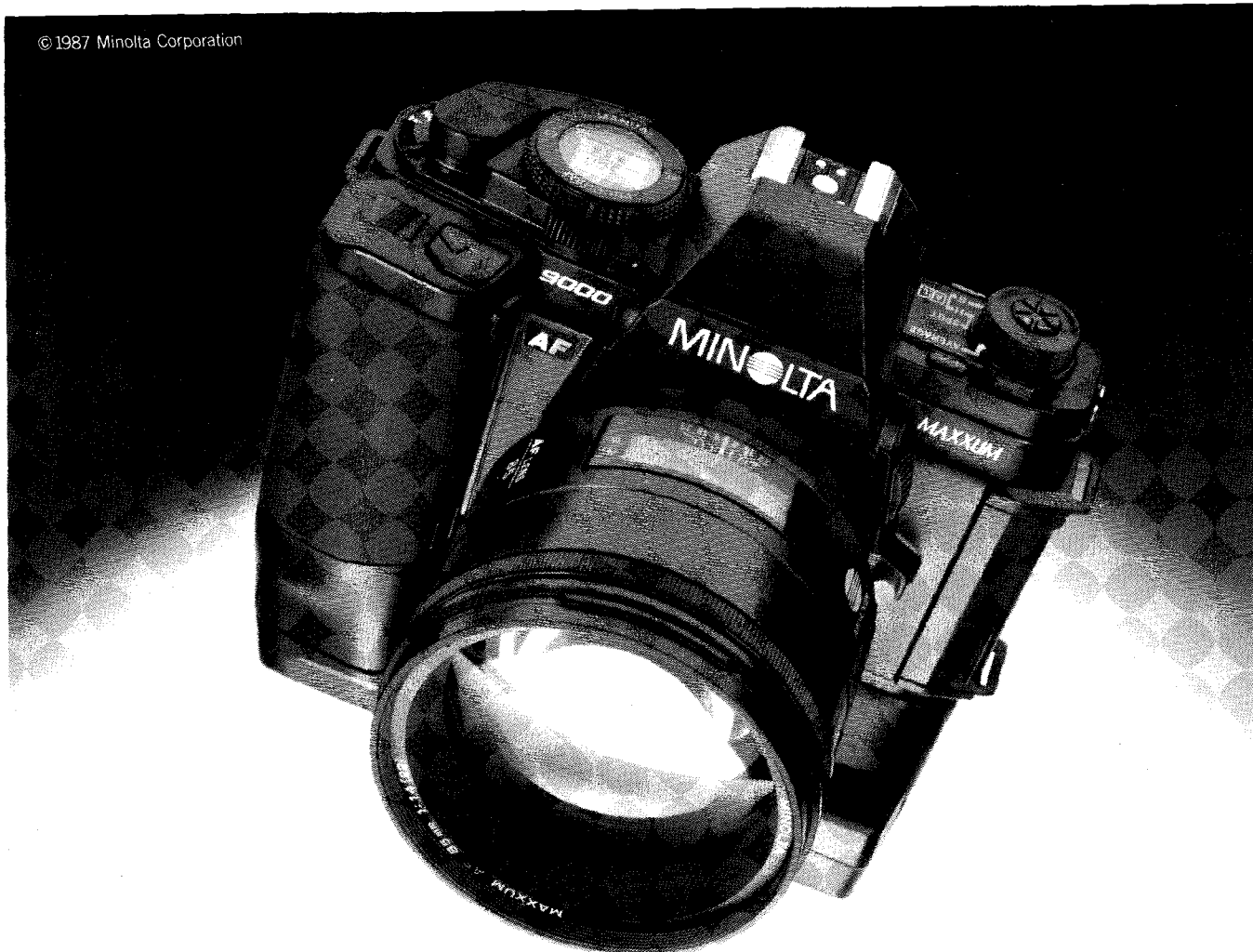
CORNER

ders, and that opens them up to the suspicion that they are selling contraband or stolen goods. They offer to wash cars, but members of the Chilean middle class like to wash their own cars. In any case, the young people are looked upon as intruders in the prosperous neighborhoods, and risk a night in a police cell if they are found "loitering" there. Prostitution is their best bet if they are young—between thirteen and twenty-five—and are accepted by pimps who have good connections with the Carabineers. Or they can go from house to house offering to clean, cook, polish floors, mow the lawn, paint a wall, do repairs, wash clothes. In the early years of the regime, the police used to hunt down the poor in the streets. If poor men had long hair or beards, they would be taken to the barber at the police barracks to be shorn. In the cities that are patrolled, it is suspicious to sit in a park, and even more suspicious to be caught standing on a street corner talking or sharing a cigarette or a snack.

The poor can remain at home, idle, but the Carabineers frequently raid the settlements, and it is not easy for the poor to explain what they are doing there. If they say they are not doing anything, they are immediately suspected of doing something. They can eat once a day at a soup kitchen, but the Carabineers have said repeatedly—and the official press and the state radio and television have broadcast the charge—that soup kitchens are a Marxist invention. When one of these meek and ignorant people dares to go to a soup kitchen organized by one of the churches, he is warned that the church is infiltrated by Marxists. The poor feel upset and humiliated, and they have no strength left. So they do not go to the soup kitchens; but they do send their children.

The houses in the settlements that have grown up around Santiago are tiny, precarious shacks, built one against another. It is difficult for their occupants to get water, electric power, transport. In fourteen years, the families have grown bigger, but their houses have not. The number of mattresses or chairs or plates that a family owns has not increased. So there are more people for each mattress, each chair, each plate. People know that when the Carabineers carry out house-to-house searches the troops will give special treatment to houses that informers have pointed out to them. They will break the furniture, slash open the mattresses with bayonets, and

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smash the china against the walls. Anyone who has asked a neighbor to give food for a soup kitchen is marked. Anyone who has helped a priest or taken part in a church program to fight drug addiction, alcoholism, or prostitution is marked. Those of the poor who were union activists or members of political parties were eliminated long ago: they were shot, they have disappeared, or they are in jail. Now, in Year Fifteen of the military regime, the danger lies in being identified with the church or with some project of neighborly solidarity.

At times, it seems that the settlements are only sleeping, and one day they may wake up. During 1983, 1984, 1985, and early 1986, the poor took part in mass demonstrations. Like many other Chileans, they thought that Pinochet's downfall was near. They filled the wide avenues of the city and stood up to the assaults of the Carabineers. Many of them were killed as they were driven back to the settlements, simply because the bullets ripped through the flimsy walls of the shacks or smashed through the windows. But Pinochet did not fall, as the poor had been promised, and the miserable routine of everyday life returned. The Carabineers went on destroying, kidnapping, and killing. It remained as dangerous as ever to go to the soup kitchen, or to visit the priest very often. You became marked if you did.

The settlements were discovered by the churches in the early days of the dictatorship, but the men and women in the church movements paid a high price for discovering them. In 1973, the dictatorship tortured to death Father Miguel Woodward aboard the vessel Lebu, which was anchored in the bay of Valparaiso. That same year, the corpse of Father Juan Alsina appeared floating in the Mapocho River, which runs through the city of Santiago, past the beautifully landscaped parks and tree-lined avenues. There were thirteen bullets from a service rifle in his body. In 1974, the Salesian priest Father Gerardo Poblete died under torture in the city of Iquique, in the north. Father Antonio Llidó, who was detained in Santiago, has been missing since 1974. In the fourteen years of the dictatorship, a hundred and six priests and thirty-two nuns have been expelled from Chile. Hundreds of others have been arrested, interrogated, abused, spat on, beaten, knocked over by jets from water cannons, and sent to isolated areas in the

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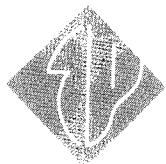
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interior. Insulting, threatening inscriptions appear on the walls of churches. The poorest churches are dynamited. A huge wooden cross that had been raised in memory of Sebastián Acevedo, the worker who immolated himself in Concepción, was sawed down at its base by the Carabineers. Another huge cross, which was being carried at the head of a procession to the Hospital del Trabajador, was "arrested" and taken away in a police truck.

One priest who died in a raid was André Jarlan. Father André lived in La Victoria—a settlement, a few miles south of Santiago, where only twenty-two per cent of the adults have work. He looked after the unemployed. One night in September of 1984, he was seated at his table, in a worn-out chair that barely fitted between the table and the bed. A 9-mm. bullet fired from an Uzi sub-machine gun smashed through the wall and burrowed into his head after piercing his neck at the nape. Father André, a forty-three-year-old Frenchman, had been reading a Bible; it was open at the 129th Psalm. The Carabineers had entered the settlement earlier that day, and Father André had been helping the wounded, taking them food and medicine and passing out candles. In the Catholic Bible, Psalm 129 says, "Out of the depths I cry to thee O Lord, hear my voice. Let thy ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. If thou didst keep account of offenses, O Lord, who would endure it? But with thee is forgiveness of sins that men may serve thee with reverence." In the margin, Father André had written, "Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do." Those were the last words he wrote.

Every so often, someone writes on the walls in La Victoria words that first appeared a few hours after Father André was killed: "The fallen grain of wheat bringeth forth much fruit." (The words refer to John 12:24: "Unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. But if it dies, it brings forth much fruit.") These words were also inscribed on the tomb of the murdered priest Juan Alsina. Later, they appeared on the wall next to the spot in the settlement of Los Nogales where, in July of 1986, the Carabineers doused with gasoline and then set fire to Rodrigo Rojas De-

Negri, nineteen, and Carmen Gloria Quintana, eighteen, who had been photographing a street demonstration. The boy died but the girl lived, although sixty-six per cent of her flesh was burned.

While the churches have done what they can, the poor go on being poor, or they become even poorer. There is not much to choose between the bottom rung of their income ladder, which is begging, and the top rung, which is prostitution. Playing the guitar and singing on the buses is a new form of employment. It is less dangerous on the buses than in the streets, where you may run afoul of a bad-tempered Carabineer. You have to be careful to select buses that are not so crowded that it



is impossible to move down the aisle asking for coins. You also have to choose your songs with care. The driver of the bus may not tolerate protest songs; he might lose his license because of them. Although the money collected does not amount to much, you stand a chance of being rewarded with a plum or a sandwich.

The poor who live on the coast, close to the ports, can pick up lumps that fall off trucks taking coal to the ships, and can sell them in the markets. They can also collect seaweed, which they can sell to merchants for export to Japan. But most of the poor mooch around the settlements. The bus from the shantytown of Peñalolén to the center of Santiago costs the equivalent of ten bread rolls. And you never know whether you'll find any work in the city. If you walk to the city and don't take a long, roundabout route, you have to pass through a neighborhood of brick houses, where the noncommissioned officers and their families live. The houses are guarded by the enemy, the Carabineers. The neighborhood was built in a strategic spot between Peñalolén and the city, and it was designed like a fortress.

It is still possible for some of the poor to resist the temptation to embark on a life of crime, and it is also possible to maintain an appearance of normal family life. Children between two and nine are accepted in schools set up by the evangelical churches. They arrive in the morning without having had any breakfast and are given their first meal of the day. Later, they are given a midmorning snack, and then lunch. By the time the children are six, they



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know that they must keep some of the food in their schoolbags to take home to their families.

Parents are worried because drug addiction is spreading faster than alcoholism. A marijuana cigarette costs half the price of a bottle of wine. The Carabineers do little to repress drug trafficking or fight crime. The military commanders insist that all the Carabineers are needed to fight subversion. Only the shantydwellers themselves, therefore, can do anything to combat crime, but they can't do much. In the settlements, part of an ancient code of honor—you don't steal from the poor—has broken down. But at night hooded men go to the houses of the thieves and beat them up.

In tiny Peñalolén, which lies in the mountains east of Santiago, a public telephone has been installed, there is some running water, and some streets are lighted. But there has not been any news of the ten people from Peñalolén who disappeared more than ten years ago, though it is now known that three of them became political prisoners and were tortured. Now nobody can remember any political activity, although the most daring have gone occasionally to a church to record the names of people who have disappeared. Despite the fear, there was a meeting of Peñalolén residents when Carmen Gloria Quintana was flown to Canada for treatment of her burns. There was a collection for her family. The meeting raised a sum of money best described as symbolic.

TESTIMONY

I am eighteen years old. I was arrested on September 4, 1986, at about midday. At the time, I was travelling in a taxi with my boyfriend to a friend's house. Suddenly we were intercepted by a truckful of soldiers, who surrounded us, violently pulled us out of the taxi, and made us stand against a wall. There they fondled me in an obscene manner while the officer in charge shouted insults at me. A large group of civilians arrived and started beating me. Then they put me into a car, blindfolded me, and applied electric shocks to my back. The vehicle set off, and I was taken to my house where they beat my parents and my fifteen-year-old brother. They got me out of the car and beat me with the butts of their weapons, put me back in the car, and then drove me to a place I could not identify because of the blindfold. There they made me take a pill and began to interrogate me, insulting me and shouting at me. At the same time, they applied electric shocks to my breasts. They asked me for names and addresses. Then they took me to a room where they stripped me and tied me to a bed. One of them raped me, and then made me get dressed. Afterward, I was again made to

get into a car and taken to a place that, because of its characteristics, I suppose was the Centro Nacional de Informaciones detention center in Borgoño Street. My clothes were exchanged for overalls of lightweight cloth and shoes made of the same material. They took me to a room where they made me lie down on a bed frame. I was examined by a man they called a doctor. There were also two women and underneath my blindfold I could see they were dressed in white. The doctor listened to my heart and measured my blood pressure and pulse. . . .

Each day I was there except the last two I was interrogated using the same methods, and each day I was examined by a doctor and made to take pills several times. They made me sign about fourteen sheets of paper, putting my fingerprints on each one. I was not allowed to read the contents, so I don't know what was written on them.—*Patricia Peña Díaz, student.*

ALTHOUGH statistics provide alarming data about the economic situation, there is a feeling among many Chileans that the cultural decline is an even more serious matter. On the economic side, it is known that the output of essential products—steel and paper, for example—was lower in 1985 than it had been in 1970. In 1985, Chileans consumed fifteen per cent less than in 1970, although the twenty per cent of the population that is in the upper income bracket consumed thirty per cent more than in 1970, and the forty per cent of the population which constitutes Chile's poor consumed fifty per cent less than in 1970.

On the cultural side, it is known that during the dictatorship there has grown up no significant new generation of novelists, no new school of artists, no new group of poets, no new theatrical developments. Much has been written, painted, and dramatized about everyday life—about the shocking misery of the first years of the dictatorship, the collective corruption of the economic boom years, and the collapse of living standards after the boom. Every aspect of repression has been singled out, and numerous intellectuals have led the struggle against resignation and the tendency to forget. The denunciation has been direct, particularly in the alternative theatre, and has covered the broadest spectrum of intellectual activity. Yet here, again, what has been set in motion is merely the collective memory, which encourages the idea that everything in the past—both the recent past and the distant past—was better. It is as if Chilean culture under the dictatorship had the strength only to

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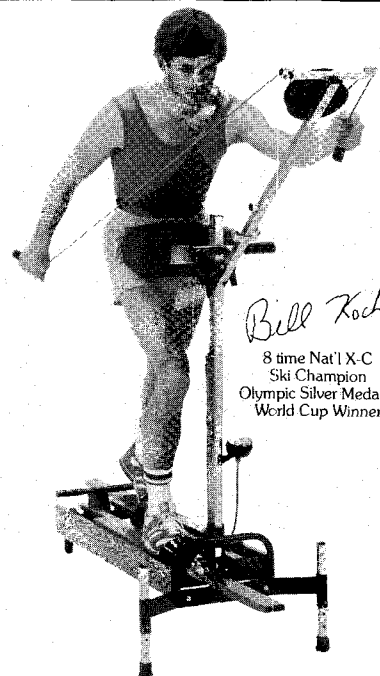
confirm what everyone already knows.

What is lacking is those three or four works which would reveal to Chileans what they do *not* know, and which would help them out of the confused anguish of the past fourteen years and free them from the anxiety they feel as a result of living under a brutal dictatorship. They do not know why it happened, they have no idea where they are going, they do not know or understand who is making martyrs of them, nor can they find any guidance in the conflicting signals coming from the leaders of the political parties.

In an interview published in *Partisan Review* in 1982, nine years after Pinochet seized power, Chile's greatest living writer, the novelist José Donoso, did not once mention the situation in Chile. At the end of the interview, which was conducted by Ronald Christ, Donoso spoke of his plans and the books that he wanted to write, but not of Chile. It is possible that as a result of this prudence Donoso has been able to provide the first original reflection on contemporary Chile to appear in its literature. It is the idea that is developed in his novel "La Desesperanza," which was published in 1986.

This novel is the nearest approximation to a cultural event of believable content to have come into being since Pinochet took power. Donoso lifts the veil woven by the heroes and the villains, the martyrs and the murderers, to expose the hidden life of Chileans. He reveals that even those who fight against the dictatorship may be cowards and antiheroes. Most important of all, he shows that not everything in Chile is clear—there is also confusion and despair. The novel's central story concerns a popular singer whose return from exile is a descent into a personal hell—not a hell created solely by the military.

Contemporary Chile produced two great singer-composers, perhaps the greatest in Latin America. Violeta Parra committed suicide a decade ago. Víctor Jara, held prisoner at the National Stadium after the fall of Allende, began to sing the anthem of Allende's Popular Unity Party to raise the morale of the other prisoners. It turned out to be an act of heroism and of suicide. The military guards smashed his hands—those hands which had so many times held a guitar—before they murdered him. What would he sing today? Certainly he would call upon the people to fight. But



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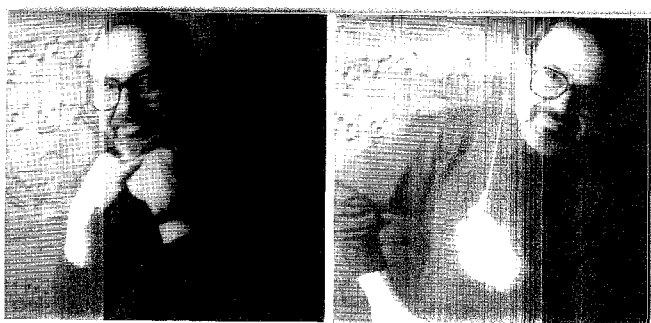
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perhaps he might also call upon them to immerse themselves in the hopelessness of the situation.

José Donoso's character does not respond to these matters. The fact that Donoso not only does not try to revive them as sources of inspiration but does not even mention them makes his character the first hero/antihero with whom all the Chileans under Pinochet can identify as they seek a place to survive. It is a relief, finally, to read a work of Chilean literature in which none of the characters are above history or appear to dominate it. No individual act of political protest is more telling than the sad lives that Chileans are forced to lead.

THE streets of Santiago are clean, and the sidewalks are washed. Like all capital cities in countries under dictatorships, Santiago is thought of by the regime as part of its own image rather than as the representative city of the country. The avenues that were designed at the end of the last century and planted with enormous numbers of trees have been conserved; some are like green tunnels. The newer neighborhoods of the bourgeoisie, which have been developed since the Second World War, and of the middle-class professionals, who improved their standard of living along with the bourgeoisie, still have the old trees, which now screen elegant apartment buildings of gray stone and red brick. Santiago has conserved its character—that of a city that has burst forth from nature.

It is people from the marginal populations who are used by the dictatorship to keep the capital clean. You become accustomed to their "nonexistence": it is rather as if they were part of the trash they sweep up, the plants they prune, the grass they water. They appear suddenly, springing into sight before you, when they need to beg. Ten thousand people are given a meal a day in five hundred soup kitchens that have been organized in Santiago. The people who go to the soup kitchens are hurried out of sight as much as possible in order not to make the city ugly.

The coming of the dictatorship did not lead to an orgy of uncontrolled construction. The regime built some new avenues and constructed a few bridges, but these Santiago easily absorbed. It is as if the city had maintained its character as its way of showing resistance. Perhaps it could do this because it did not suffer a specific at-

tack upon it by the regime—for the Chilean dictatorship has not carried out one activity that is characteristic of dictatorships. It has deployed seven per cent of Chile's manpower in what was announced as a program to fight unemployment, but it hasn't indulged itself by putting up huge public buildings and monuments—what Latin Americans call pharaonic works. The real objective of the plan to fight unemployment is to keep Santiago washed and swept, its parks and plazas watered, and its walls looked after.

Consumption—consumerism—was Pinochet's great pharaonic work. He kept the country happy for almost ten years with color television sets from Hong Kong, dolls from Taiwan, automobiles from Japan, electronic games and computers from the United States. The entire world was happy to provide the Chileans with tropical fruits, English jams, French perfumes, hams from Spain, pasta from Italy, beverages, pens, key rings. Indeed, perhaps the only Chilean pharaonic work was Pinochet's invention of corruption by consumption. The energies of the majority of the population that only passively rejected the dictatorship were spent on consumption.

The men and women of the middle class, which has always constituted a large part of the population of Santiago, once made the Chilean capital a city of balconies and flowers. In the dying hours of the night in spring and summer, and often in the autumn, there would be silence and perfume. No city in the world was like Santiago for walking and talking with friends and breathing the air. The curfew imposed by Pinochet has emptied the streets of friends and populated them with military men and hooded civilians in unmarked cars whom the military has allowed to act with impunity.

Yet, even by day, walking through the parks that extend along the banks of the Mapocho and listening to the sound of this narrow, swift-running river and lifting your eyes to the Andes can remind you of that Santiago which could once welcome you like a lover—warm, silent, understanding. Exiles who return, having been authorized to do so by the dictatorship, try to reconstruct the soul of Santiago. Those who have remained, living under the stress of consumerism and repression, have developed new gestures, speak new words, and no longer know how to look into the deep of the night, but those who return after years of exile seek in every corner that other

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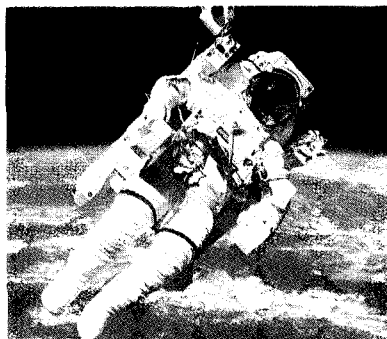


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Santiago. Sometimes they manage to find the old spirit in one street, one house, one café, or in a particular group of friends.

Perhaps the reason Pinochet does not require pharaonic works to remind future generations of him is that he senses that his eternity is himself. In August of 1980, when it seemed impossible that the dictatorship had lasted as long as it had—seven years—a former President, the late Eduardo Frei, who headed the Christian Democratic Party, told the Chilean journalist Elizabeth Subercaseaux, "Remember what I say: Pinochet will not give up power until he is dead." Seven more years have passed, and he has not gone. Perhaps the reason Pinochet has not changed Santiago is that in some mysterious way he has been captivated by its special quality, as the Germans were moved by Paris—has spared Santiago as General von Choltitz saved Paris during the Nazi retreat.

Or perhaps Pinochet's well-known miserliness was stronger than his imperial instinct. But he has constructed one pharaonic building. It is the Presidential residence. Not even Adolf Hitler, when he built his refuge at Berchtesgaden, or his bunker in Ber-

lin, could have imagined what would be accomplished almost half a century later by someone with the same spirit—by General Pinochet. The Chilean Presidential residence is a four-story building that takes up fifteen thousand square feet and is surrounded by two hundred and four thousand square feet of gardens. It is twenty minutes from Santiago by a specially constructed motorway, similar to the highway that President Anastasio Somoza built for himself between Managua and his country house in Pochomil, on Nicaragua's Pacific coast. The security system uses infrared rays and eighty guards. There are three basements, designed to withstand a long siege. It is a genuine underground bunker. The garage can accommodate two hundred automobiles. The estate includes two tennis courts, an Olympic-size swimming pool, and a sports field that can be used as a heliport. The cost of construction has been estimated at between ten and thirteen million dollars.

SANTIAGO looked clean and beautiful, although her old self, her hidden or lost soul, was not there to be seen. That did not matter to the twenty-one young, svelte members of

the Folkloric Ballet Dong Fang, from the People's Republic of China. As they toured the city late in 1986, they encountered the same order that governs their own lives in Peking.

Of the two major powers that were Pinochet's most important friends, only China remains loyal to him. The United States is looking for an alternative to this military dictatorship as a justification for its global policy of opposition to left-wing dictatorships. But China has no objection to Pinochet. He may repress Chile's Communist Party, but it is pro-Soviet anyway. And his fight against Marxism is no problem, because although it bars most trade with the Soviet Union it does not affect China. His hostility toward Cuba and Nicaragua is also of no consequence, because neither country has sought China's protection. The Dong Fang Ballet was greeted with curiosity and affection by the people of Santiago. The dancers responded with a few words in Spanish. The ballet was in exotic contrast to the innumerable human-rights commissions that come to Chile from all over the world and are now part of a sad daily routine.

Pinochet parades Chile's friendly

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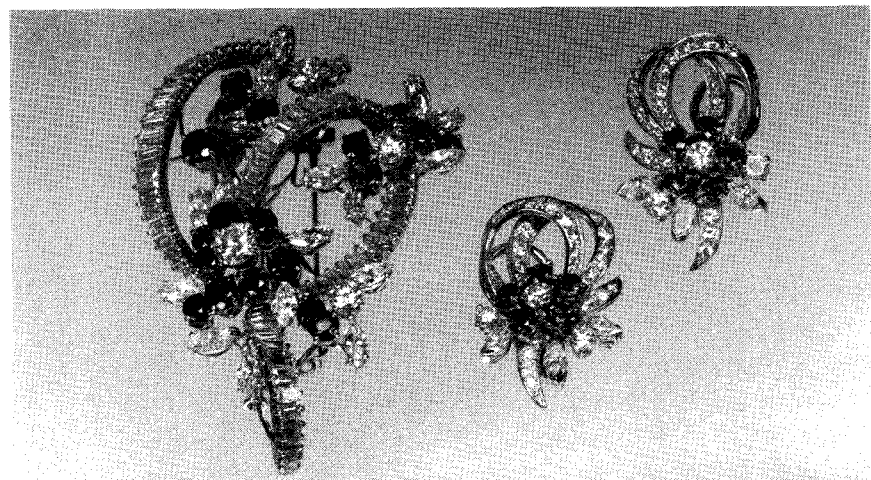


relations with China as a triumph of his confused, primitive, and vague geopolitical theories. In Santiago's Teatro California, the artists of the Dong Fang Ballet sang, "China and Chile, like brothers, Long live China, Long live Chile, The union of art for peace." They sang the same song in the cities of Talca, Concepción, Temuco, Chillán, Curicó, and Rancagua. They learned the *cueca*, a popular Chilean folk dance. They sang and whistled it. They saw for themselves the peace that reigns throughout Chile. They were applauded everywhere they went. The newspapers tenderly reported on the Chinese ballet dancers every step of the way, just as they report on Pinochet when he tours the country. The dancers' faces soon became familiar on every television screen. The members of the Dong Fang company saw for themselves that it is not only Santiago that is washed and swept, with the grass in the plazas and the parks well tended and watered. All the cities in Chile are like that.

Pinochet is good at finding distractions that support his frequent statements about the permanent peace that Chileans enjoy. At the time of the 1985 earthquake, the government appropriated all the energy generated by the sympathy that Chileans felt for the earthquake victims. Television, radio, and newspapers made a point of identifying Pinochet with the love that all Chileans feel for Chile and with the spontaneous mobilization of volunteers to help in the devastated areas. The campaign to identify Pinochet with the outpouring of sympathy for the earthquake victims was so successful that it was difficult to imagine such solidarity without him and his seemingly magical powers.

The regime has perfected the technique of identifying themes likely to capture the popular imagination, and of using messages and images to distract the public. Of course, there is nothing new about Pinochet's allowing *El Mercurio* to run up a debt to the government of roughly a hundred million dollars, and thus being able to count on its unconditional support. Pinochet does not ask the owners of the newspaper, the Edwards family, what they have done with the hundred million dollars, and *El Mercurio* does not ask Pinochet what he has done with the people—more than seven hundred of them—who have disappeared in Chile after being arrested by the military.

That is not the only question that *El*



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Mercurio does not ask. And in addition to not asking awkward questions the newspaper knows how to please Pinochet by devoting large amounts of space to topics that distract him—and public opinion—from graver matters. *El Mercurio*, along with Chilean television and radio, made a great sensation out of a spider, a ferocious poisonous spider that was discovered in Rancagua, some fifty miles south of Santiago. According to hundreds of reports, published under huge headlines or announced by reverberating voices on television and radio, the spider was advancing on Santiago to wipe out the city's inhabitants. The spider had the entire population of the city on edge. The coverage of the spider's advance was so intensive that a humorous reassurance given by Dr. Juan Luis González, the president of the Chilean medical association, passed unnoticed. "Don't worry, the spider will die when the song festival in Viña del Mar opens," the Doctor said. True. The arrival of singers from abroad and speculation about who would represent Chile at the festival provided a cheerful topic to replace the pseudo-scientific, phantasmagoric spider story. When the festival opened, there was not another word about the poisonous spider of Rancagua. Santiago was saved.

TESTIMONY

I shouted and screamed like an animal from the intensity of the pain, and the method they used: it was as if pincers were being applied to my testicles. . . . Scabs formed on my mouth, and I couldn't speak. I had to take them off with my hands. . . . I noticed that my testicles were bleeding. My penis, testicles, and glans were torn open and all bloody. . . . Then they took me to a cell where my son was detained, and they beat him in front of me. . . . Later they told me they had run over my younger son, who is six, and that he was dead. . . . After that, they told me that they were going to torture my daughter also, that they would "open her up" and leave her menstruating for the rest of her life.—*José Abelardo Moya Toro*.

THE daily effort to overcome the tension caused by the constant threat of being arrested or kidnapped is only part of the nightmare that the leaders of the democratic opposition must live with. They must also keep an eye on their children, who are possible targets for reprisals. It is best to keep them from being exposed to politics and to keep them from being noticed as they go about their daily routine. A solution, exile, is always close at hand; but it is never easy, even when you know that you should leave,

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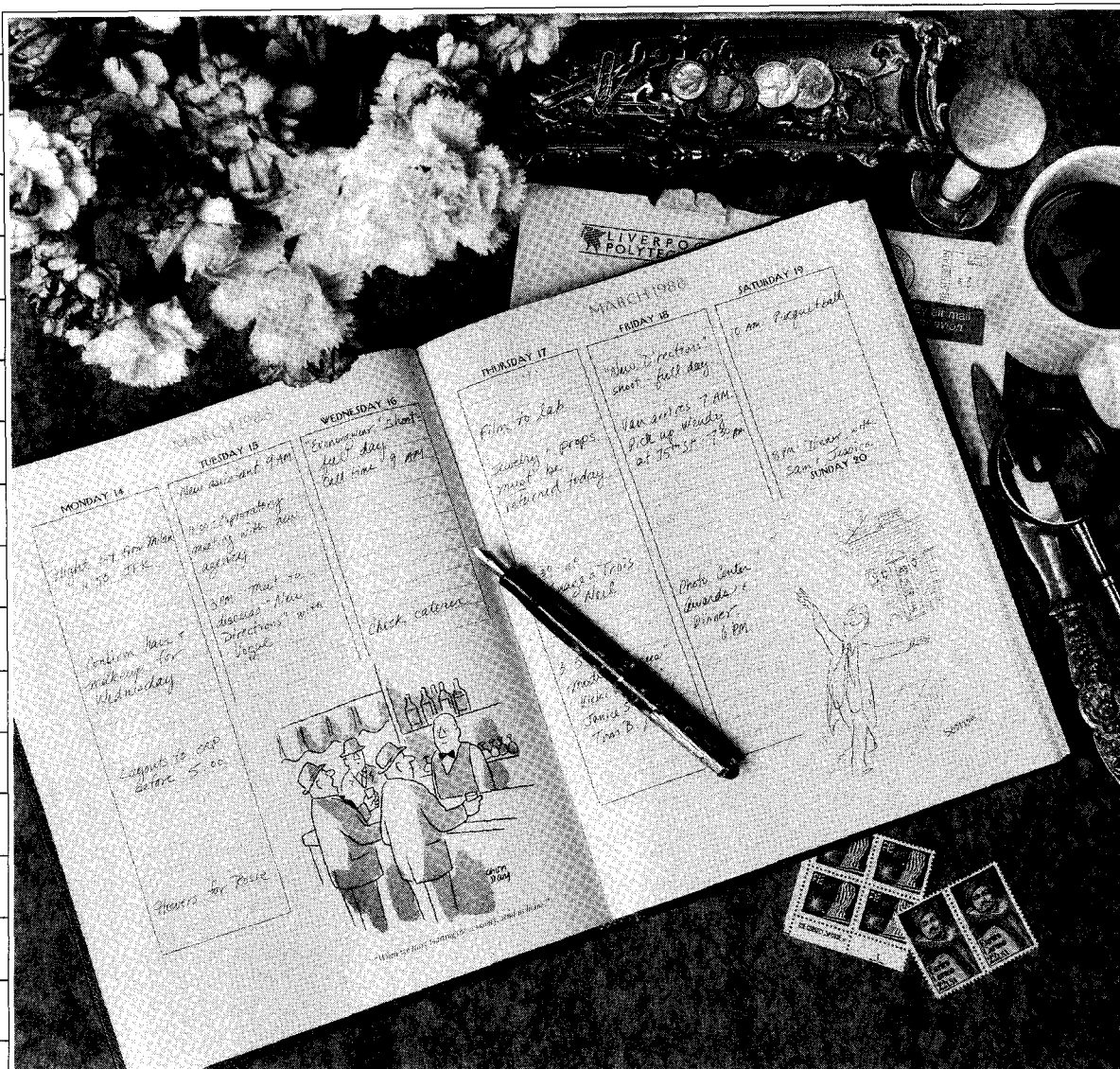
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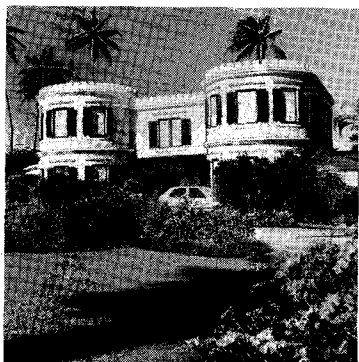
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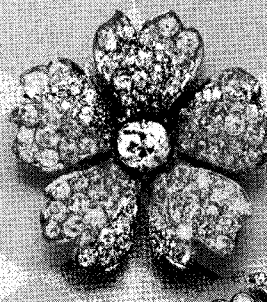
to decide whether to send the children abroad on their own, whether only the parents—the visible political targets—need to leave, or whether the entire family should get out.

Then come the financial considerations and the negotiations with the United Nations High Commission for Refugees. This stage is usually followed by doubts and ambivalence: it is possible that Pinochet may continue in power only another year. Going into exile also poses risks that must be considered. The children may marry foreigners while they are living abroad, and may not want to return to Chile when the dictator is overthrown. There are usually grandparents to think about; often they are in ill health. In addition, going into exile means that you lose your job, your professional qualifications, and your home. When a family faces exile, the countless elements that make up its life are all swept up in a devastating whirlwind.

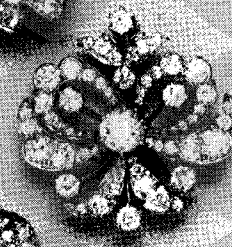
Exiles who have returned to Chile cannot help those who must make a decision about whether to escape. The exile's return is painful, despite the help of a team of psychologists sponsored by the Catholic, Lutheran, and Methodist churches. It is not easy to reënter Chilean life, and most exiles find that political solidarity has been extinguished by the repression and that economic solidarity has been made impossible by the hard times.

The confusion suffered by adolescents and young people who return is expressed in their relations with the country and with their parents. In Europe, the United States, or some of the other Latin-American countries, they have been able to enjoy almost boundless freedom, and have become accustomed to it. Now they find themselves in a country that is almost unknown to them. They are startled by constant warnings from their parents about the limits they must observe. During the children's exile, the influence of the parents was strong, because the children saw them as linked to the recapture of their country. The children of whole families that have returned from exile look upon Chile, according to "Exilio, 1978-1986," a book written by a group of psychologists, as "the land of their parents and the friends of their parents, a land unknown, yet also desired, by the adolescents." Once the parents are back in Chile, however, they seem overcome by difficulties. Their spirits seem broken: they do not know how to

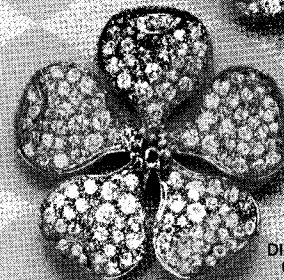
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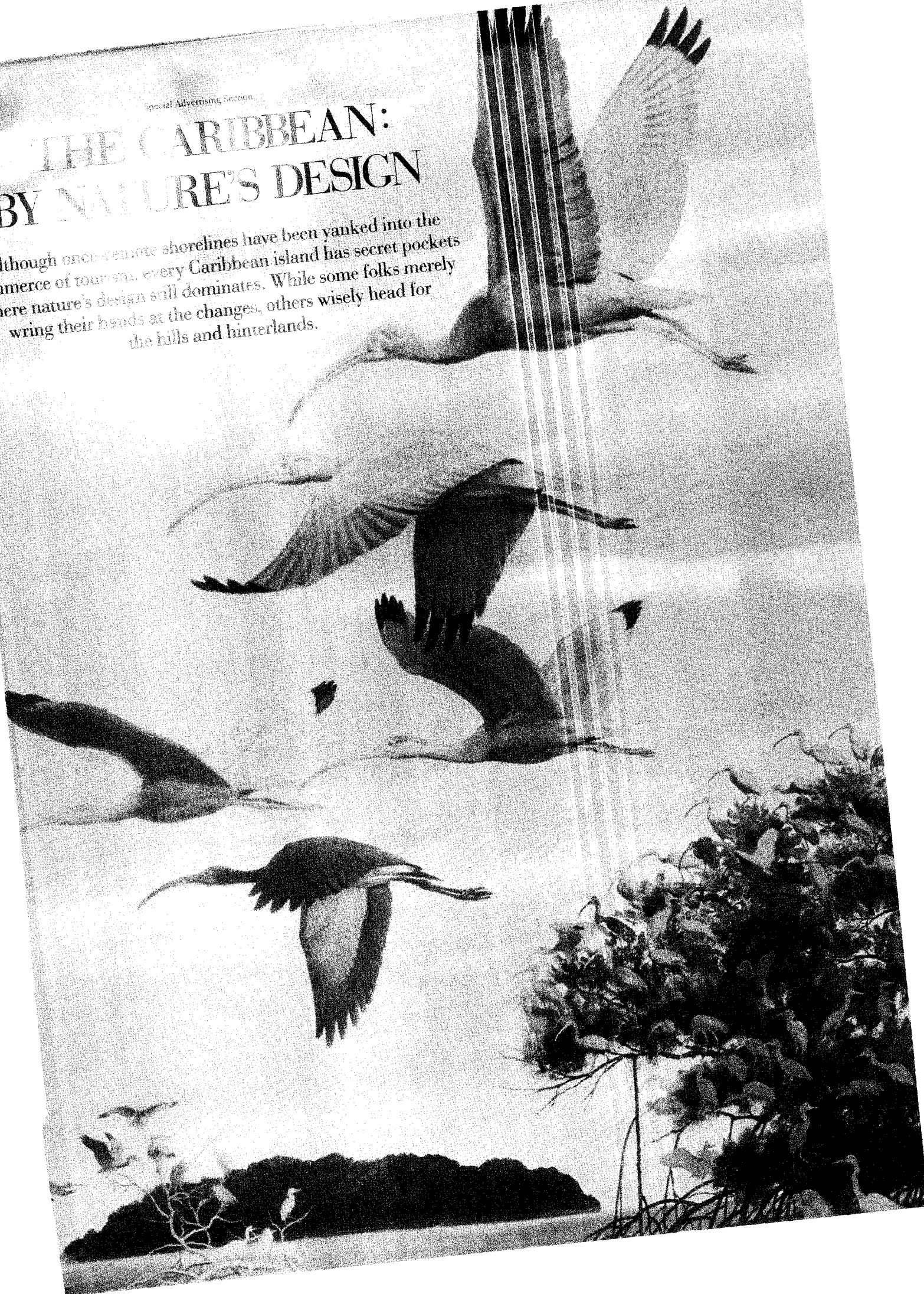
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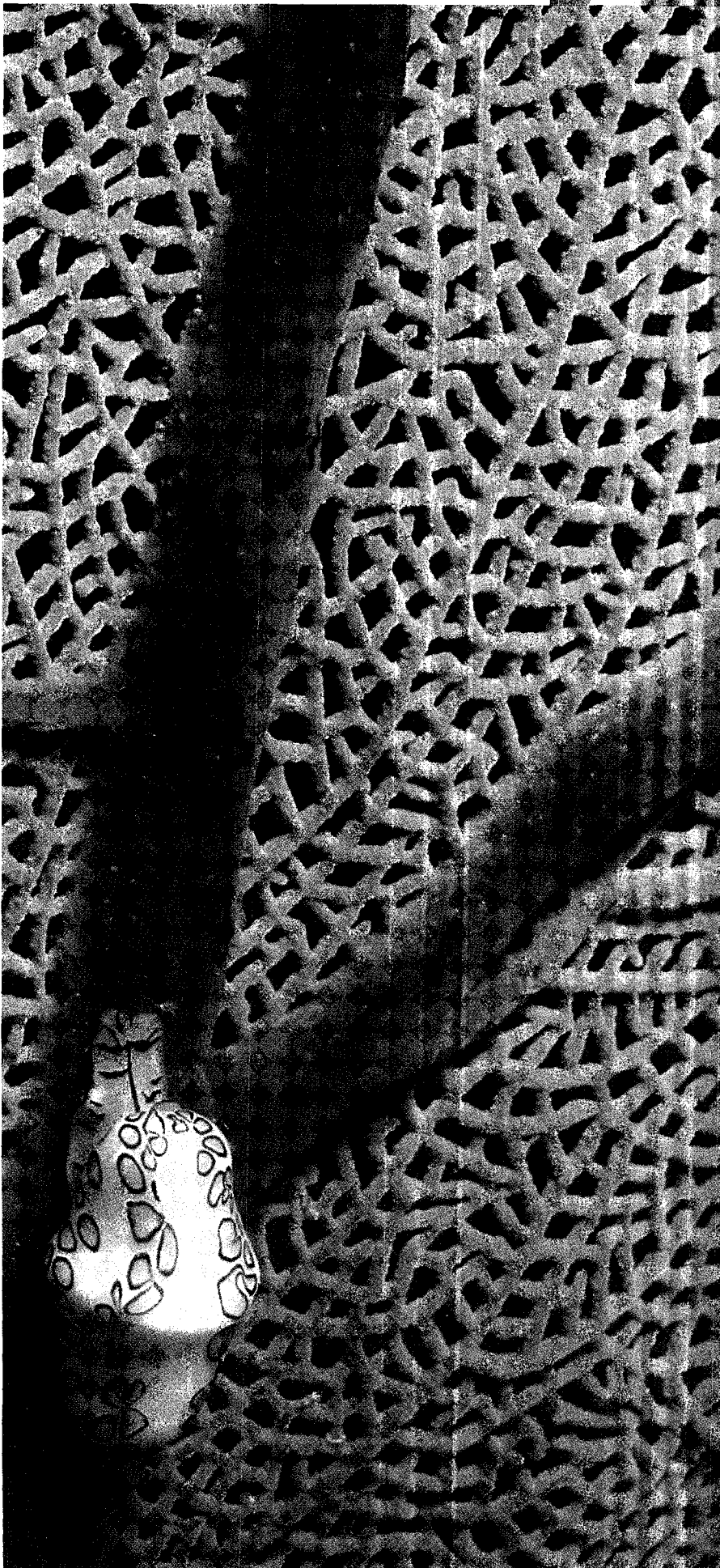
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Robert Ratner

Arthur B. Singer

Antilia was what the ancient writers called this region. When Columbus found that the imagined land between the Canary Islands and India was, in fact, many islands, it became "the Antilles." He distinguished the Greater Antilles—Cuba, Jamaica, Hispaniola (the island shared by Haiti and the Dominican Republic), Puerto Rico, and their smaller neighbors—from the Lesser Antilles, the stepping-stone islands that curve to the coast of South America.

Those smaller islands became the Windwards and the Leewards (whichever was their position relative to prevailing sailing winds) and to the north of the others, the Virgin Islands, combining what have become the American and British Virgins. North of the Caribbean sea, Columbus's first landfall was on an island of The Bahamas.

Since the intrepid Italian was looking for the *east* Indies, the islands he found by sailing west became the West Indies: a platoon of fifty-plus islands in almost 100,000 square miles on the eastern rim of the Caribbean sea.

Although they occupy little more than 12,000 square miles, the British-affiliated and formerly British islands—Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad & Tobago, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and its Grenadine islands (all now independent countries)—are among the most varied, colorful, and naturally dramatic.

They are joined by the French West Indies—Martinique, Guadeloupe and its satellites, St. Barthélemy, and the French side of St. Martin—and the Dutch-affiliated islands of Aruba, Bonaire, and Curaçao. Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic maintain their Spanish heritage.

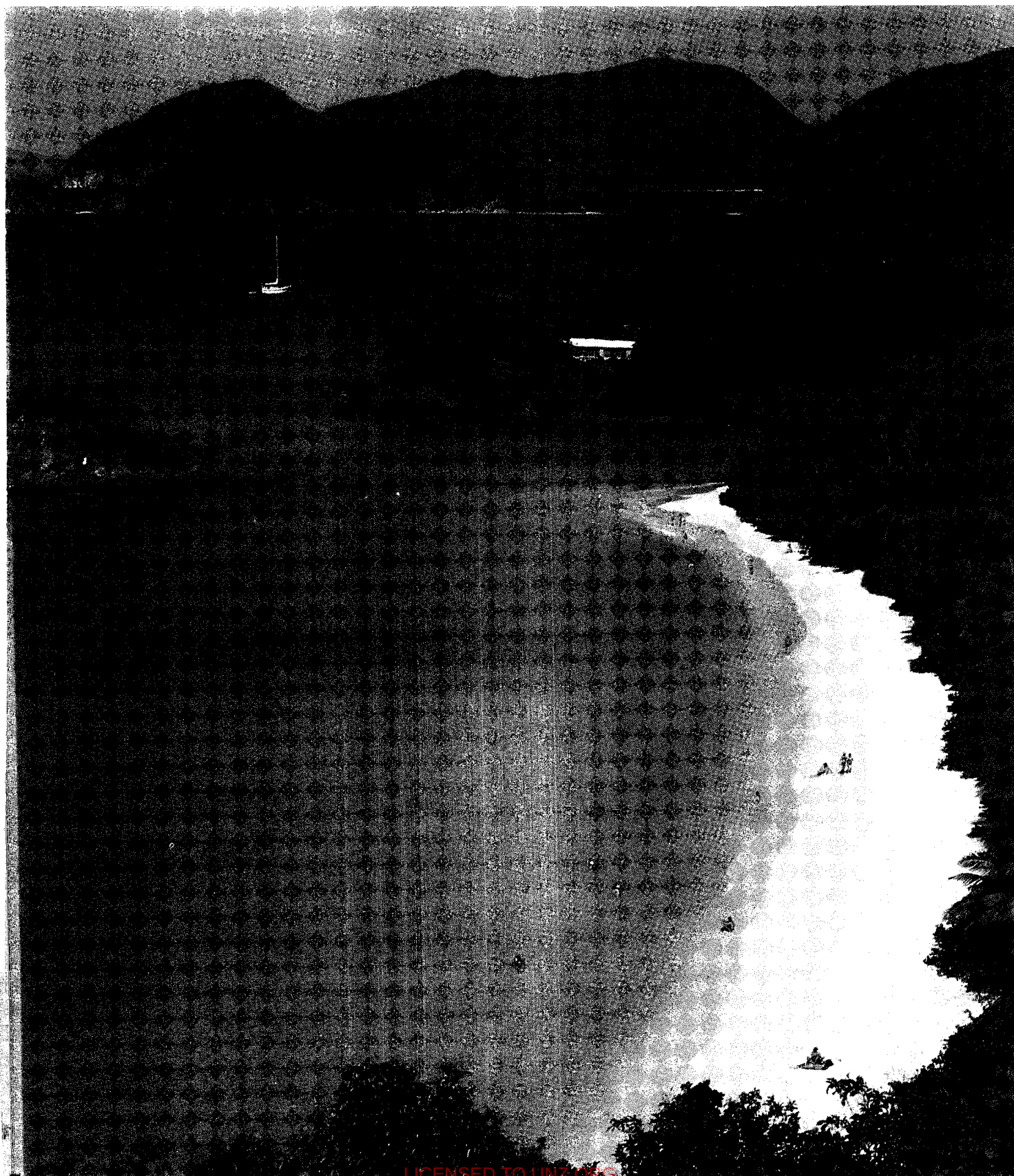
Most of these islands are the tops of mountains, the peaks of volcanoes, rising from land covered by the sea for hundreds of centuries. Others are coral outcroppings, the result of the bonding of skeletons from polyps, tiny sea creatures who lure snorkelers and divers deep into their habitat.

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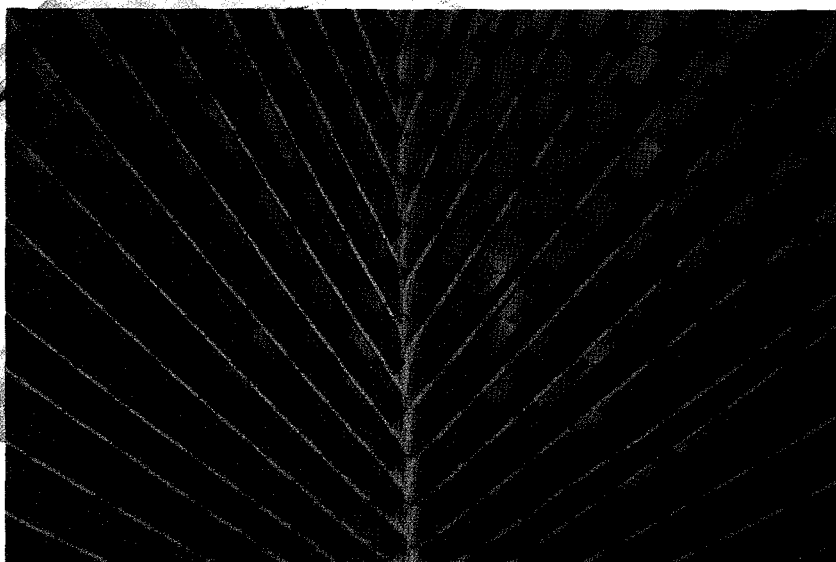
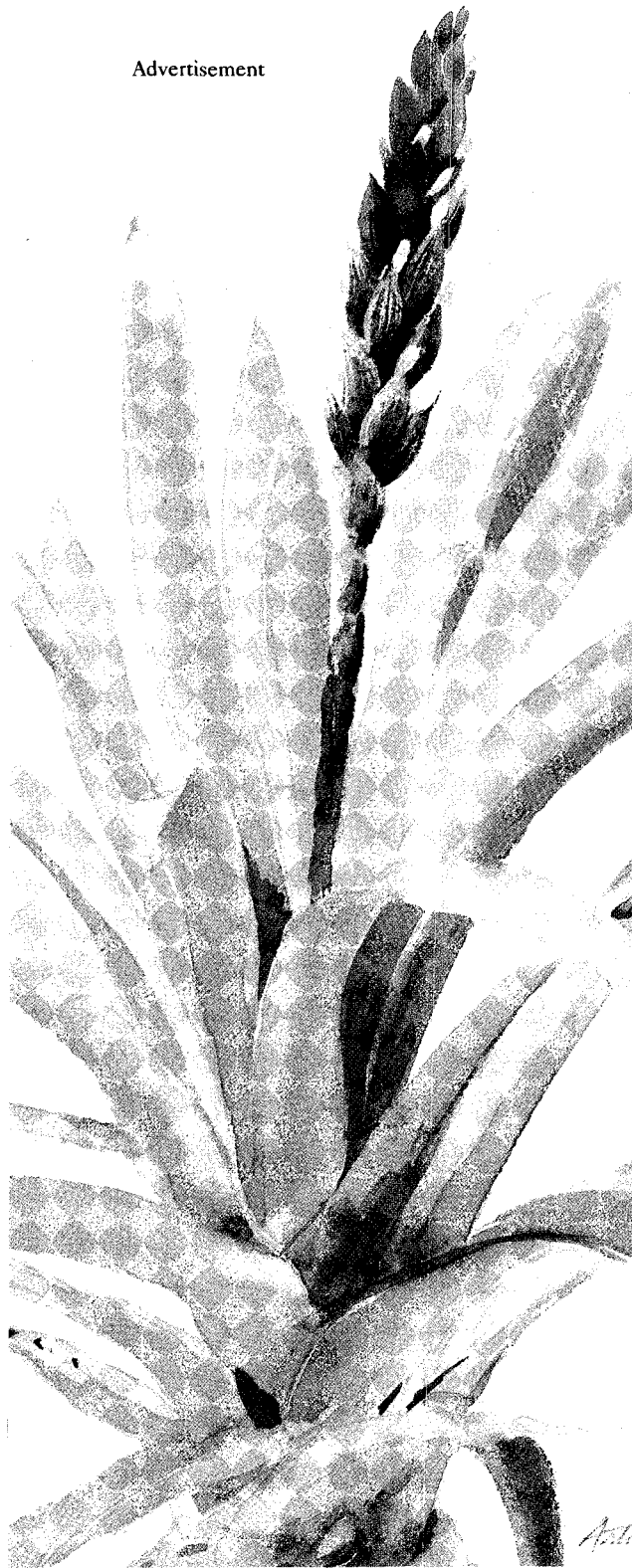
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From the time of the earliest Amerindian civilization—the Arawaks who came north from Venezuela's Orinoco River about the time of Christ and the Caribs who followed their route a few centuries later—land has been cultivated, and fires and hurricanes have destroyed crops and vegetation.

With the first civilization came seeds, birds, and tokens from lifestyles known in other habitats. Columbus, his crews, and followers also brought

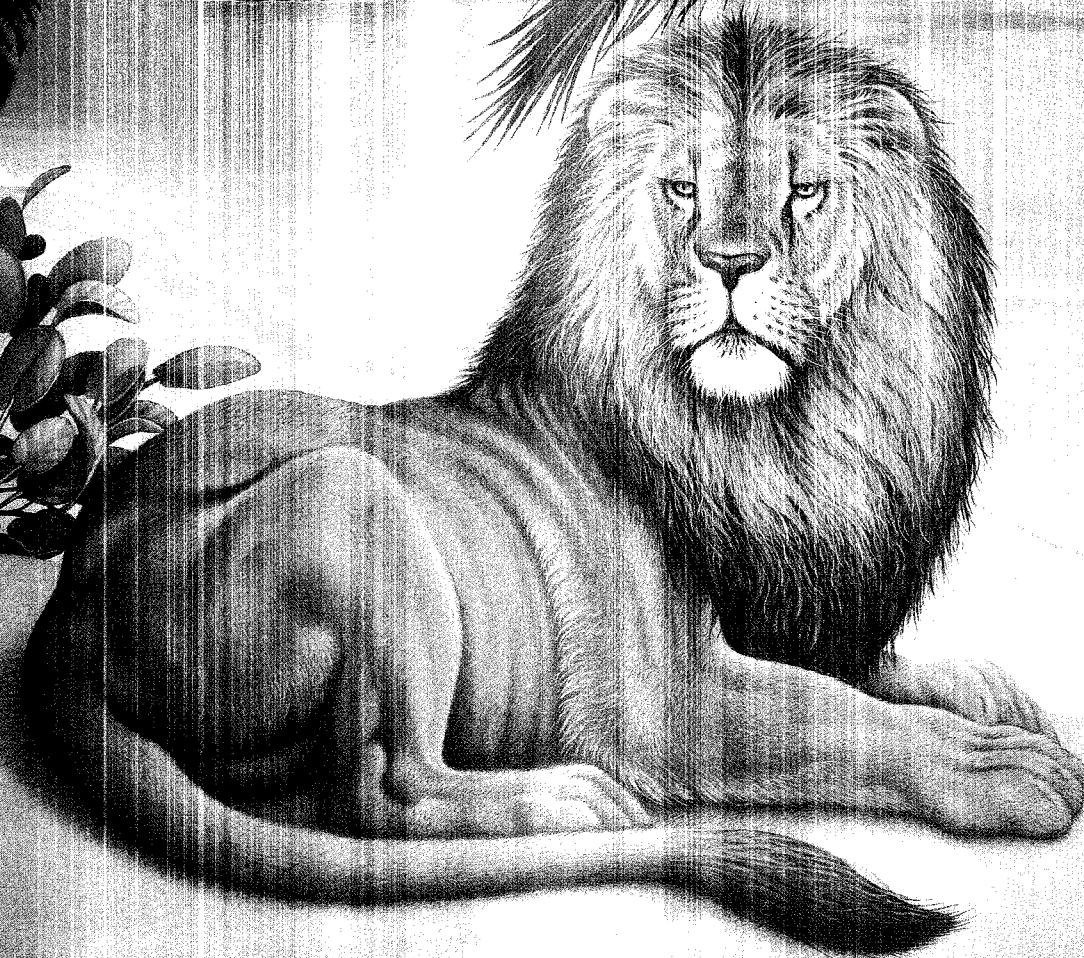
plants, pets, and familiar food sources from European settlements. With the slave traders came plants from Africa, sometimes smuggled by the slaves as tokens from their old world to ease passage into the new.

With established European settlements in the 17th and 18th centuries, lifestyles from the continent crossed the seas. Europe's fad of botanic gardens had its counterpart on Caribbean islands: decorative plants and trees were brought from other climates—

often with better care than slaves—to be cultivated in the West Indies. Sugarcane came to these shores to become a lucrative crop for sale in Europe's markets; cotton was planted here; palms were planted for copra, and areas were set aside for botanic gardens in Jamaica, St. Vincent, Barbados, St. Lucia, and other islands. A favorite bloom of French governor de Poincy became the poinciana, and other flowers became permanent, colorful Caribbean residents.

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*B*ougainvillea flourishes on most islands, in brilliant shades of red. Hibiscus is also common—in yellow as well as corals and reds. Orchids thrive in moist mountain areas and flowering trees accent lush landscapes.

These islands are home to few large mammals, and only an occasional snake survives the mongooses imported to control them. Following traditional tourist patterns, North American birds pause on some islands in their migrations south for winter and north as summer approaches. A few islands are home for endangered (and now protected) species, as is the case with the parrots of Dominica, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent. Tobago's Bird of Paradise is seldom seen these days, even in its sanctuary, but hummingbirds are everywhere. Flamingoes nest on Bonaire and occasionally on other islands, while the bananaquit, locally known as the sugar bird, is a familiar guest at terrace dining tables. Pelicans and frigate birds dive for fish from many shores, kingfishers from a few.

Lizards are longtime residents—ranging in size from the tiny, sightless geckos to the prehistoric iguanas that grow several feet long on the Mona island preserve off Puerto Rico. Once more common than the tourists who have commandeered their shores, sea turtles still come to private beaches to lay their eggs.

A rainbow of colors bedeck the fish who play hide and seek in shipwrecks and dart around their coral- and sponge-studded landscape. Hundreds welcome intrepid scuba divers who swim amid coral forests.

Manatees can be found on the south coast of Jamaica, and sperm whales are often sighted during spring migration as they pass near Anguilla, St. Barthélemy, St. Vincent, and Bequia (where they have been hunted until recent years).

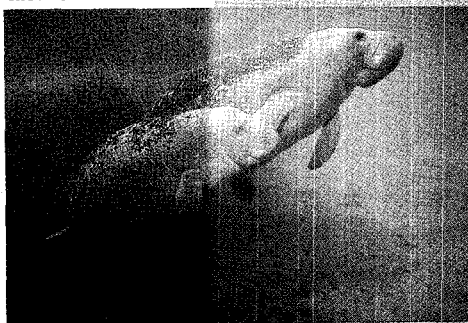
As a counterpoint to the green-robed volcanic islands, the desertlike landscape of Aruba, Bonaire, and Curaçao is flecked with cactus. Palm trees are common, but flourishing rain forests are unique. Although beaches are an oft-touted attribute, with sands in colors from eye-blinding white to dark brown-black and shades from pink to rust, the mountain peaks, limestone karst country, and volcanic steam vents lure the naturalist.

Robert Rattner

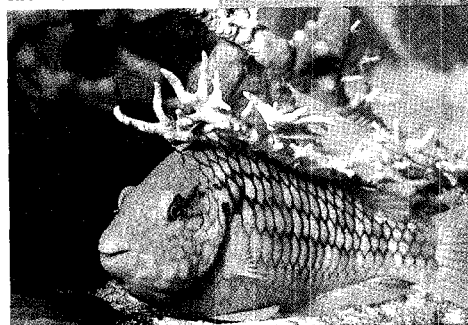


Islands known for human and cultural differences also have unique flora and fauna.

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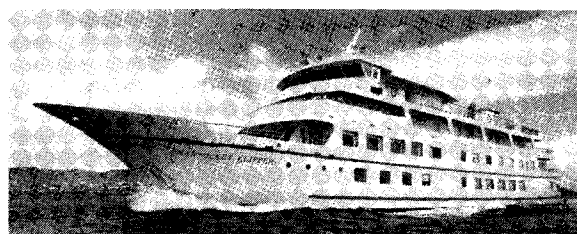
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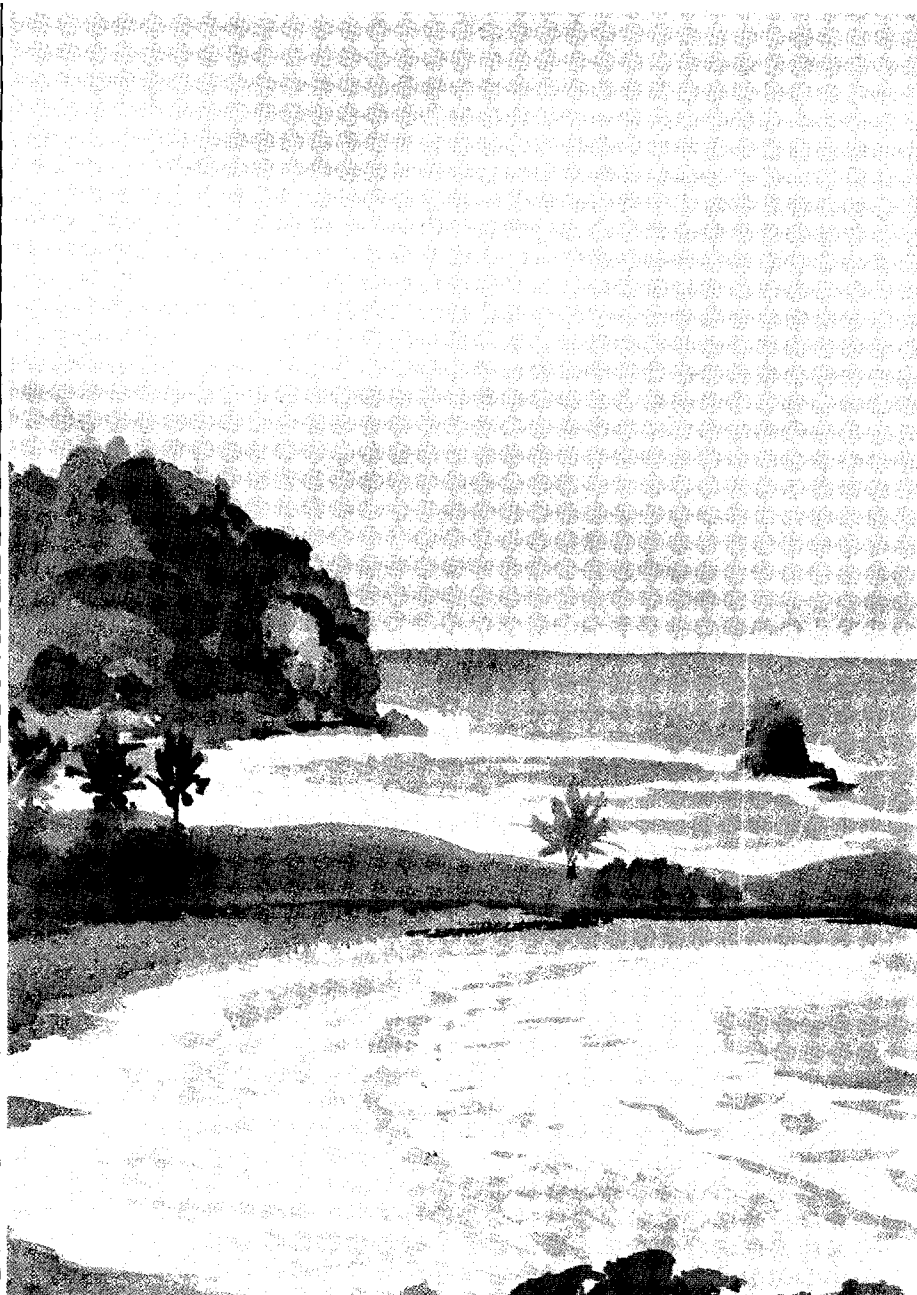
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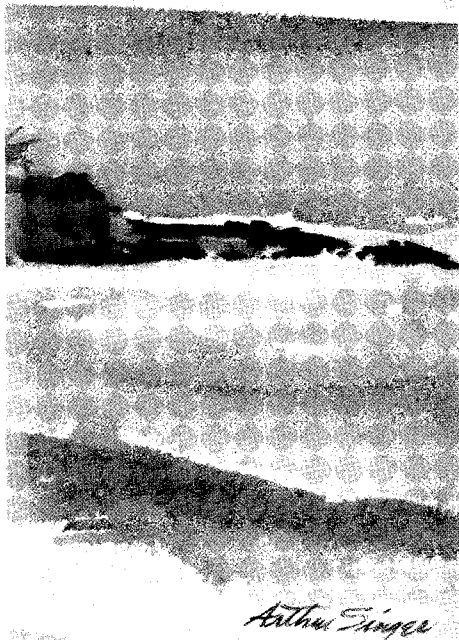


ANGUILLA lies low and seems flat when viewed across the narrow channel that separates it from French St. Martin. Sand slopes far into the sea off most shores, sometimes ending at sea walls and dramatic reefs where sealife far outnumbers scuba divers. The Fountain, a north shore area designated as a national park, is one of a series of caves marking what archeologists and scholars now believe is an important Amerindian religious site. Anguilla's Chief Minister is one of many avid birders.

ANTIGUA's beaches may be given over to tourists but the undulating landscape hides natural beauty in valley pockets stitched with hiking paths. Volcanic craters, breached and filled in

by the sea, have created hills and fragmented shoreline in the south and east, but the northeast is mostly coralline and calcareous formation. Greencastle Hill, near the island's high point of Boggy Peak (1319 feet), is marked by monoliths on a high plateau. Recently created reservoirs and ancient salt ponds are havens for shore birds and waders. Eastern St. Philip Parish is one favorite area for birders. Sister island **BARBUDA** (Bar-biew-da) is still undeveloped. Its fringe of spectacular beaches rings a frigate bird sanctuary and interesting limestone caves.

ARUBA, a volcanic batholith core that has expanded to include limestone reefs sloping into the sea on its leeward (southern) side, is dry and desertlike.



Caribbean beaches are created by seas smashing limestone and volcanic rock—and fish nibbling at corals.

The thin layer of fertile soil is dust or hard-packed earth in which only the hardiest desert growth survives. Mt. Yamanota is the island's highest hill at 617 feet. It's one home for the island's brilliant green and yellow parakeet; caves near the northwest coast are another. Colorful fish congregate on offshore shipwrecks.

Coccoloba



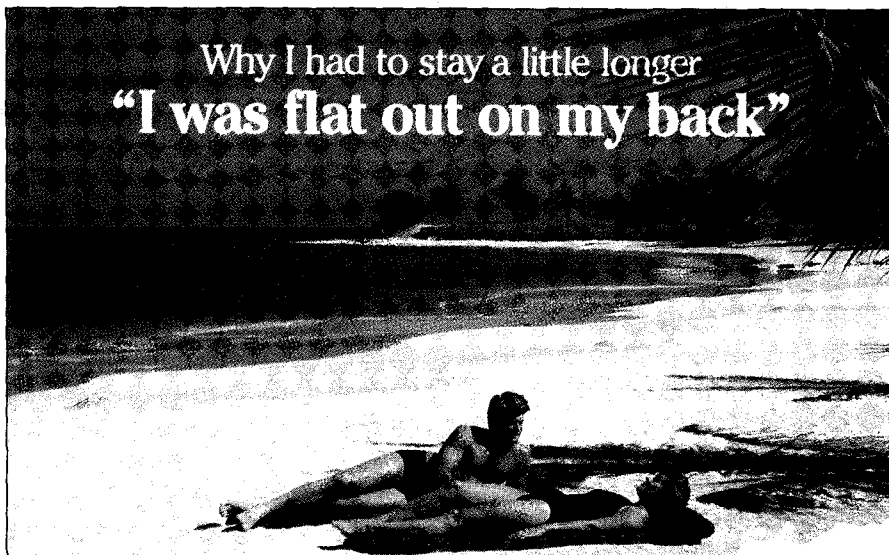
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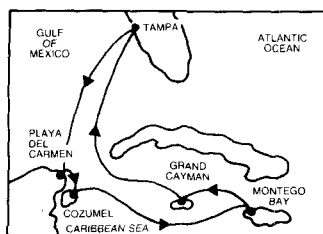


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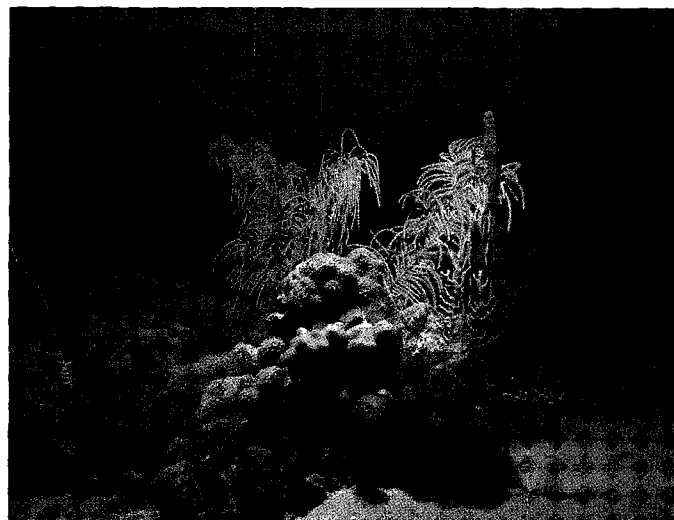
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BARBADOS benefits from the British settlers' interest in botanic gardens, with several special places. Three to note are Welchman Hall Gully, Flower Forest, and Andromeda Gardens.



Guides take visitors through Harrison Caves, part of a labyrinth of limestone caverns. The midlands offer good hiking areas, especially in the north-west around the Bathsheba coast and Chimbarazzo. Regular guided hikes are listed in the *Barbados Advocate* newspaper. The Barbados Wildlife Reserve in St. Peter Parish, near Farley Hill National Park, is the "Barbados Primate Research Center," a sanctuary for monkeys and a parrot breeding station. While the northeast Bathsheba coast offers dramatic surf-pounded shores, sea anemones make the north coast's rocky shore seem like an animal-flower garden.

BONAIRE's Washington-Slaagbaai National Park covers almost fifteen thousand acres in the northeast of the island. It's marked with driving routes and hiking paths, past Salina Slaagbaai where flamingos nest, and Dos Pos (two wells), a favorite oasis for some of the one hundred seventy species spotted here. Lac Bay, in the southeast, also lures birds. Coral forests, sheer walls, and reefs ring the island, providing homes for colorful fish and a lure for scuba divers.

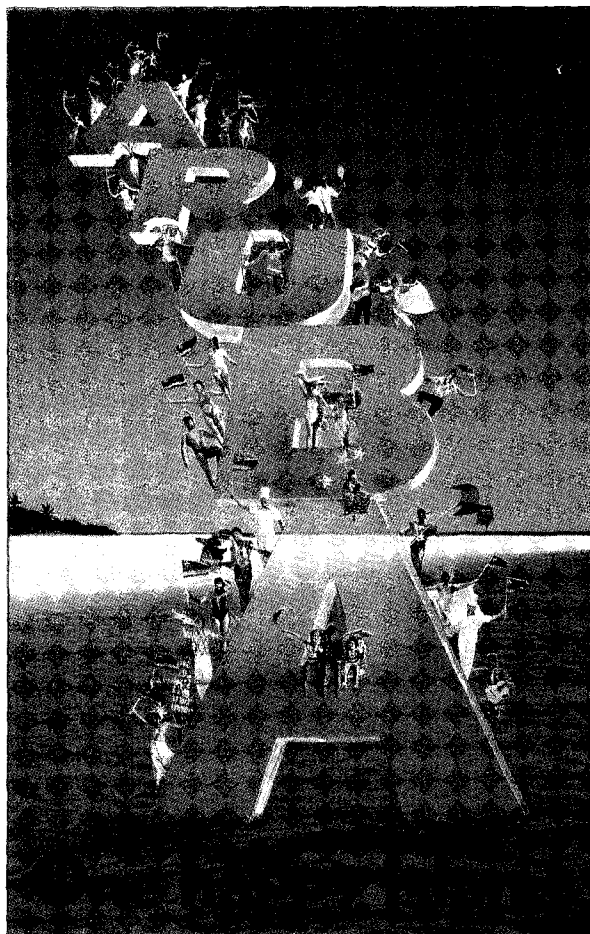
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There are three **CAYMAN ISLANDS**: tourist-conscious Grand Cayman and its smaller sisters to the east, lesser-known Little Cayman, and Cayman Brac. Hundreds of underwater sites include shipwrecks, steep walls, and sponge and coral forests where brightly-costumed fish are the only full-time residents. Areas have been set aside as nature preserves and bird sanctuaries on all three islands. The Turtle Farm on Grand Cayman raises the once-ubiquitous Green Turtle under controlled conditions in an attempt to replenish the decreasing supply by returning young turtles to shores near the beaches where their eggs were found.

CURAÇAO has the region's only Seaquarium, with more than four hundred fish species and eight species of sea turtle in its seventy-five aquariums. It's on the south-east coast near the Curaçao National Underwater Park, where an underwater trail was opened in 1983. In the north, Cristoffel National Park has walking paths through the several kinds of cactus and the other plantlife that thrives on the island's desertlike terrain. This area is the best for birds.

DOMINICA is lush and impressive, with Caribbean jungle blanketing most of its mountainous surface. An area with sulphur springs in the south and another area with 18th century fort ruins in the north have been designated National Parks, with walking/hiking paths to Trafalgar Falls and Boiling Lake, an area noted for its volcanic sulphur vents. Long recognized by birders who contribute to the list of one hundred thirty-five species, several firms provide guided tours. Prized sightings are the *Amazona arausiaca* (Red-necked parrot) and the *Amazona imperialis* (Sisserou parrot), both endangered and unique to Dominica.

Once a common visitor to many island beaches, the sea turtles now nest only on a few islands. Although the green sea turtle is cultivated at the Turtle

Farm on Grand Cayman, turtles are hunted for their eggs, meat, and shells in the French West Indies. Most islands have protection policies.





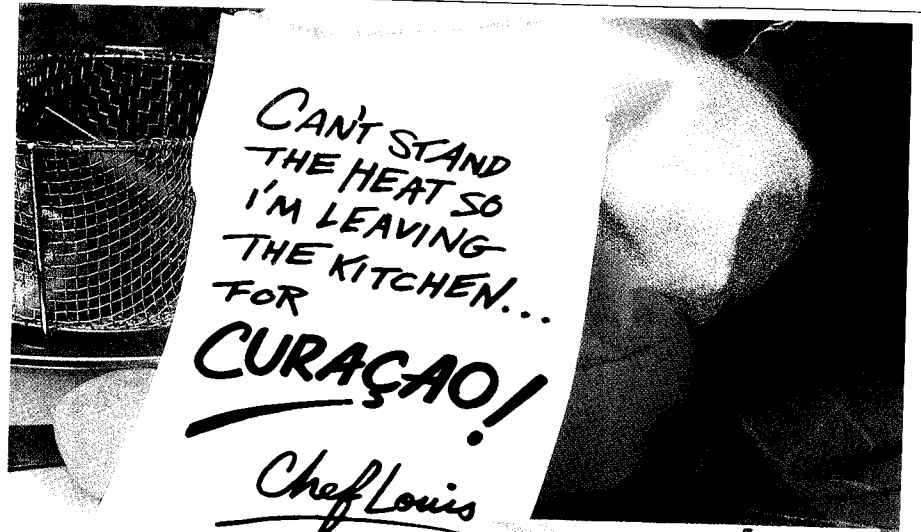
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Arthur B. Singer

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC is a vast repository for the naturalist. Little has been tracked in the mountainous midlands, although rivers and rain forests are well known to Dominicans. Visitors can hike to alligator-infested Enriquillo Lake, near the Haitian border west of Barahona, or up Pico Duarte, the country's highest peak. Distances are considerable; scenery and climate change from the lowlands to the lush mountains. While a few of the wider beaches are sprouting their first hotels, many shores are remote and almost untouched. Since the north coast was one of Columbus's first landfalls and the south coast capital was governed by his son, some important shipwrecks are thought to lie coral-encrusted and silt-covered in the surrounding seas.

GRENADA rises from its south coast beaches to verdant valleys and high mountain peaks. The crater lake at Grand Etang Forest Reserve is the heart of a National Park with marked trails and guided tours. One goal is Annandale Falls. La Sagasse Nature Center claims shore and wading birds in and around its rivers, mangrove swamps, and salt ponds. The Botanic Garden is near St. George's; the Concord Waterfall tumbles down to the bay at Black Bay River. Among the favorite species noted by birders is the yellow-billed cuckoo, but verdant mountainsides and mangrove swamps are home for many birds. Sister islands include Carriacou, twenty-three miles north-east of Grenada, and Petit Martinique, two and half miles east of Carriacou.



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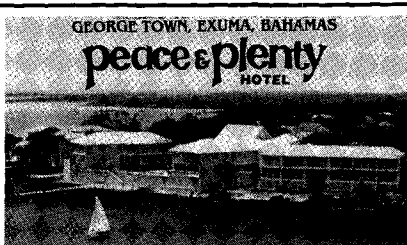
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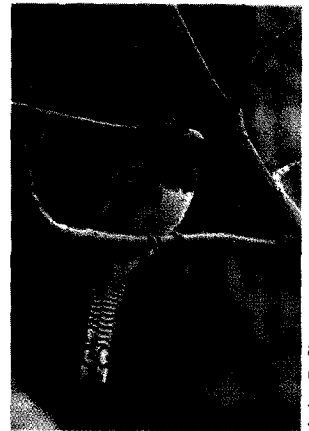


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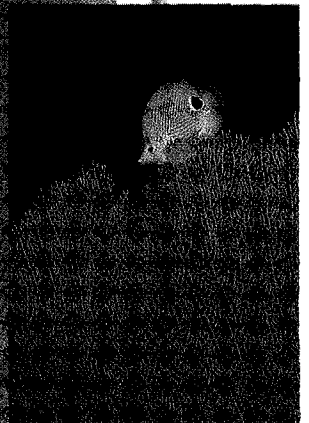
Just as blooms, birds, and butterflies enhance
the landscape, so fish, corals, and sponges
decorate the sea floor.



Arthur B. Singer



Animals Animals



Robert Rarner

Arthur B. Singer

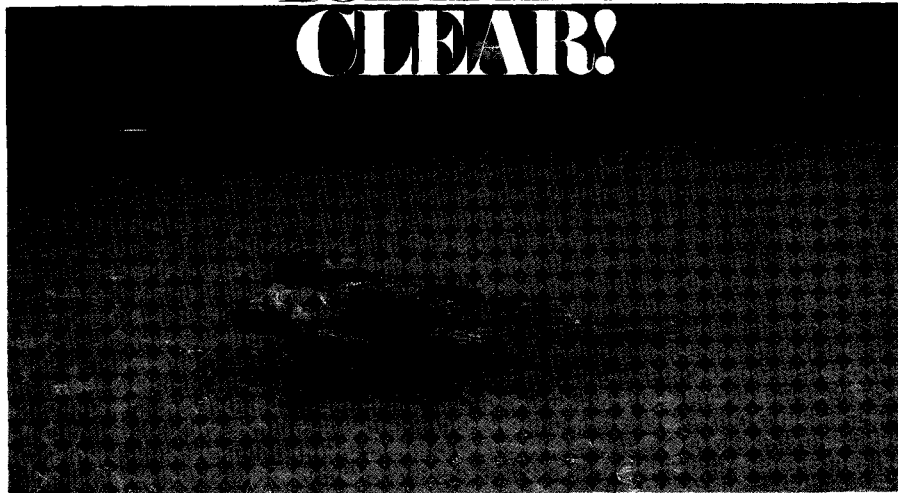
GADELOUPE's 74,100-acre Parc Naturel is by the 4814-foot peak of La Soufriere, a volcanic cone that is one of many hiking goals. The Parc Archeologique des Roches Gravées (Engraved Rocks) contains rocks etched with what may be Arawak Indian markings; trails lead to other Arawak sites. The southern sector, around Pointe des Châteaux, has a majestic tumble of saw-toothed black rocks. Several scuba sites have been favorites for Jacques Cousteau and other divers. Because the offshore islands of Terre de Haut, Desirade, and Marie-Galante are little-known, they offer virgin territory for birding and exploring.



Robert Ratner

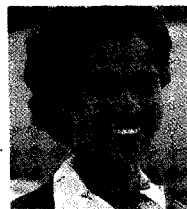
HAITI's three mountain ranges stretch above eight thousand feet; its two mountainous peninsulas reach toward Cuba, like outstretched crab claws claiming the Gulf of Gonaïves. Saut d'Eau, a waterfall with religious significance, is about two hours' drive from Port-au-Prince and Bassin Bleu, a waterfall and pool in the mountains above the south coast's Jacmel, is reached only by foot and horseback. Far more familiar, although also a rugged trek, is the north coast's excursion up to the Citadelle and Sans Souci, both ruins in the mountains south of Cap Haïtien. Reefs around Sandy Cay, and offshore isles such as Gonâve Island in the gulf and Ile de la Tortue off the north coast, yield untold treasures. Scuba divers sink into west coast seas. Attention to political and economic problems has left little time for documentation of flora and fauna.

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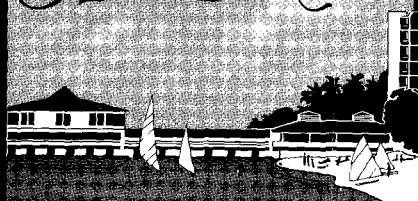
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JAMAICA ranges from the pock-marked karst country of the west to the dramatic Blue Mountain ridge in the east. Following a precedent set by a seventeenth-century English settler, the country still maintains several of the Caribbean's best botanic gardens. In the Kingston area, Hope Gardens is the longtime leader, but Carinosa Gardens, above the shore at Ocho Rios, is the newest natural site. It's near Shaw Park Gardens, another of the many tended landscapes that are open to the public. The tourist board lists contacts for guided walks and hikes to Jamaica's river-laced interior and little-known countryside. While the reefs off the south coast are known to local folk, and divers off Port Royal have retrieved pirate treasure, many offshore sites are still unexplored. Manatees gather near south shore river outlets, and birding is exceptional in many areas of the Blue Mountains and other foliage-blanketed ranges. (It's possible also to sit at your hotel and spot colorful birds from the balcony.)

MARTINIQUE devotes a large portion in the north, around Mt. Pelee, to its Parc Naturel Regional. The tourist office has a brochure about hiking paths in the area where waterfalls and rain forests can be goals. Presqu'île de la Caravelle, a peninsula jutting from the southeast, claims eighteenth-century château ruins and remote coves where seas hold colorful fish. Balata Tropical Botanical Park, a dazzling patchwork of anthurium lilies, hibiscus, heliconia, begonias, orchids, and other flowers, is a noteworthy haven for hummingbirds and others.



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MONTSEERRAT is half-blanketed with a rain forest. Although Foxes' Bird Sanctuary is a designated preservation area that claims fifteen acres of a mangrove swamp north of the capital of Plymouth, there are many other sites that are good for birding and hiking. Great Alp Falls, a seven-hundred-foot attraction, marks volcanic peaks south of Plymouth, where the verdant foliage at the base gives way to dramatic areas near the crater. Among the birds sighted are fly catchers, killy hawks, yellow-crowned night herons, gallinules, and yellow-billed cuckoos.

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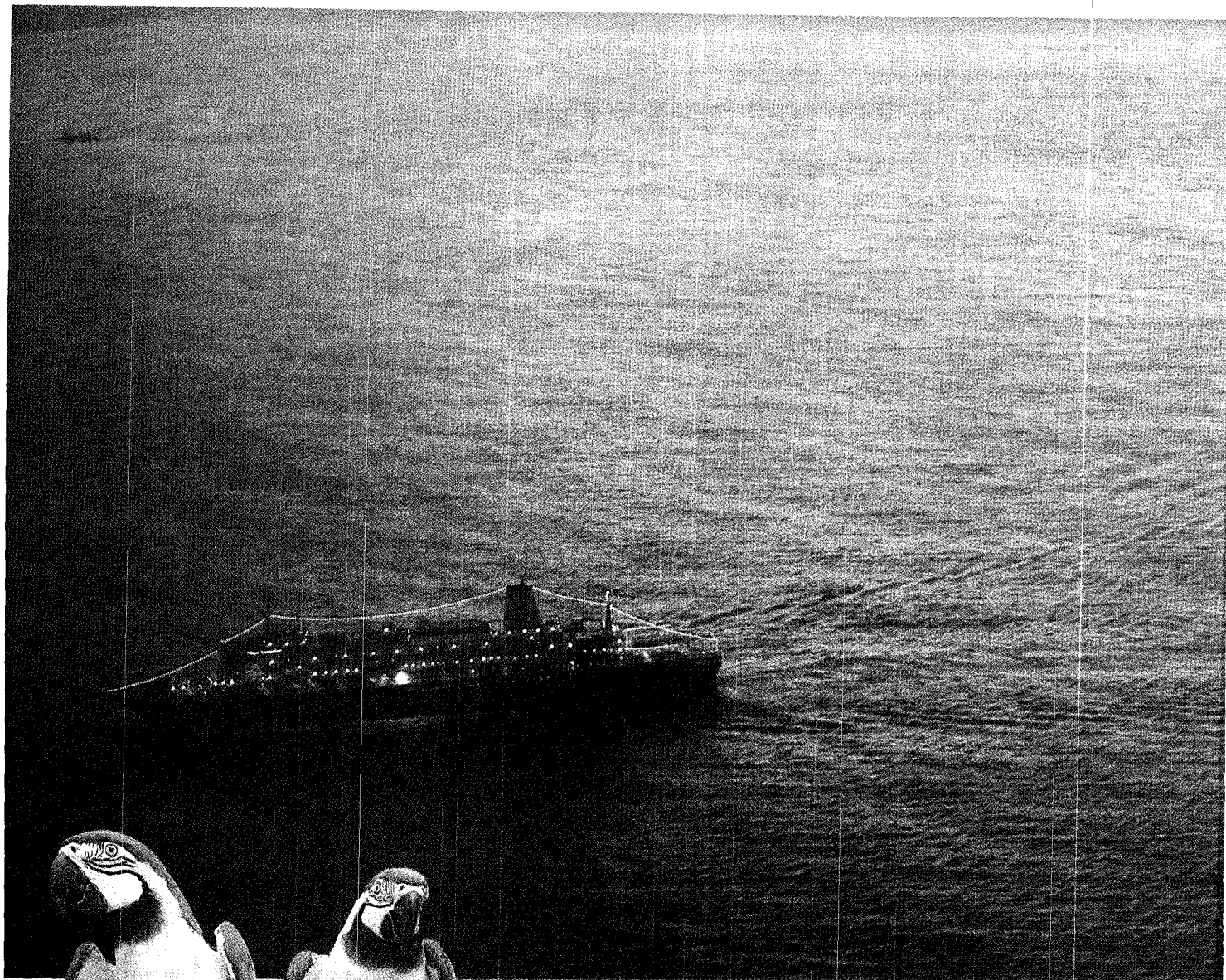
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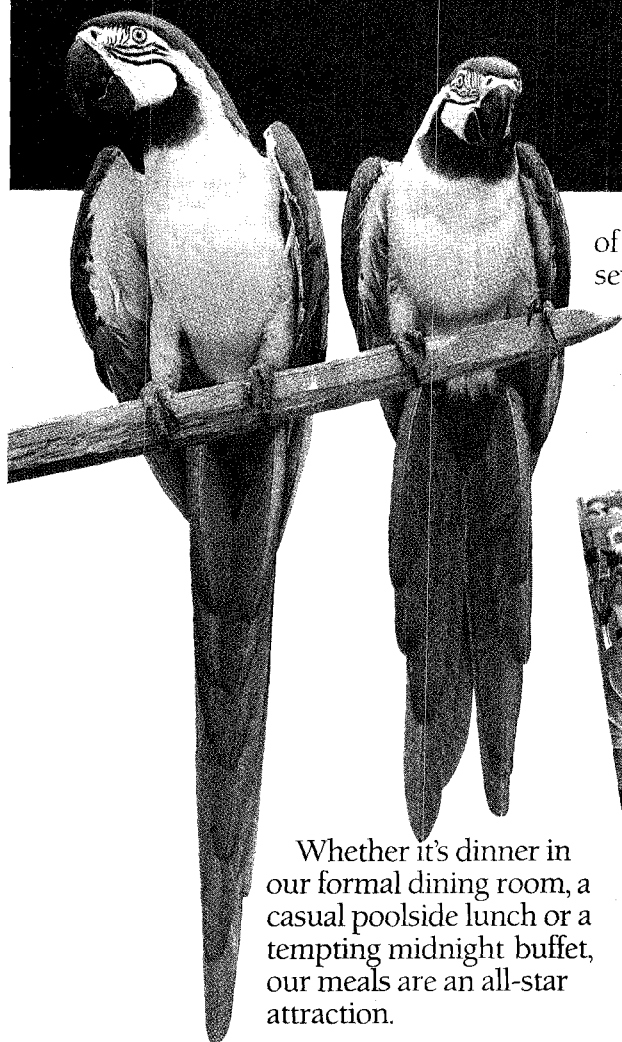
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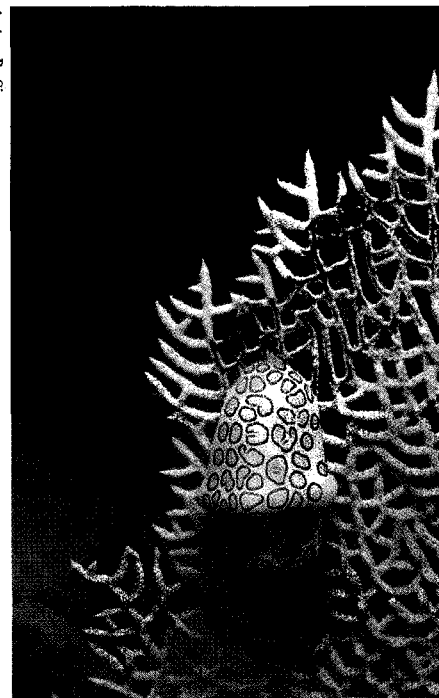
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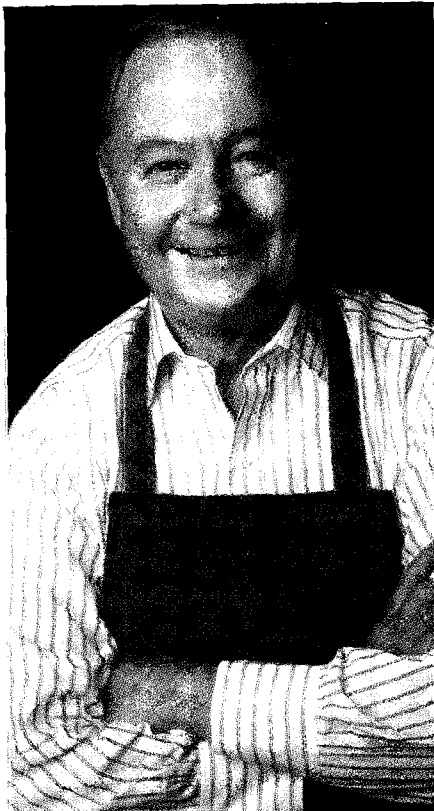
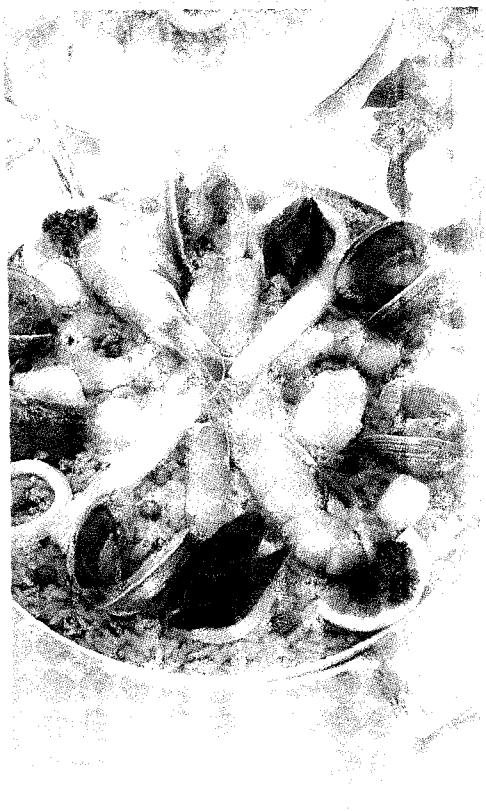
NEVIS circles the cone of a volcano whose peak is often shrouded in mist. While some settlements gather at the sea-fringe, the forests and trails on the flanks of the peak are little-known. There are hiking paths as well as horse-back riding trails. Most of the island's inns have bird lists and sighting suggestions for guests.

Arthur B. Singer



Robert Rattner

PUERTO RICO offers a wealth of lures for naturalists. The Cordillera Central mountain spine stretches from east to west. It contains the 28,000-acre Caribbean National Forest at El Yunque (the only tropical rain forest in the U. S. system) and the Rio Camuey Cave Park, with one-hundred seventy-foot chambers, in the karst country in the east. (Guided tours are offered.) A few minutes south of San Juan, Rio Piedras Botanical Garden cultivates over two hundred species of tropical and sub-tropical plants, while the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Tropical Research Station at Mayaguez is also open for visitors. Many of the Commonwealth's forest preserves are threaded with walking paths and several of the rivers have been dammed to create lakes. Small mountain inns, the Paradores Puertorriqueños, prove ideal for bird watching and as "homes" for hikers. *VIEQUES* and *CULEBRA*, off the east coast, are acknowledged as diving sites, while *MONA*, fifty miles west of Mayaguez, is a preserve for monkeys, seabirds, and huge iguanas.



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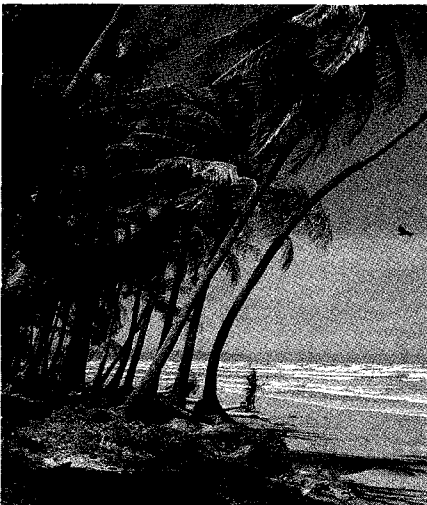


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SABA rises dramatically from seas south of St. Martin. The lush foliage on the flanks of the volcanic cone is home for several species of birds as well as a source of interest for botanists. Paths lead up Mt. Scenery and down to the sea from the small mountainside villages of The Bottom and Windwardside. Since the peak sinks steeply into the sea, its underwater landscape is fascinating for scuba divers.

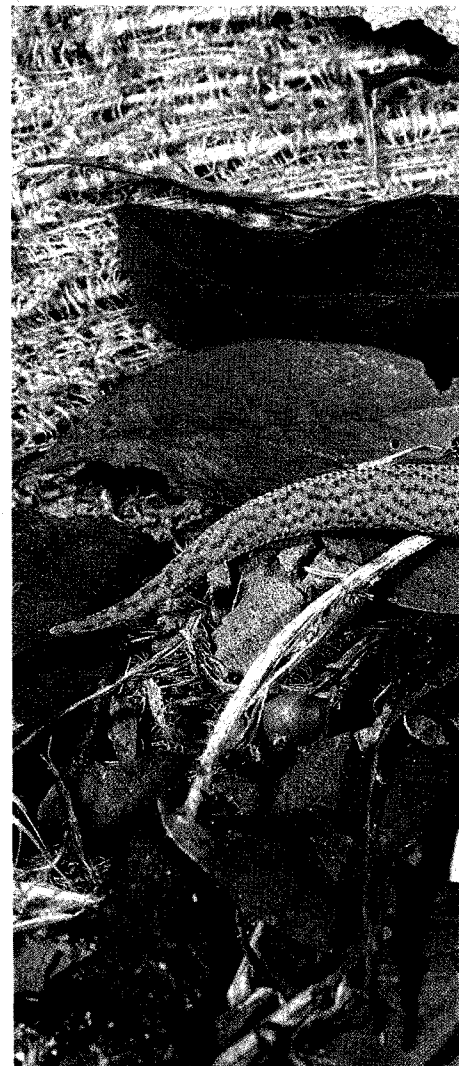


Robert Rattner



ST. BARTHÉLÉMY has walking and hiking paths that stretch across private property to isolated sand-fringed coves. Birding yields rewards around the hillsides in the midlands, as well as along the shores, although the once-flourishing colony of frigate birds has almost disappeared from L'île Frigate by indiscriminate plucking of eggs. Sea turtles have not yet been driven from all shores, but families are dwindling. (French laws permit hunting them from mid-September to mid-March.) Iguanas can be seen in trees on remote hillsides, but they too are disappearing as tourism encroaches.

ST. CROIX, one of the United States Virgin Islands, has a rain forest in the northwest and desertlike landscape at its easternmost end. The St. George Village Botanical Garden, a few miles east of Frederiksted, tags its carefully tended flora for easy identification. Specialists and scholars at the West Indies Laboratory, a branch of New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University, set out from their campus at Teague Bay for field trips to offshore islands and submerged sites. Buck Island, off the northeast shore, is renowned for its offshore reefs as well as for land-based fauna, while Green Cay is another place for sealife studies, especially tracking turtles.





Animals Animals Z. Leszczynski



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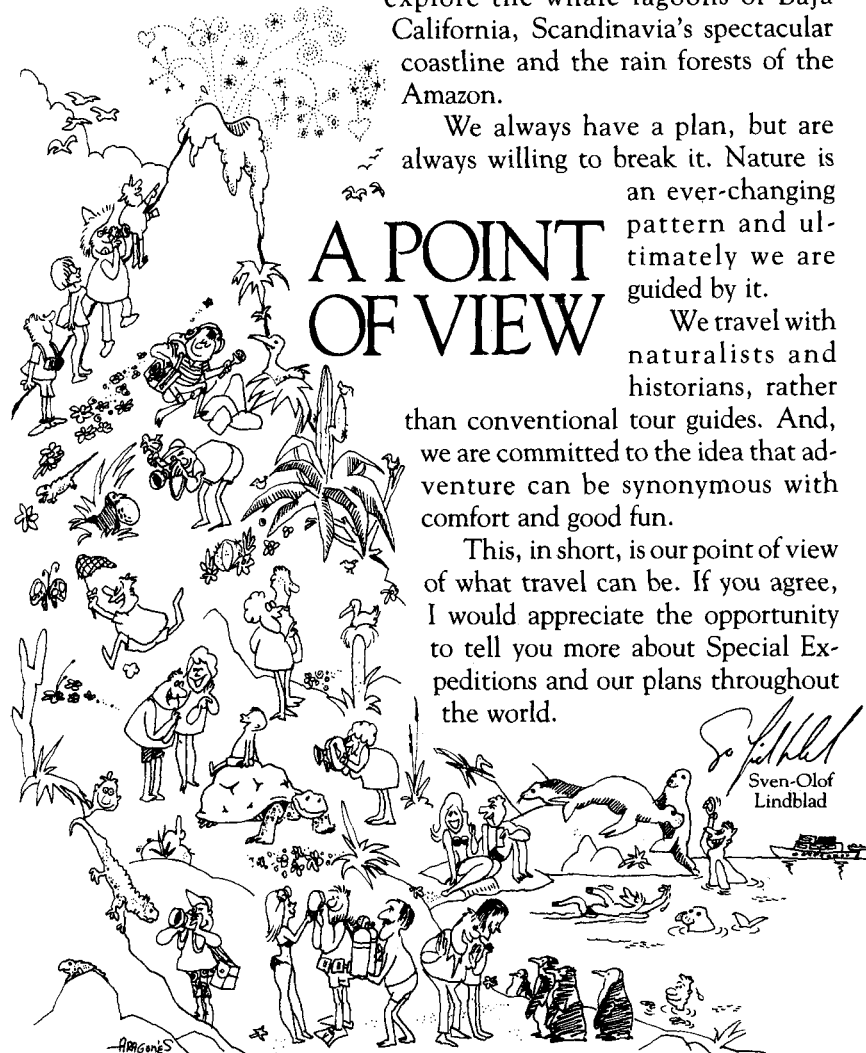
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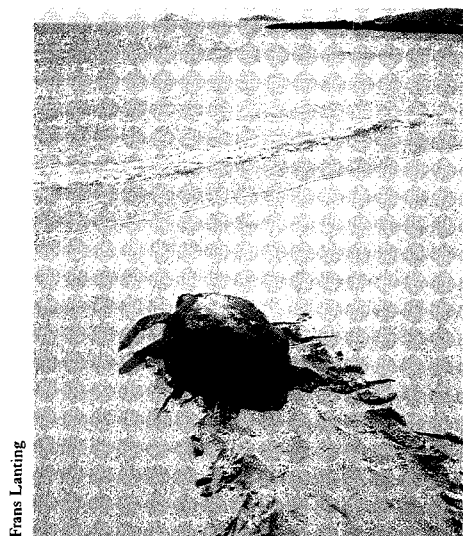
St. EUSTATIUS, rising from seas south of St. Martin, is best appreciated by those who prefer natural surroundings. The prized hiking goal is to The Quill, the volcano that is the island's dominant feature. A recently-established scuba diving firm maintains its center at the shore below hilltop Oranjestad, the island's only town, whose eighteenth-century predecessor lies in ruins beneath the sea.

St. KITTS has focused its tourist development at Frigate Bay, leaving the forests of its mountainous north and the rolling hills in the south as respected natural areas. Local entrepreneurs lead visitors along hiking paths on the mountain flanks, where monkeys play among the treetops. Although roads are beginning to crack the southern sector, most land is still best known to migrant birds. A small southcoast inn is one starting point for inland walks; boats to quiet coves are another link. Scuba divers explore the south coast reefs and underwater rills, finding seventeenth- and eighteenth-century shipwrecks long known to colorful fish and now host for sponges, seafans, and coral trees.

Animals Animals Z. Leszczynski

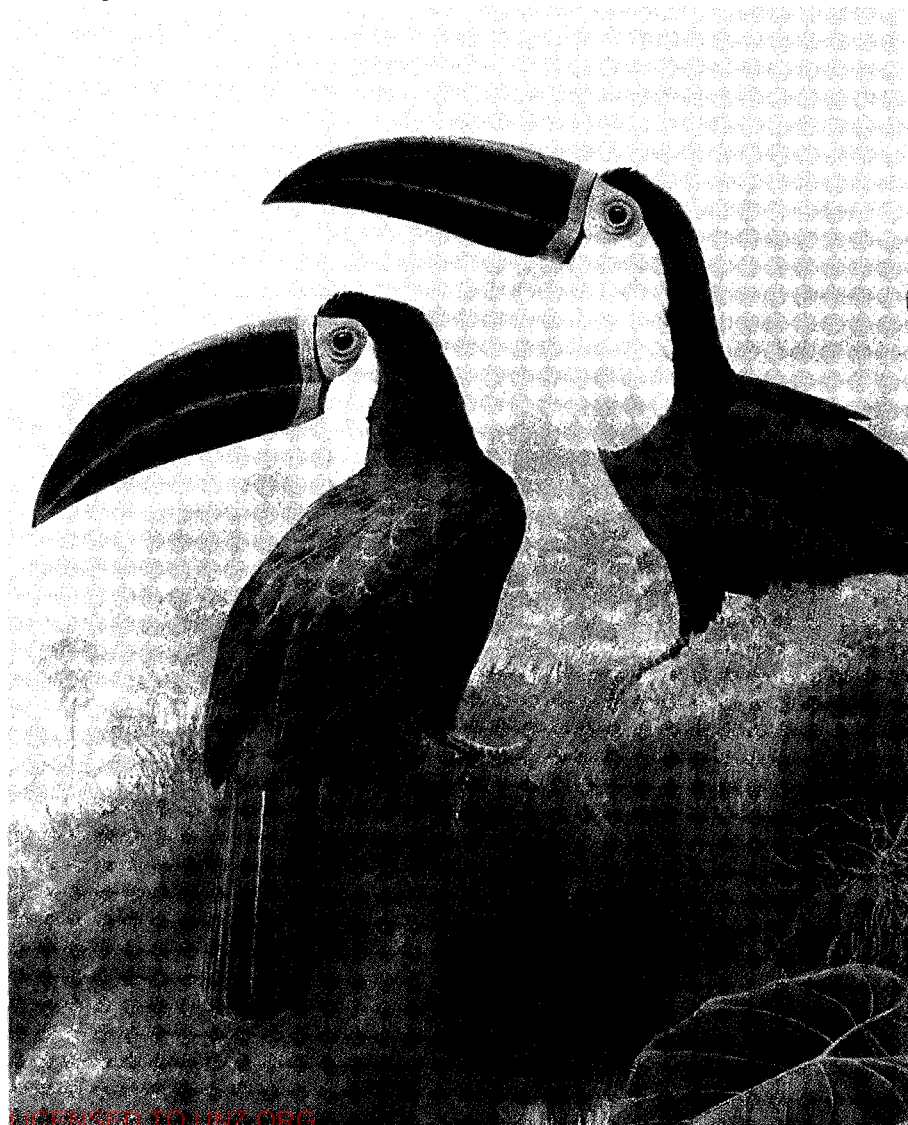


Arthur B. Singer

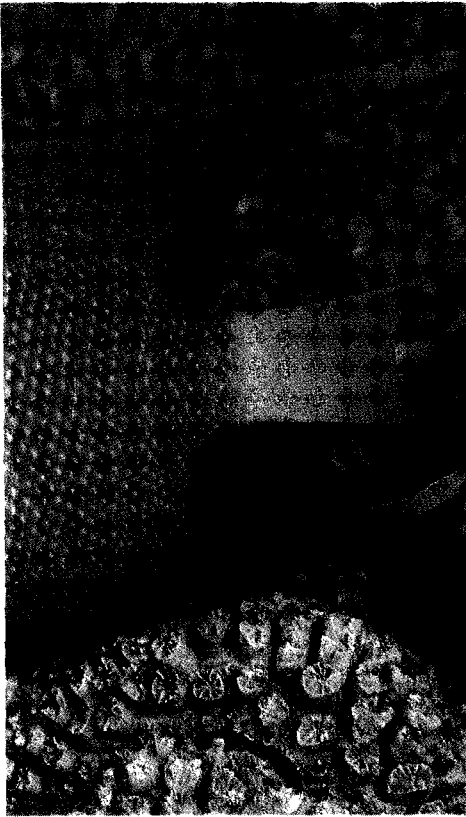


Frans Lanting

St. JOHN is best known for the Virgin Islands National Park, the twenty-ninth in the U.S. park system. It was established in December 1956 and covers most of the island. Park rangers lead walks, as do well-informed island residents. Paths are well-marked, with seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ruins, Amerindian petroglyphs carved on rocks, and flora and fauna noted on a printed leaflet. Although Trunk Bay's underwater trail is marked for novice snorkelers, other areas offer scuba diving challenges. Coral Bay seems remote.



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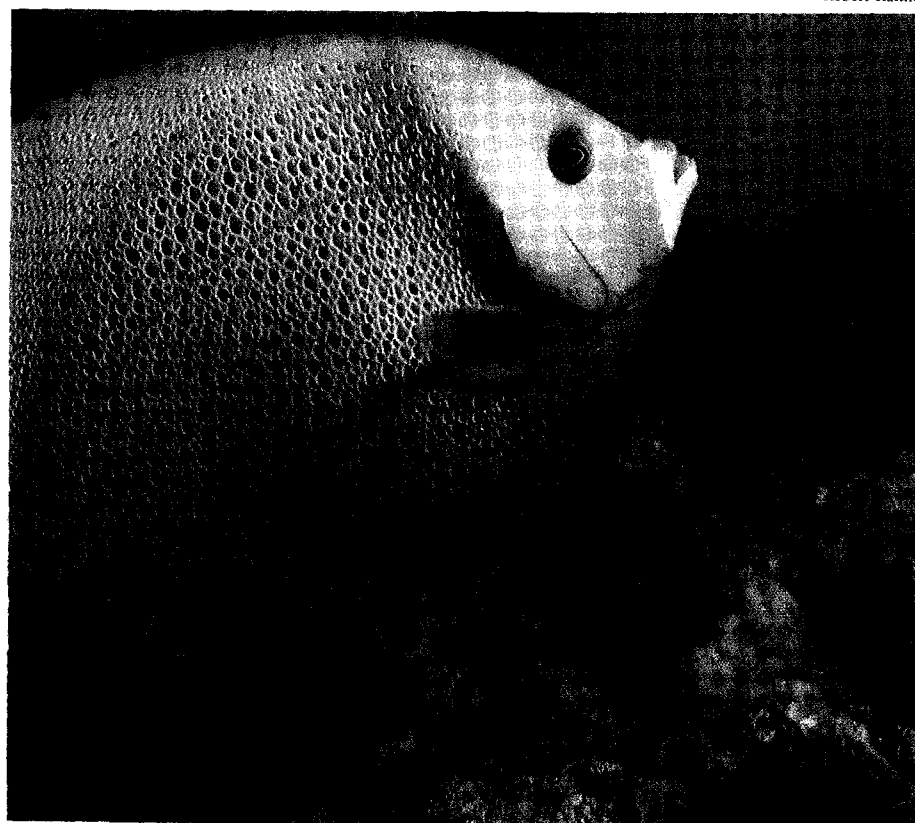
ST. LUCIA rises in an almond shape, south of the French West Indies. Large portions of the west coast and most of the sea-bashed east join the mountainous mid-section in being in a natural state. Although cane fields blanket some portions, most of the countryside is verdant, with rivers rushing from mountain sources. Portions of Pigeon Point, north of Castries on the west coast, are a National Park and the south (especially around the rain forest and the Soufriere volcano) are noted for birding as well as hikes and walks. The prized sighting is St. Lucia's unique (and endangered) *Amazona versicolor*, the "Jacquot" or "Perroquet" parrot with a bluish head and green body. The two Piton peaks, rising from the sea on the southwest coast, can be climbed by the hardy. Offshore diving will improve when sealife takes up residence in two derelict airplanes which have been towed to sea as the start of a south coast marine park, not far from Club Med, and a freighter-wreck that sits in fifty feet of water off Cap Moule-a-Chique.

ST. MAARTEN/ST. MARTIN has dedicated itself to tourism with such enthusiasm that only one section, on the French side in the northeast, holds great interest to the naturalist. The island is a good base, however, for excursions to the neighboring Anguilla, St. Barths, Statia, Saba, and several tiny islets best known to fishermen and scuba divers. There are dozens of beautiful beaches, not all of them studded with tourist trappings. Ilet Pinel off the east coast is one unpopulated island for exploring, and the beaches along the west coast's Terre-Basses peninsula are reasonably remote. A hike up 1,286 foot Mt. Flagstaff, west of Quartier d'Orleans toward Beneden Prison Road, yields views and some birds.

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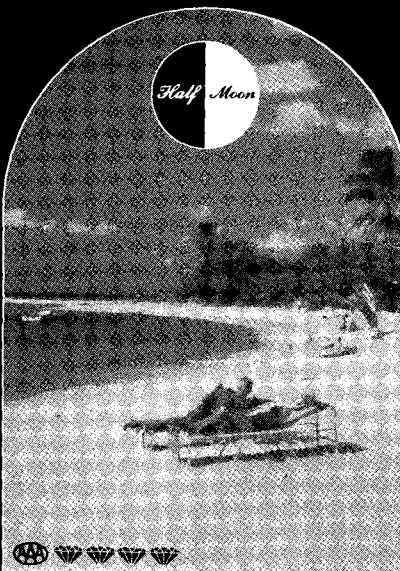


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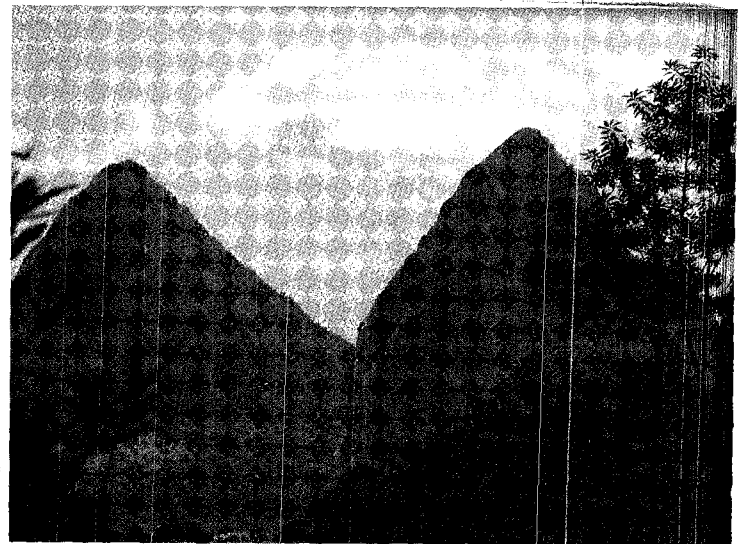
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Geo Media



Robert Ratner

ST. THOMAS has many beautiful beaches, but only those along the northwest coves have escaped development. Although the island was home for dolphin language studies in the early 1960s, sea pursuits have become more commercial in recent years. The east end's Coral World is an underwater chamber where visitors walk down into the sea to peer at fish and sealife in their natural habitat. Continuing a trend that started when the island was a training ground for the U.S. Navy's Underwater Demolition teams in World War II, St. Thomas is still a leader for scuba diving facilities and nearby sites.

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eine on the northwest coast, the volcano that rises in the north, the rocks of Yambou Gorge, and the Botanic Garden that claims twenty acres near the Governor General's house, on the northern fringe of Kingstown, are goals for nature lovers. Although there are several guided walks offered through the tourist office, the four mile hike up La Soufriere (the volcano) is the island's sine qua non. Trails through the Buccament Valley's rain forest may lead to the Amazona Guildingii, the St. Vincent parrot that joins the whistling warbler in being protected—and unique—on this island.

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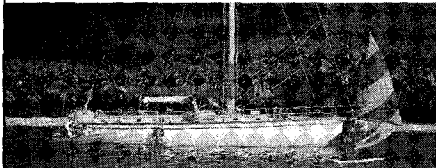


Arthur B. Singer is one of the best known 20th-century American wildlife painters. Singer has illustrated several books including "Birds of North America—A Guide to Field Identification," "State Birds" (co-illustrated by Alan Singer), and "Birds of the World." Singer's 1982 commemorative stamps of the 50 states' birds and flowers, done in collaboration with Alan Singer for the U.S. Postal Service, will be on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Natural History from November 19, 1987–January 30, 1988.



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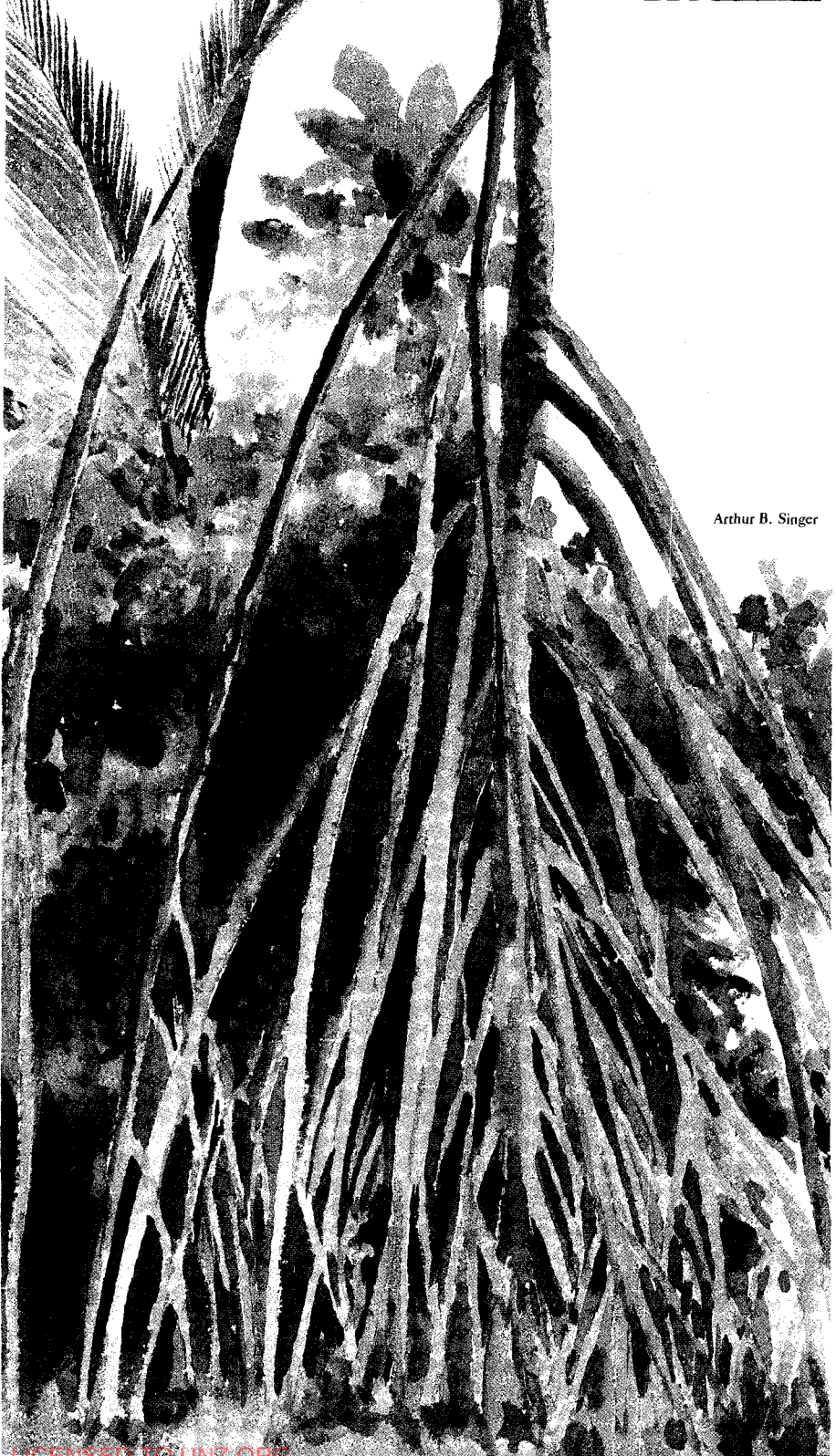
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Animals Animals Raymond A. Mendez



Arthur B. Singer

TRINIDAD is one of the Caribbean's most exciting destinations for the naturalist. Although it lies outside the West Indies' faunal region, it shares flora and fauna with its neighbor islands as well as with South America, to which it was once joined. Documented lists claim four hundred species of birds, six hundred butterflies and as many as one hundred mammals. The Botanic Garden, on the outskirts of Port of Spain, has unusual orchid and fern houses, and the neighboring Emperor Valley Zoo holds specimens of native animals and reptiles. The country's national bird, the Scarlet Ibis, nests amid



AMMANS ANIMALS L. LESZCZYNSKI

mangroves at the Caroni Bird Sanctuary and the Nariva Swamp is home for the red-breasted blackbird and pied water-tyrant. Other areas worth noting are north of Cumuto Village, in the Aripo Savannah and along the Aripo mountain range, as well as at the Asa Wright Nature Centre, at Spring Hill Estate, in the mountains near Arima. (Several bird tours base at the Nature Centre.) In addition to the riches offered on the main island, the Gasparée islands and caves stretching toward the coast of Venezuela are also favorites for naturalists. Maracas Bay has the best beach near the capital and the Pitch Lake, where asphalt has been carved since the time of Sir Francis Drake, is a sight to see.

TOBAGO, Trinidad's partner some forty miles east, is also popular with birders. Although the Bird of Paradise, brought to an offshore islet for preservation in 1909, has not been sighted in recent years, there are more than one hundred seventy other species to delight ornithologists. Scuba divers drawn to the north coast's Buccoo Reef are finding south coast sites more interesting, in spite of surging seas and currents.

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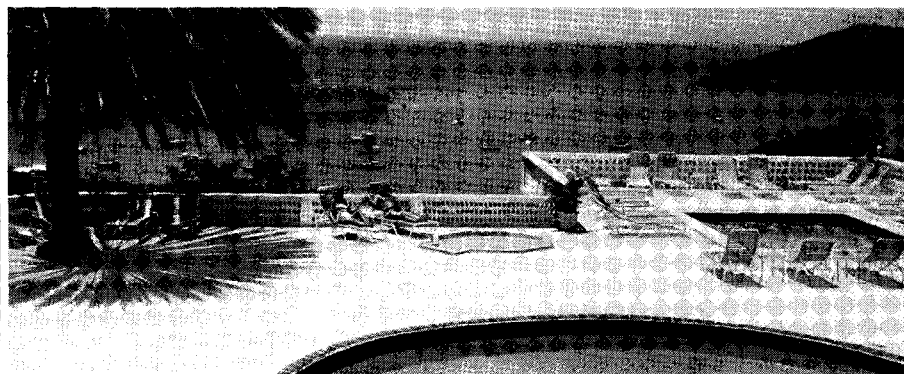
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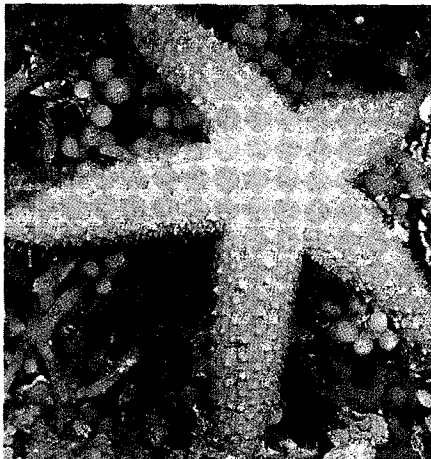
ST. THOMAS U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

THE BAHAMAS share flora and fauna similar to that known on their southern neighbors, although these dozens of islands and hundreds of cays rise from the Atlantic Ocean, north of the Greater Antilles. Although casinos and resorts have been cultivated at the expense of flora and fauna on New Providence (with Nassau) and Grand Bahama (with Freeport and Lucaya), both islands have botanical gardens that hark to earlier British influence. Colorful plants and flowering trees line walking paths, and are tagged for identification. The feathery pines that used to prickle over all of Grand Bahama have been sheared away at the resort-blanketed areas, but they flourish on the eastern sector and add natural softness to some of the flat coral outcroppings that are the several Family Islands. Almost forty species of migrating birds have been spotted in the islands, and offshore reefs provide endless opportunities to view the colorful parade of tropical fish. The Underwater Explorers Society (UNEXSO) at Grand Bahama is a good place for neophytes to learn about what can be seen, as well as how to dive; Nassau has an underwater observatory at Coral World Marine Park. The Family Islands are surrounded by many spectacular scuba and snorkeling sites. The Exuma National Land and Sea Park is limestone and coral reefs where marine life thrives. Inagua's Lake Windsor is part-time home for a colony of flamingos and Cat Island has caves near Port Howe. The Andros Islands are surrounded by a Great Barrier Reef and the Abaco Islands include Pelican Cay National Park.

TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS are eight inhabited isles and several tiny cays mingling with the southeasternmost Bahamas. Although no area has been designated as a national park and indiscriminate fishing and foraging for food has depleted species in some areas, lack of resort development leaves most of the coral pancakes in their natural state. Providenciales is the most developed of these islands, but West Caicos is uninhabited. Other islands in the group include Grand Turk, Salt Cay, South Caicos, East Caicos, Middle Caicos, North Caicos and Pine Cay, one of several small islands that link North Caicos and Provo.



Animals Animals Z. Leszczynski



Animals Animals Z. Leszczynski

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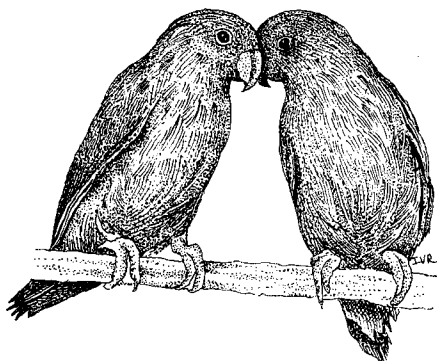
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handle the emotions aroused by their return, and they give the impression of being mawkishly weak rather than emotionally strong. The children don't know Chile, and begin to wonder if they know their own parents.

The stories told by exiles are not encouraging for those debating whether to escape their own dangerous lives in Chile. The Chilean psychologists warn in "Exilio" that, "without doubt, exile constitutes a situation of violence with a powerful potential for the destruction of the individual, the family, and the social system." Each day, more return and fewer leave, although the lottery of death continues. Each day, you brace yourself to face the psychological pressure of the threats, and imagine how you will evade an attempt to arrest or kidnap you.

If Chileans are dubious about going into exile because they do not know what to expect, the exiles return although they do know what to expect. If they are opposition leaders, they face the threat of death. Those who are not marked politically know that they face a long and traumatic period of readaptation. The authors of "Exilio" note, "Upon their return, they experience a process of regression which is linked to their encounter with a reality that has undergone important changes, and from which they have been separated for many years and which, as a consequence, presents them with the challenge of a new apprenticeship to learn how to deal with it." They have to learn how to deal with their changed circumstances while confronting Pinochet's aggression, and the silence and lack of solidarity of society as a whole.

After the tears and the embraces of homecoming are over, a returning family must begin to look for work, a home, and a school for the children. It is difficult. Many times, home is in the miserable marginal settlements, the school for the children is in a Method-



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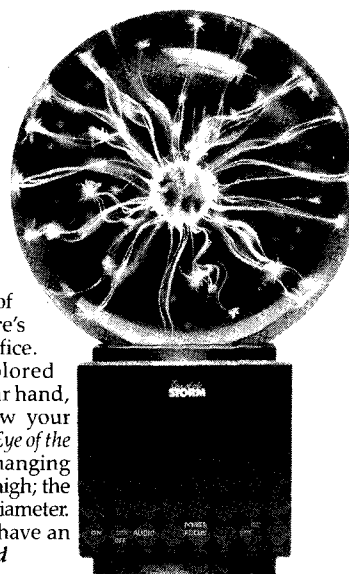
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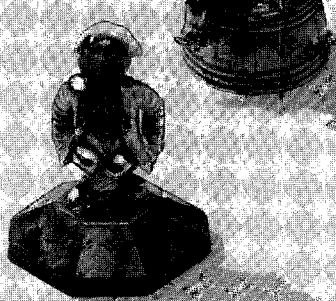
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ON April 2, 1987, some ten thousand people cheered John Paul II and Augusto Pinochet when they appeared together on the balcony of Government House, in Santiago. A few hours later, in La Bandera, one of the marginal settlements, six hundred thousand Chileans greeted the Pope with delirium, shouting, "John Paul, our friend, take Pinochet away with you!" To these Chileans and others the head of the Roman Catholic Church preached reconciliation during a visit that for six days smothered Chile in dizzying words, and its result was, quite definitely, a disappointing misencounter. The majority of Chileans, convinced that the Pope could change Chile, wanted to see him do so. The Pope wanted the Chileans themselves to change, although after reading reports sent to him by Chilean bishops he had no illusion that this would happen. Naturally, neither of the two things happened: Chile and the Chileans remained when he left as they had been when he arrived.

A year and a half of preparations for the Pope's visit had created a vast misunderstanding—a misunderstanding that stemmed from the suffocating political situation. It was inevitable that the Chileans, because they were so exhausted, would see the Pope's visit as the only way to unblock reality. Not even the Communists attempted to minimize the importance that divine intervention could have in the search for a solution to the Chilean drama. The Communists fought for a place at the Pope's meeting with the leaders of the other political parties, and they fought for an opportunity to express their views to him.

Since the Pope was unable to announce publicly to the Chileans that divine intervention is not exercised in politics, he kept within the limits that his religion has delineated for relations between God and Roman Catholics. His addresses were no different from those he had given in other countries on his thirty-two previous international tours, but this time he did emphasize those words which could comfort the spirit, though they might not change reality. Most Chileans had hoped that the Pope would speak of



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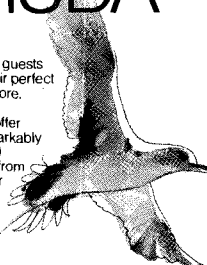
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free elections, but he spoke of reconciliation. They wanted to hear a direct statement about the violation of human rights, but he spoke about the dignity of man as a creation of God. He did not ask for work for the Chilean poor, but, yes, he was clear about the sanctity of labor. And he emphasized that the poor are those who are closest to the heart of Christ. Only his dynamism and his stern personality kept frustrated expectations from turning into an agnostic rebellion. Yet those who had manipulated expectations for eighteen months could not have imagined the spiritual fortitude of the Vicar of Christ, his theological clarity, his personal magnetism. John Paul easily destroyed the idea that had been created of him as a political superman, yet this did not leave him in a vacuum. He clearly established the limitations of the Church in seeking a solution to Chile's problems, but he also made it clear that he was preoccupied by the drama that was developing in Chile. He was a magnificent witness, who, in different ways and by various means, transcended his actual testimony.

In Chile, the Pope did not manage to make peace between two hostile camps, as he had managed to do when he averted a war between Argentina and Chile, in 1978. Possibly, he had not aspired to this. But perhaps he did manage to make himself into something that the Chileans will begin to understand as his visit recedes in time. It was as if he had held up a huge mirror before them, so that they could see clearly the image of a Chile divided, stagnant, and in decay. The Chileans may begin to understand that the Pope's sole miracle was to enable them to discover, after he had left, that only they themselves can find a solution and that this does not imply a total triumph of one faction over another.

While the struggle between two Chiles to win the voice of the Pope had no victor, the battle to win his ear and his heart was won by the victims. Carmen Gloria Quintana was able to tell the Pope about being burned by the military, because during a tour of a Catholic hospice he came up to her of his own accord and embraced her. He took her disfigured face in his hands. Now the military commanders know that the Vicar of Christ knows what they did to her. The papal nuncio, Monsignor Angelo Sodano, managed to avoid any mention of the name of André Jarlan when Father André's Bible, bloodstained, because the priest's

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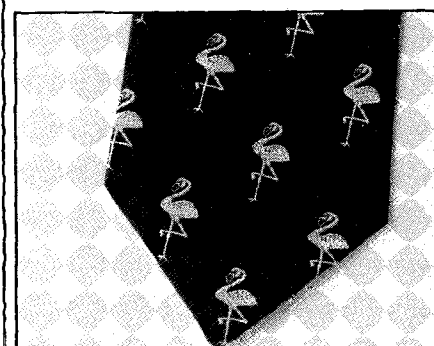


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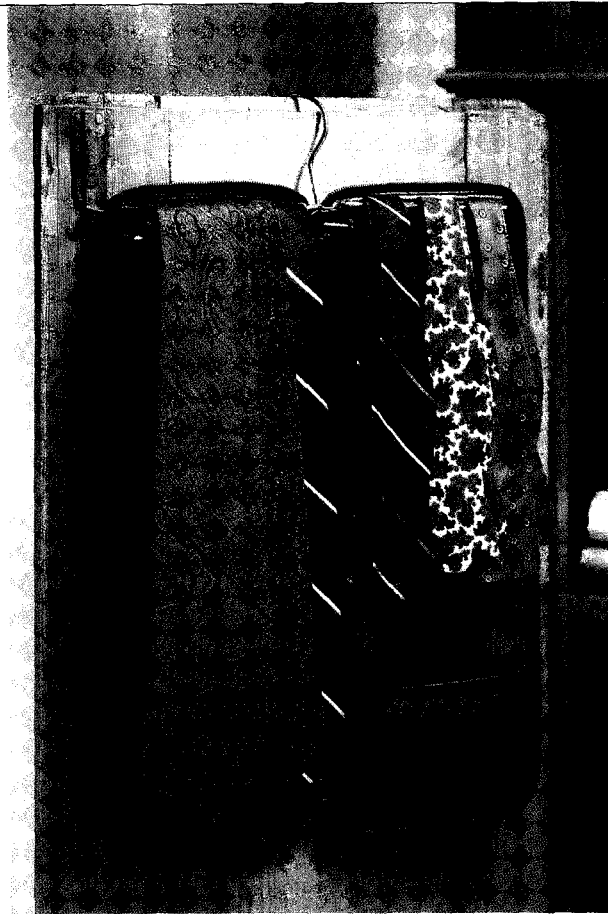
head fell on its pages after he was killed, was given to the Pope. But the Vicar of Christ heard the name of the martyred priest proclaimed by six hundred thousand throats during his meeting with the poor. He received the Bible of Father André from the hands of the settlers of La Victoria.

At this meeting, the nuncio and the conservative sector of the Church could not close the Pope's eyes or cover his ears. The Vicar of Christ heard Luisa Riveros, an inhabitant of a marginal settlement, say, "We are mothers, who give life and care for life. We do not want violence. That is why we are with those who are victims and with their families. We settlers do not want to see anyone killed—not civilians, not men in uniform. We want a decent life for everyone. Without dictatorship. That is why we visit the political prisoners and those who have been tortured. We ask for justice and the return of those who have been exiled. We are with the families of the detainees who have disappeared, and we want to be listened to and respected. At this moment, there are fourteen political prisoners whose lives are in danger."

The nuncio had made Luisa Riveros present various drafts of her address, and he had altered all of them. But she managed to introduce, without telling him in advance, the issues of torture, the political prisoners, and the disappeared. When she concluded her three-minute address, John Paul embraced her, and Luisa Riveros was able to whisper in his ear, "Our people are bleeding with pain, because the young people want justice."

The Pope hugged her closer to him and assured her, in a low voice, "Everything passes."

The Pope did not bring down Pinochet. It is a pity that so many Chileans had waited with such anxiety and imagined so fervently that this could occur. But after the Pope's departure, when they were calmer and could think back over his visit, the Chileans discovered that the Vicar of Christ had demolished the wall of silence that the government had tried to build around his visit. Twice, he had shown clearly and publicly his emotion and grief: when he embraced Carmen Gloria Quintana and when he listened to Luisa Riveros. Thanks to thousands of Canadians, the burned girl had arrived by air from Canada, where she had gone for medical treatment. Luisa Riveros had arrived on foot from a distant marginal settlement and had



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returned on foot to the shack she calls home. Now Pinochet cannot deny, although he may pretend to ignore, the message that these two Chilean women proclaimed *urbi et orbi*.

The government called the Pope a messenger of peace. The majority of the Chileans called him a messenger of life. The Church officially called him a messenger of life and pilgrim of peace. The government invested all its energy in transmitting the image of the Vicar of Christ standing next to the dictator of Chile on the balcony of Government House. The Chileans, however, selected the image of the Pope taking the head of the burned girl in his hands and resting his cheek against her scarred face. The government unfurled the banner of the peace that it says reigns in Chile, interpreting peace to mean the conservation of the status quo and the passive acceptance by the population of the government's plans for the future. The majority of Chileans interpreted the message of the Vicar of Christ to mean: open the jails; end exile; let us decide our present. Perhaps unaware that the Pope has good relations with the Italian Communist Party, the government placed all its bets on emphasizing the

defeat that the regime had inflicted on Marxism. Perhaps the government was also unaware that the Church's opposition to Marxism does not extend to cutting the throats of Communists—the practice that Pinochet prefers. If the Pope's attitude toward Communism needed to be symbolized for the Chileans, they now know that by the express decision of the Vatican the Marxist leaders were invited to the meeting between the politicians and the Pope.

The Pope converted his visit into a thunderclap of realism. The Chileans called him Hurricane Wojtyla. Thanks to the hurricane, it is now clear that there is no magic in politics—that there are no made-to-measure miracles for desperate people. Nevertheless, as the Chileans listened to the Pope, watching his gestures and his smiles, analyzing the addresses he gave and those he listened to, they could not resist the temptation to create another fantasy. They have an ultimate fantasy: it concerns the forty-two minutes in Government House when the Vicar of Christ and the dictator were alone together. Nothing can be verified about their conversation. But one thing is evident: it was the only part of

the Pope's visit that Pinochet did not dare try to manipulate by means of his control over the mass media. If Pinochet had made any false claims about what the two men discussed when they were alone, a denial from the Pope would have fallen on Pinochet's head like the scourge of God.

JOHN PAUL II was told before his journey that Paul VI had not hidden his indignation over what happened in Chile in September of 1973. Paul had spoken clearly of "the tragic political drama of Chile" after Pinochet overthrew Salvador Allende. He referred publicly to "the violent repressions," and only a gesture from the primate of Chile averted an open condemnation of the coup. Cardinal Raúl Silva Henríquez had believed that by using his good offices with the Pope he would be able to influence the military junta for the good. So, inspired by the Cardinal, the episcopate had issued a prudent statement: "It pains us immensely, and it depresses us, that our streets, our settlements, and our factories have been dyed red with blood and flow with the tears of so many women and children. We ask respect for those who have fallen in

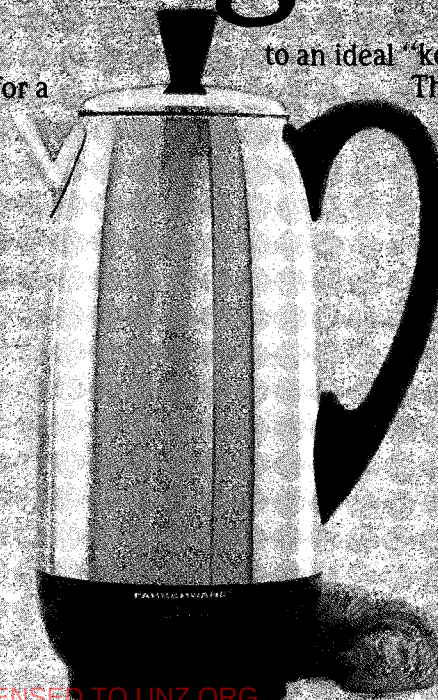
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the struggle and, in the first place, for him who until Tuesday, September 11th, was President of the Republic."

It did not take long for Raúl Silva Henríquez and the bishops to realize the magnitude of their error. They discovered, with shock and sorrow, that although the military officers were Catholics, who attended Mass, confessed to their priests, and baptized their children in the Church, it made no difference. The conclusion the Church reached was that it was necessary to create a special organization, to be called the Committee for Peace in Chile; and in 1976 the committee became the Vicariate of Solidarity.

On November 11, 1975, in a letter to the archbishop, General Pinochet wrote of this institution, "The organism in question is a means the Marxist-Leninists use to create problems that disturb the quiet and tranquillity which are necessary for the citizens." Pinochet realized that he had encountered his most formidable enemy: an impressive juridical organization set up with the full spiritual support of the Church to defend the victims of the regime.

If John Paul had granted Pinochet

one wish, there can be no doubt that he would have wished for the suppression of the Vicariate of Solidarity. In shabby offices in the cathedral in Santiago, facing the Plaza de Armas, the Vicariate records every known human-rights violation that takes place in Chile. It defends every political prisoner who has not employed violence in the struggle against the dictatorship—a determination that is made following an investigation by the Vicariate's lawyers, because the government's accusations are not accepted. In a survey carried out toward the middle of 1984 by the Center for the Study of Contemporary Reality, in Santiago, to measure the relative amounts of support that the population gives to various institutions, the Catholic Church appeared in first place. Immediately following it in public approval was the Vicariate of Solidarity. On a scale of 1 to 7, both the Catholic Church and the Vicariate of Solidarity were given a grade of 5.7. In third place was the Federation of Students, with 5.1. The government was given a grade of 3.6. It is surprising that a human-rights organization should be so widely known in a long, narrow country whose population is spread out over its

length. It is not surprising that John Paul gave his full support to the Vicariate of Solidarity, thereby realizing the government's worst nightmare. He met the staff members, and he called upon them to go on with their work, emphasizing that the Gospel consistently urges respect for human rights.

In an editorial, *El Mercurio* made an issue of emphasizing that the Vicar of Christ had not come to Chile to concern himself with democracy. It recalled a phrase that John Paul had used during his conversation with journalists on the flight from Rome: "I am not an evangelist of democracy but an evangelist of the message of Christ." Yet the Pope's evangelism, which the government tried to use to win him over, was the reason that he went to the Vicariate of Solidarity. And it was his evangelism that enabled the human-rights workers to hear from the Pope himself just how deeply imbued with Christianity is the struggle for human rights.

Although the Vicariate of Solidarity has only twelve full-time lawyers, the staff, thanks to aid from other countries, is surrounded by computers and other modern equipment. When there is an emergency, staff members call

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upon the experts at the Human Rights Commission of Chile. When they need to refer to international legislation, or to make information widely available outside Chile, they can call upon the resources of Americas Watch, in New York, and Amnesty International, in London. When they need confidential channels, to provide special information or a means of hiding or escape, there are the diplomatic missions in Santiago that act as watchdogs over the regime—the embassies of France, Italy, Canada, Germany, Sweden, Spain, the United States, Argentina, Australia, and Holland.

The lawyers of the Vicariate of Solidarity estimate that each case they deal with calls for three weeks of intensive work, but this estimate does not include time and effort spent attending to the families of political prisoners, who must also be looked after. Many families—especially people from rural areas—are paralyzed with fear. Such families tend to think that simply to save their other members they must abandon the one who has become a political prisoner. The lawyers have to explain the intricacies of the law in order to get a family's approval to represent an imprisoned relative before the courts. This is particularly important in the case of detainees who have disappeared. The Vicariate of Solidarity also provides psychological support and therapy to the prisoners' families.

Reports of violations of human rights reach the Vicariate of Solidarity from every corner of Chile. The violations reported range from an anonymous telephone threat made to a priest who helps the poor to the smashing of windows in a rural village where the population has expressed its desire for the democratic rule of law. One report begins by describing the insults that a woman received when she visited her son in prison, and goes on to outline in detail the torture inflicted upon him. Other reports tell of the whereabouts of prisoners who have been moved from prison so that they can be tortured in places that cannot be readily identified. Then, there are the grisly discoveries, like the mass grave in Lonquén. Everything is recorded in the Vicariate of Solidarity. Then the information is published throughout the country and abroad. Reports go to the international human-rights organizations, and they also go to tiny parishes all over Chile, so that they may be read at Sunday Mass. Thanks to this vigilance, no crime by the re-

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gime has been disguised, disproved, or hidden. Each regulation of the dictatorship is analyzed by the human-rights lawyers, who then inform the United Nations Human Rights Commission of any violations of international treaties signed by Chile. This remarkable effort has made the Vicariate of Solidarity the conscience of Chile.

It was shocking but not surprising that the director of the archives of the organization, a thirty-four-year-old sociologist named José Manuel Parada, was picked out by the dictatorship. In March of 1985, he was kidnapped, his throat was cut, and his body was dumped in a field. He had been working with the Church on human rights for twelve years. Throughout the world, men and women working in human-rights organizations knew of José Manuel Parada. They knew that they could trust his information—that he knew what was going on in Chile. Enrique Palet, the executive director of the Vicariate of Solidarity, expressed the horror of everyone when the news broke: "In the name of God, we say, This is not just, this is not human, this is not Christian."

TESTIMONY

I had wounds all over my body, I couldn't control my muscles and my body was in a permanent state of spasm and shivering... My lips were totally destroyed, to the point that pieces of skin were hanging and I couldn't speak properly... Captain Tellez shot off four shots from a revolver and then told me there were two shots left; he made me take the revolver and test the trigger by putting it to my forehead and made me squeeze the trigger every time I answered a question negatively.—*Alfredo Bruno Malbrich Baltra.*

A VERY simple question is being asked in Chile today: How can we bring Pinochet's dictatorship to an end? Rarely in the life of any nation has a single question received such a variety of replies. Answers range from the frank ingenuousness of José Donoso, who, speaking of the United States, has said, "They put him in, so they should take him out," to an assassination attempt organized by the Communist Party. It would be impossible to list all the solutions Chileans have imagined that fall between these two extremes, let alone capture all the nuances of the various proposals.

Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were the two American Presidents who were in office when Chile made its only serious attempts, within a legal, constitutional framework, to

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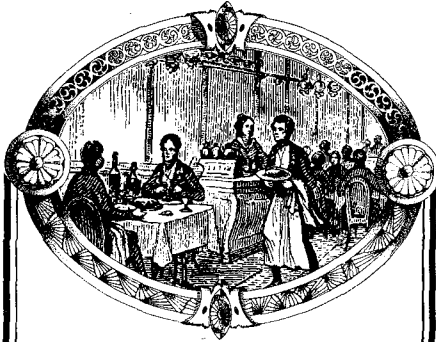
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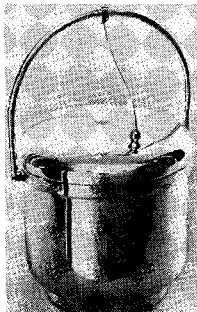
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modify an economic and social structure that condemned the country to backwardness and underdevelopment. Johnson refused to understand the "revolution in liberty" that President Eduardo Frei, the Christian Democrat, was trying to achieve, and President Nixon refused to accept President Salvador Allende's "peaceful road to socialism," although it had been accepted by the majority of the Chileans and their leaders in free elections. Now the United States has run into an obstacle it has encountered many times before. It does not always know how to remove those it has placed in power, or even whether it should do so.

Of the Chileans who believe that it is vitally necessary to eliminate Pinochet, the majority would prefer to see the United States do it, rather than the Communists. They believe that the Chilean armed forces would accept the operation if it were to be carried out by Washington, but that terrible, indiscriminate repression would be unleashed if the Communists were to assassinate Pinochet, and this would consolidate the military regime. The truth is, however, that at the moment the United States has other plans for Chile. They are not violent, as they were with Nixon and his Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger. They are also far removed from the magic solution that Chilean politicians dream about—an Operation Chile to remove Pinochet which would be over in twenty-four hours. It is widely believed that the Reagan Administration wants the Chilean armed forces themselves to bring the Pinochet dictatorship to a close—peacefully and, if possible, within the legal framework of the regime. Pinochet would be allowed to spend the rest of his days in a country of his choice; the political parties would be expected to allow the military to return to their barracks in peace; and the Chilean Communist Party would be isolated.

Although the proposal is simple, carrying it out would be extremely complex. Pinochet has his own friends in Washington, headed by Senator Jesse Helms and Jeane Kirkpatrick, the former ambassador to the United Nations, and he is maneuvering all the time. Pinochet is extremely good at political maneuvering. The Chilean political parties, for their part, have no common objective, even after fourteen years of dictatorship. Although their leaders have been together in jails, in exile, in the underground resistance, not one has ever managed to learn that

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he must sacrifice what may seem to be a benefit for his own party in pursuit of a common objective.

What Washington has achieved in a short time, merely by changing its ambassador and its attitude, is, for the first time in Latin America, the people's acceptance—with enthusiasm, or, at least, with resignation—of United States intervention. Pinochet's authoritarian personality and the savagery of the military repression have contributed enormously to this acceptance of American intervention. The acceptance was demonstrated in notable fashion toward the end of 1986 in a conference at the headquarters of Chile's professional association of journalists, in Santiago. A panel of political leaders from the right, the left, and the center discussed—seriously, rationally, and with equanimity—the possible participation of Washington in the overthrow of Pinochet and the American role in a period of transition to democracy. The topic was "Prospects for American Policy Toward Chile," and, naturally, the major complaints came from the left, but they did not constitute the traditional, virulent attack on imperialist policies. Instead, the left, viewing the situation almost with sadness, lamented that the United States intervened only in cases of crisis and, unfortunately, the American experts did not yet detect a crisis in Chile. Washington has achieved its consensus that no crisis exists because over the past two years it has publicized its almost constant criticism of human-rights violations in Chile and has intervened to call for the lifting of restrictions on press freedom.

Of course, the Chileans, during their incessant debate, have put forward other explanations for the American policy toward Chile. Some of these give rise to ambivalent, guilty feelings. For example, there exists a suspicion that the strategy of the United States toward Chile is linked to United States policy toward Nicaragua. This theory holds that the overthrow of Pinochet would clear the way





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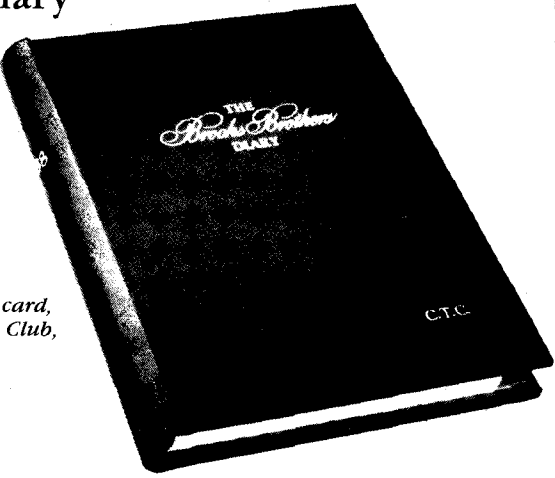
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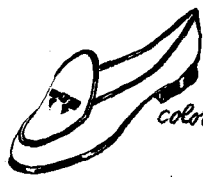
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for the Marines to invade Nicaragua, and even to bomb Managua, in accordance with the United States argument that the struggle against dictatorship in Latin America must be against left-wing as well as right-wing regimes.

While the debate over whether and how to remove Pinochet goes on, the military regime itself has been operating on the assumption that it will perpetuate itself in power. And its plan, because it could be imposed by force, could, of course, be successful. Under the present Chilean constitution, which was approved by a plebiscite in 1980, General Pinochet will continue as head of state until March of 1989; then elections are to be held for a new President, who will serve a term of eight years. It is true that the plebiscite, which was closely controlled by the government, bore scant resemblance to a democratic vote, but the armed forces will not allow even a shadow of public doubt to fall on its legitimacy. The constitution provides that the 1989 elections will also take the form of a plebiscite, with only one candidate and one option: yes or no. The sole candidate—presumably General Pinochet—will be selected by the armed forces themselves in December of 1988. If a majority votes no in the plebiscite, there will be a "free" election a year later—but without the participation of the Marxist parties. Because the military's definition of "Marxist" is not easy to interpret, there is no knowing how free these elections would be.

Since the moment when the 1980 constitution was approved, political life in Chile has been a story of tangled relations and tragic ambiguity. The party leaders have not managed to come up with a strategy, despite the many highly sophisticated and intellectually impressive projects that have been worked out. The most important actions taken jointly by the party leaders have been the mass demonstrations of the past four years. The party leaders managed to convince themselves that they could make Chile appear ungovernable, and so convince the armed forces that they should replace Pinochet and negotiate a transition to democracy. Ultimately, however, the Chileans proved what had already been demonstrated in Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay—that in any major Latin-American nation only the armed forces themselves can bring down a military government. The year 1986 proved to be decisive for the consolidation of Pinochet's

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personal power. His strength with the military reached a peak after the discovery of Cuban and Soviet arsenals on a beach in northern Chile in August and in the wake of the attempt on his life the following month. Yet certain sectors of public opinion—including some groups on the right, and even some military commanders—began to question his psychological stability when the police kidnapped and murdered four people (they failed in their attempt to abduct a fifth) as vengeance for the killing of the five bodyguards in the assassination attempt.

WHAT, then, is the way out? The politicians' inability to answer this question—or, rather, their ability to answer it infinitely—causes many Chileans anguish. They know that the answer is not to be found in Chile's universities, though there are twenty-three of them. When Pinochet seized power, the military regime managed to disrupt the universities and lower their academic standards. It was particularly merciless toward professors and students in the fields of political science and social studies. Then the alternative life—the contradictory search for creative space

within a dictatorship—gave birth to forty-seven major research institutes and private study centers, and to several dozen similar organizations on a somewhat smaller scale. There isn't a political tendency or an ideological outlook or a religious or philosophical discipline that is not represented in one of these organizations, and not a single aspect of Chilean reality is overlooked in all this research activity. Working in the think tanks are professors who have been expelled from the universities by the regime, theologians who have completed their studies in seminaries abroad, researchers who have been freed from prison, and scientists who have returned from exile after being trained in the United States and Europe. Together, they produce hundreds of books, thousands of reports, and hundreds of thousands of statistics in their search for the knowledge that will enable them to understand Chile's present, explain its past, and foretell its future. It is the first time that people within a ferocious Latin-American dictatorship have had the intellectual energy to reflect upon themselves from within their country, rather than from exile. Their reflections are almost always honest and

sincere—and totally committed to the drama of Chile. This unique phenomenon can be explained in large measure by the cultural development of Chile before the military dictatorship—a development atypical of Latin America. Before Pinochet, Chile was a pluralist society seeking a peaceful path to socialism through democratic and constitutional means. The Chilean Communist Party always accepted this pluralism and rejected violence; it even withheld support of the Kremlin line during episodes like the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and differed with Moscow over the guarantees required to assure the security of Israel. The Roman Catholic Church in Chile has also been unorthodox. While it rejected the theology of liberation, it took progressive attitudes, joining in the daily struggle for democracy. Finally, the Christian Democratic Party in Chile has been unusual in that it has enjoyed strong working-class support and included outstanding trade-union leaders.

Another surprising circumstance has been the support that Chilean democrats have been given by universities and foundations in the United States and Europe. Such intellectual

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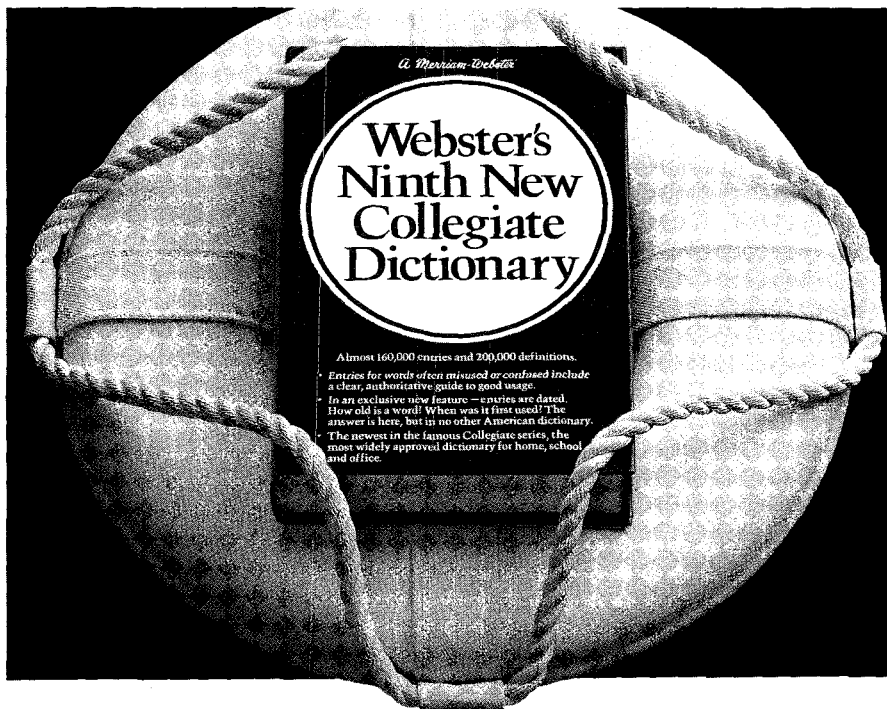
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and financial collaboration appears to have no limits. Invitations from abroad to members of the Chilean think tanks to give lectures or take part in seminars often interfere with the normal pace of work at the institutes. It appears that the world one can still consider politically civilized has pinned its hopes on Chile, seeing it as one of the great contemporary challenges.

There is no doubt that all the research papers, analyses, studies, polls, statistics, and projects churned out by the think tanks explain and define Chilean reality. But they do not explain and define how to get rid of Pinochet. All the work that has been done has made it clear that there can be no solution to the Chilean crisis as long as Pinochet is in power. Everything indicates that Pinochet must go. But it is not yet clear who is going to remove him, or how and with whom the succession and the transition will be negotiated.

One alternative to the 1989 plebiscite—or, rather, since the military's candidate would presumably be rejected, to the free elections that would follow in March of 1990—would be for the armed forces not to select Pinochet as the sole candidate for the Presidency. The military men might be persuaded to select one of their own whose personality and record would be guarantees of a peaceful path to national reconstruction. In return, the political parties could promise that they would support and campaign for that candidate. This notion, however, goes against the interests of the Christian Democrats: they would like to impose one of their own leaders on the armed forces as the sole candidate for a coalition formed by the military and the non-Marxist parties. As part of the bargain, the president of the Christian Democratic Party would promise that there would be no re-criminations against the military leaders and no criminal charges brought against them. The democratic parties would be assured of access to all the social, political, and economic structures of society, and would be allowed to dismantle the machinery of repression. The Christian Democrats' solution presupposes negotiations leading to the approval of the military.

Each day brings a new proposal from someone, or another original initiative, and each day the never-ending debate becomes more enervating. One alternative proposal is for the armed forces to hold a plebiscite to reform the



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constitution. This opens a multiplicity of sub-alternatives. The plebiscite could give voters the choice of reducing the new Presidential term from eight years to four. This period could be looked upon as one of transition—under a military President but not, of course, Pinochet. The new rules could allow the military to continue in power, but without repression. Constitutional reform could allow two candidates to run for the Presidency—one representing the democratic parties and the other the armed forces. But the military men know full well that their candidate would be defeated at the polls by a civilian. The mere suggestion of such certain political suicide immediately strengthens the military junta's decision that Pinochet must be the sole candidate.

Yet another sub-alternative would be for the armed forces to authorize the reform of the constitution and agree to two civilian candidates, with the military having the decisive say in their selection, so that whoever won the election would be the military's candidate. This would avoid the problem of a possible electoral defeat for the armed forces. But the reality is that the candidate most likely to win if

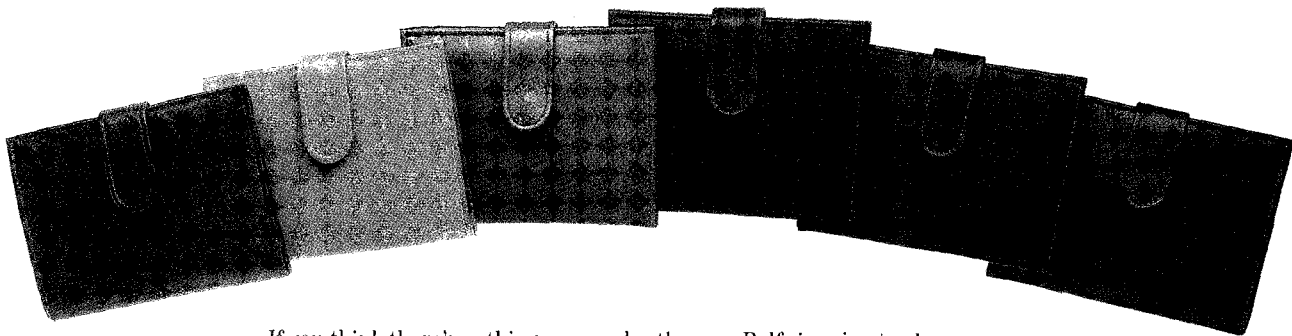
two civilians contested the Presidential race would be the one who reached an agreement with the left wing, which represents thirty per cent of the votes. The military, so prone to obsessions, cannot help weaving apocalyptic fantasies about the magnitude of the concessions that a right-wing political candidate might have to make to secure the votes of the left to win the Presidency. The political advisers of the military never tire of recalling that Charles de Gaulle—even de Gaulle—and Alcide De Gasperi, the Italian Christian Democratic President, were obliged to appoint Communists to their Cabinets.

So military dogma remains firm: any agreement with the politicians would be a leap in the dark, whereas with Pinochet continuing in power it would be possible to secure concessions to ease any critical situation that might arise. On the other hand, the military men are well aware that with Pinochet in power the situation will not become any easier, even if he could be persuaded to make concessions. Just the opposite. Relations with the United States would get worse—particularly now that the Democrats have a majority in both houses of Congress. With

Pinochet, it would also be impossible to normalize relations with the new democracies—Argentina, Peru, Uruguay, and Brazil—that share borders with Chile or are close neighbors. These new problems have to be added to Chile's longer-standing diplomatic difficulties with Mexico, Venezuela, and Colombia.

Another unknown factor in Chile's political equation is the consequences of the refusal of the democratic parties to make a concession to the military by repudiating the extreme left. The parties maintain that their refusal is an intelligent, and even subtle, tactic. They argue that if left-wing groups continue to support violence their traditional constituency will abandon them for the democratic parties, as occurred in Argentina during the 1983 election of Raúl Alfonsín. This shift of votes would be the beginning of the end for the extreme left. And, even if the leaders of the extreme left did abandon political violence, the left would still be banned from participating in the next elections. Thus, the votes of their supporters would inevitably be transferred to those political parties which had refrained from attacking them publicly, and

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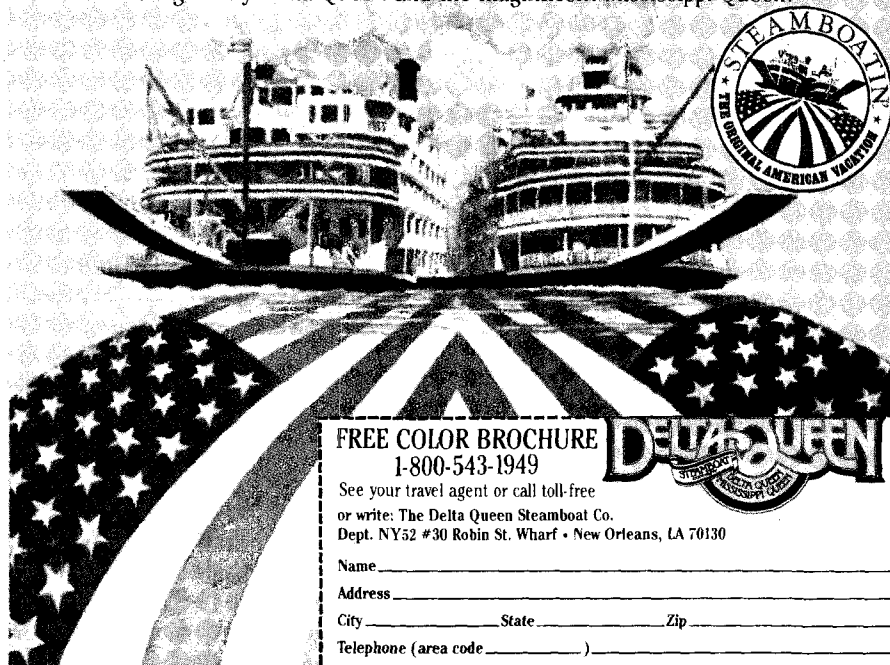
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had not contributed to their isolation.

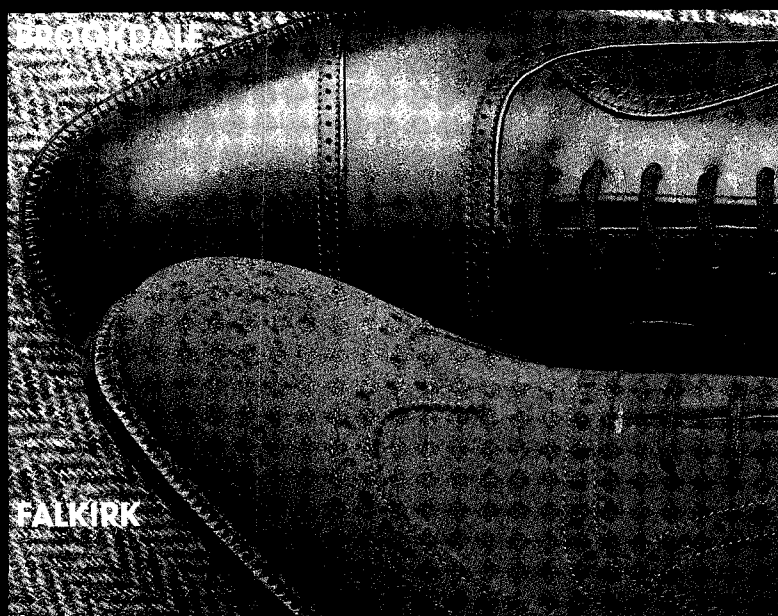
The military leaders, however, being still at the stage where they put their trust in throat-cutting and torture, do not place any trust in intelligent and subtle tactics. In any case, General Pinochet, who controls the entire apparatus of the state and a large part—it is impossible to calculate how much—of the military structure, appears to have a different attitude toward the use of violence. He uses state terrorism to impose his power and to consolidate his regime. At present, the violence of the extreme left is useful to him in his plan to continue as President until 1997.

As the Chilean politicians look about them, pondering the various alternatives, they can feel only envy. They have seen democracy return to Peru, Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay. They also recall the Revolution of the Carnations in Portugal, in 1974, when young Army officers toppled the most enduring dictatorship in Europe. They remember the overthrow of the Greek colonels in 1973. Most recently, they have the example of the triumph of Corazon Aquino, in the Philippines, with the Roman Catholic Church playing a major role in the struggle for democracy. Unfortunately, Chilean reality seems to lie outside contemporary history. None of the examples of democracy triumphing over dictatorship in other countries seem applicable to the Chilean situation.

The politicians are also disconcerted by the changes that are taking place in Pinochet himself. While it is true that his repressive apparatus remains as ruthless as ever, his public persona has been given a facelift. For many years, a major source of pride for Pinochet was his knowledge that he was often compared with the Spanish dictator Francisco Franco. He copied Franco's strict observance of protocol, his rigid discipline, and his totalitarian vision of society. Lately, however, he has been modelling himself more on Juan Perón, an Argentine and also a general. With a dazzling smile like Perón's, perhaps Pinochet, who is now seventy-two years old, can maintain himself in power for the almost forty years that the unsmiling Franco ruled Spain—or at least until his death.

Pinochet's political advisers have counselled civilian clothes, spontaneous smiles, and improvised conversations with civilians. They have also mapped out a seemingly non-stop series of visits to the interior of the

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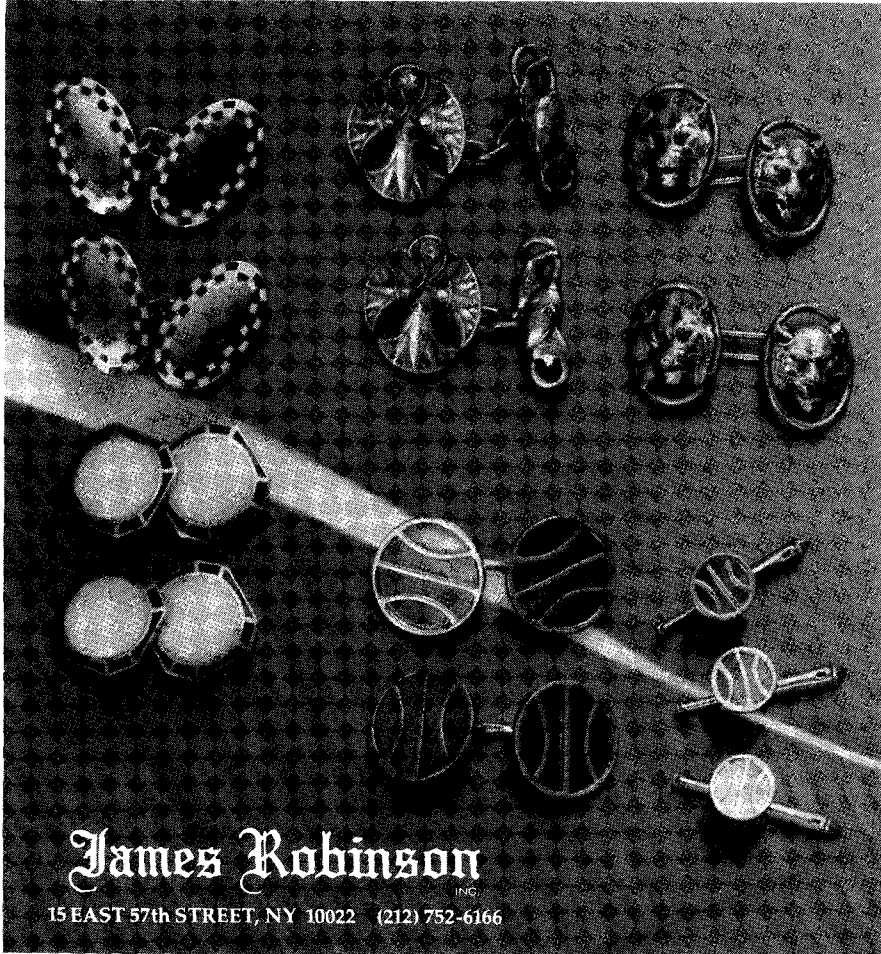


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country—particularly to small towns, where simple curiosity will guarantee attendance at the events he presides over. In these country areas, fear, on the one hand, and scant interest in politics, on the other, have combined to insure that no hostility is shown toward the President. In these small towns, it is easy to satisfy demands. Necessities are minimal. The people ask for subsidized jobs to tide them over difficult times. They ask for little things: a sewing machine for a family with many children; employment for an out-of-work teacher; a public telephone; street lighting in one part of town, a few paved roads in another; a first-aid post; running water. All Pinochet's tours, all his appearances, all his gestures are transmitted by television to Chileans throughout the country, so that they may receive the image he projects of a vigorous grandfather, or a somewhat elderly uncle, but, above all, of a very accessible man. The message is obvious: that a Pinochet-style democracy is not only possible but preferable to the insecurity of democracy under the political parties.

In Chile, people still remember the total chaos that enveloped the country during Salvador Allende's last year. It is only a short step from the traumatic collective memory of those times to the shared conviction that it was that chaos, and only that chaos, which was responsible for the suffering that followed under the military regime. For someone as adept at political manipulation as Pinochet, that is enough of a base for his frankly populist campaign, aimed at winning the Presidency in 1989. Support by large and small landowners and by large and small businessmen tends to insure his political stability. The thought of a return to chaos terrifies them. Even those who are living in abject poverty have seen their situation improve over the past few months; the regime has achieved this by throwing them crumbs. Pinochet has the funds, and his officials have the necessary instructions.

Beyond Pinochet's political maneuvering, there is a dread that haunts the opposition politicians. The polls now say that fifteen per cent of the electorate would vote for Pinochet, and the opposition fears that that fifteen per cent would become thirty-five per cent on the day of the plebiscite. The near-monopoly of the mass media, the manipulation of public employees, the unlimited funds available for his candi-



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dacy, the terror, the provocation, the favors and promises, and the incessantly repeated statements that a transition to democracy with Pinochet is far preferable to the continuation of the conflict between civilians and the military could produce this thirty-five per cent. In fact, it would be quite natural for the entire population to conclude that if Pinochet had been designated the sole candidate by the military junta it was because he had the support of the armed forces. At least, the people would say to themselves, there will be stability with Pinochet, the armed forces' candidate. For now, anyway, the political parties cannot come up with a better offer to a population that is exhausted and terrified.

Though thirty-five per cent of the vote would indicate that Pinochet had been defeated at the polls, it might still be possible for him to claim that no single political party could have secured a larger proportion of the vote. Such a victory would not provide him with constitutional legitimacy to continue in power, but it could provide the ground for a coup d'état in support of political pragmatism. It is this amoral pragmatism that Latin-American military men have used to their advantage so often. If there should be such a coup, Pinochet is expected to switch to another track in his plan to stay in power. The politicians call this other track Pinochet's "course of negative action." At the moment, nobody dares to imagine what scope or character his negative action would assume.

TESTIMONY

My name is Monica. I am 18. On July 26, 1984, the day of the communal strike in Pudahuel, I climbed a post to raise the Chilean flag. Shots rang out and the Carabineers appeared. Four of them carried me brutally to Police Station No. 26, in Pudahuel... They took me to a room where they undressed me, blindfolded me, and applied electric charges to my breasts, vagina, and ankles.

Then they all left except for two who remained in the room. I was completely naked. One said to the other that he should not abuse me because I was losing menstrual fluid. He didn't care. He took me by the hands and threw me into a corner. I knew what he was going to do to me. I knew I was lost and so I said to myself: You have to relax and breathe deeply. This swine cannot hurt me physically. After sexually abusing me, he began to shout hysterically. He said that I was a sickening woman, a disgraceful subversive. With my eyes bandaged, I could do no more than kick at him. He began to squeeze my neck very tightly until the others came and took him away. But one

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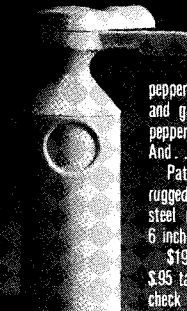
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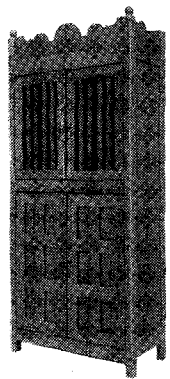
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of them stayed and after hitting me he sexually abused me.

After a time they took me away in a vehicle and we did many turns. They made me get down on my knees and they put the barrel of a gun against my forehead while they said to me: Would you prefer to die here or in combat? When the simulated executions ceased, I was taken to the police station at Cerro Navia. Later I was taken to other police stations until I arrived at the No. 1 police station at Santo Domingo. It was night. In the morning, they took me to the Center for Feminine Orientation. Five days later they freed me for lack of evidence.

As time passed after my return to normal life, adapting to it became more and more difficult. Nightmares, anguish, lack of money, and loneliness made me decide to see a psychologist. He told me that I should cry, but I could not.

It all became complicated because my boyfriend did not know how to handle the problem. For me, what happened in the cell was terrible, but I saw it as being even more horrible when my boyfriend became excessively careful with me when we made love. I told him that I was all right and that I only had a few psychological problems. But he, with every gesture, every caress, every word, behaved as if he felt he was harming me. What this did was to recall for me every second of what I lived through in the police station. My relations since that moment have been black. I don't feel anything. Everything is black, black.

Deep down I realize the Carabineers know that they can destroy a woman and that is what they wanted to do. They did not want to get information out of me, because they knew full well I had done nothing. They wanted to terrify me, neutralize me. They did it so that I would never take part in anything and so that I would go everywhere crying. Once they pulled me off a bus. That caused problems with my parents. They were frightened. I felt abandoned. I lost my only two friends. My father got to the point where he asked me to leave home, he was so frightened. But I cannot leave him alone. He has no work and if I don't, who will bring money to the house?

I don't want them to feel sorry for me. What happened to me is not something to cry about. What has to be done is to work so that nobody else will ever have to go through what happened to me.—*Testimony given to the Human Rights Commission of Chile.*

WHEN the right looks back at the Allende years, the balance sheet it draws up shows administrative



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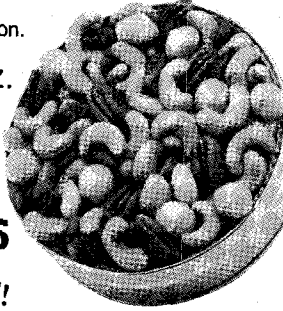
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chaos, the many strikes, even in the industries nationalized and administered by the left, and the occupation of land and factories by farmhands and workers. But the balance sheet that the left draws up is much wider in scope: the terrorism promoted by the C.I.A.; the campaigns in the mass media, financed by the United States; the artificial shortages created by industrialists and businessmen; and the paralyzing of the Congress by the continual sabotage committed by the parties of the right with the complicity of the Christian Democrats. Allende deferred to the armed forces on many occasions, giving them the control of emergency zones—regions where conflict had escalated to such a point that the President had lost administrative control. He created territorial mini-governments under the military. He also appointed military officers to his Cabinet, put them in charge of supply systems that had broken down, and placed them at the head of disorganized state enterprises. Neither of the balance sheets, whether of the right or of the left, can therefore explain the ferocity and savagery with which the armed forces initiated their government, in September of 1973. The genocidal fury with which the Chilean military attacked the Chilean people had no precedent in Chilean history and has not been explained in any of the innumerable studies of the armed forces that have been carried out in Chile over the past decade.

But there is an aspect of the Latin-American situation that has been overlooked by the scholars. It is the violent left. There has been too little study of its language and its psychology, even though what really gives society an idea about the violent left is their language. And, surprisingly, the leftists are delighted that this is so. The language they use allows them to believe that the military capacity of their guerrilla forces is such that they represent a real challenge to the professional armed forces. They have convinced themselves that the professional armed forces will fall apart in the face of this threat if it is accompanied by a few daring terrorist strikes.

This infantile and macabre thinking has led to a disaster in the three countries of the southern cone of South America. It is true that it does not explain—and certainly does not justify—the overthrow of civilian governments by the military, but it does provide an understanding of the dynamic that mobilized the armies

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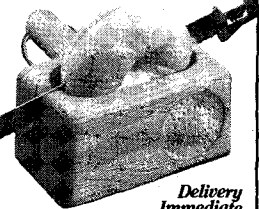
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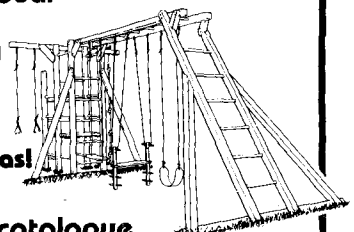
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for a genocidal onslaught upon their own people. The terrorists of the extreme left—the Tupamaros in Uruguay, the Montoneros in Argentina, and the Movement of the Revolutionary Left, or MIR, in Chile—based their strategy on the achievement of an objective: that they would be feared as an organically structured army and would be looked upon as an alternative to the armed power of the professional military. They achieved this objective, in that the vast majority of the officer corps in Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile came to fear them. However, the intelligence services and the military commanders had the facts about these phantom guerrilla armies. The intelligence services of the armed forces in Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile knew perfectly well that there was not the remotest possibility that any of the guerrilla groups could constitute an alternative to the armed power of the military. Nevertheless, they encouraged the belief that the phantom armies were real. In each country, this deceit was part of a conspiracy to stage a coup.

Ultimately, the terrorists who aspired to be guerrillas allowed their reputation to become more important to them than organization—more important, even, than training and supplies or arms. In some cases, they invented imaginary actions and claimed that they had carried them out. They also claimed responsibility for actions carried out by other groups. The Argentine Montoneros claimed that they had “executed” a police chief and his wife when in fact the couple were murdered by the chief’s rivals in the police force. And they attacked a barracks even though they knew that the Army was ready for them, waiting for them to strike. The result was a massacre of unfortunate civilians who happened to be in the vicinity.

The guerrillas of the left in Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile had also managed to convince themselves that they represented an immovable obstacle to the military and would be able to prevent a coup. They did not prevent a coup, they did not delay a coup, and they did not provoke a coup. In all three countries, there were other motives, apart from the pseudo threat posed by the guerrillas, for the armed forces’ taking power. The guerrillas merely provided an additional pretext. What the violent left did do was grease the wheels of the killing machine. The guerrillas wanted to cause panic in the armed forces in order to



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paralyze them, but the panic they created was just enough to spark a homicidal fury.

In general, a political force will always seek to magnify the danger posed by the enemy. It will try to demonstrate not merely that there is danger looming but that the very existence of society is at stake. Hitler perfected this mechanism against the Jews; Stalin used it against the old Bolsheviks and the dissidents. In a way—that is, within the limitations imposed by a democratic society—Senator Joseph McCarthy tried to do the same thing in the United States. Yet with the left-wing extremists in Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile it was exactly the opposite. They lied to make *themselves* appear more dangerous than they were. They boasted of their omnipotence, they exaggerated their operational capacity, they intellectualized their phobias, they proclaimed a revolutionary military strategy. Their claims were sufficient to motivate the armed forces, who were victims of the manipulation of their own intelligence services, and to drive them to commit the first acts of genocide in this century in the three most civilized societies of Latin America. The homicidal extremism that took hold among the military in Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile is the other side of the coin of the declamatory extremism of the revolutionary left in these countries.

Although left-wing terrorism has been condemned by all of Chile's democratic parties, it is more of an intellectual condemnation than a practical one. The magnitude of the crimes committed by Pinochet and the viciousness of the torture have caused the democratic opposition to condemn the regime a thousand and one times. Yet the opposition has never come up with a plan to counter left-wing terrorism. Some politicians have admitted—although only in private conversations—that one day they will have to come to terms with this issue. They know, because they have it from the mouths of the lawyers who are defending political prisoners, that condemning acts of terrorism certainly does not mean overlooking human rights, yet they realize that the youth of Chile would regard a campaign against left-wing terrorism as a victory for Pinochet.

THE opposition leaders, on the pretext that they are practicing democratic pluralism, try to negotiate solutions among the different currents of opinion, but the Chilean people



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sense that this is merely a way of avoiding the issue. Left-wing violence claims to be an armed struggle, yet the Chilean people know instinctively that this armed struggle is really only élitist alienation. There is a feeling that the universe is paralyzed, that history is immobile, that what exists now will exist forever, that life will continue in a context of violence.

The paralysis of the Chilean psyche has two principal origins: Salvador Allende and Augusto Pinochet. The Chile of Allende was unworkable. The Chile of Pinochet is insupportable. This insupportable Chile has brought men and women to a state of barely contained panic. It may be that only a severe upheaval or a long therapeutic accommodation with reality will open the way to reconstruction—the reconstruction not of the country, as the government's proclamations have it, but of the Chileans themselves.

—JACOBO TIMERMAN

(Translated, from the Spanish,
by Robert Cox.)

CULINARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From Delhi Diary, an English-language tourist guide to India]

Make a date with excitement. Transport yourself to Texas at the Taverna Cyprus for a culinary experience of wild west cuisine, combined with the adventurous ambience of Texas. This "fiesta grande" is on till June 14 from noon to 3 pm and 7:30 pm to 11:30 pm at Ashok Hotel.

Sauntering into the lobby of the Ashok, the strains of the solo guitarist at the entrance of the Taverna, will have you boot-tapping your way into a typical Texan restaurant—a camp fire, lasso and the inevitable horse-shoe for good luck. On the walls, posters of swashbuckling dare-devils on horse-back stare at you. The bar, a replica of those seen in Western movies, is decorated with hanging pots, pans, beer bottles; drums, wagon-wheels and a horse saddle complete the picture. The speedy service is attended to by none other than the Sheriff himself (Mr. Sanjeev Prakash, Manager of Taverna) ably aided by his deputy and six cow-boys. All are garbed in traditional Texan gear, complete with magnums in holsters. You will certainly "trigger your taste", with the sizzling sizzlers (priced at Rs. 39/-). With palate-teasing names like 'Hooker', 'Camanchi', 'Red arrows' and many more, the dishes vary from grilled steaks of chicken to ham, lamb, salmon, vegetables to the 'Sheriff's special', a mouth-watering grilled spring chicken (priced at Rs. 45/-). A free 'Thrill' is the refreshing cold drink (complimentary) from the House of McDowells. For starters, the soups are a taste of great things to come. The choice of desserts have adventurous names such as 'Hidden Treasure' and 'Sudden Impact'. 'Pedro Pie' (a delicious plum pie with plum sauce) reminds one of all the Pedro jokes. A humorous finale to a 'fiesta alegre'.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cons

JUST about every scene in "Weeds" is at a confusing emotional temperature, and everything seems to happen pell-mell before the audience is prepared for it. But the director, John Hancock, and his wife, Dorothy Tristan, who collaborated with him on the script, have caught the tail of such a compelling subject that the film holds you anyway. Nick Nolte is Lee, who's in San Quentin for armed robbery and is serving "life without possibility"—that is, without possibility of parole. After flunking two suicide attempts, this despairing convict, who has had only a sixth-grade education, begins to read books from the prison library; he attends a performance of "Waiting for Godot" that is given for the prisoners, and he is deeply moved, as they all are—especially when they hear the line "I can't go on." ("Waiting for Godot" is said to be the prime favorite of prisoners.) And Lee, stirred by a form of expression that is new to him, begins to write plays about imprisonment and then to stage them. He works up a social-

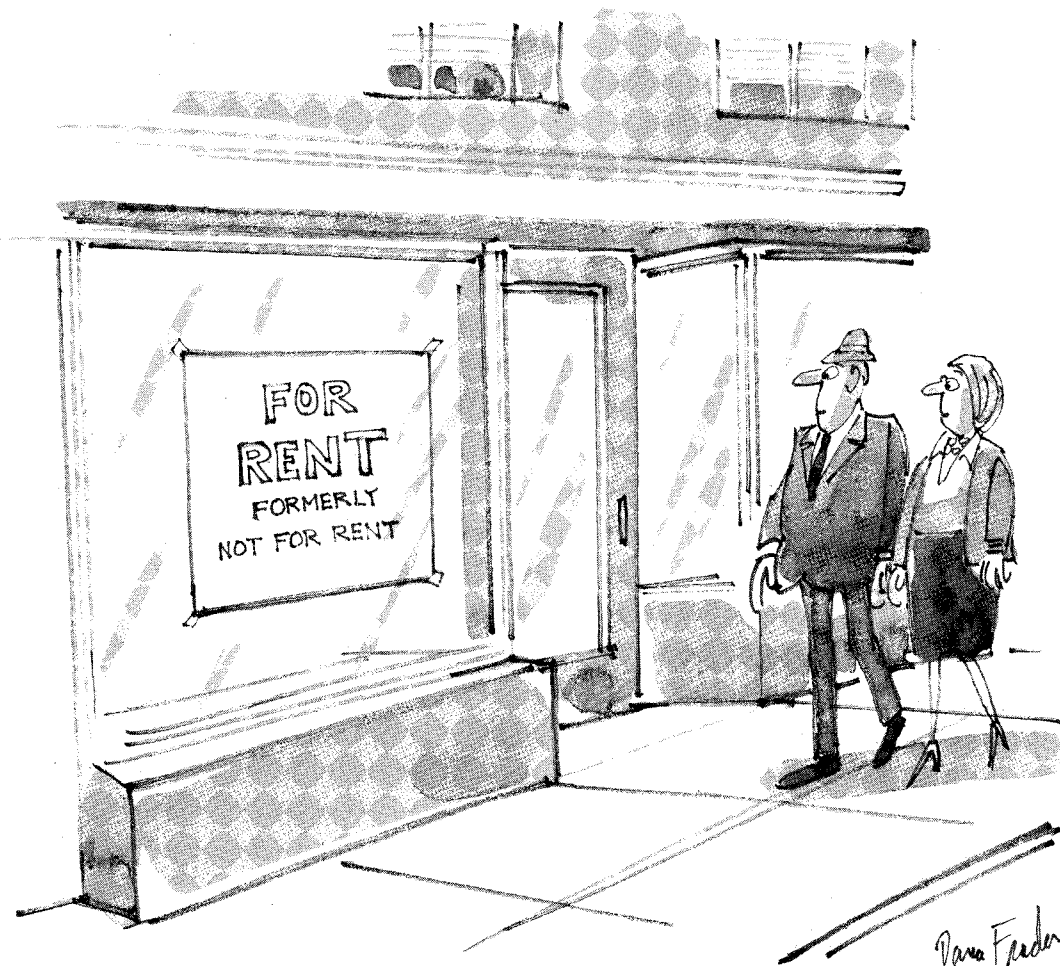
protest musical extravaganza about life in the pen which attracts visitors, and his activities win him a champion—a San Francisco theatre reviewer (Rita Taggart)—who eventually persuades the governor to release him. That's the beginning, and you may be afraid you're going to see something unbearably upbeat, but you get a glimpse of how complicated things are when Lee, in the reviewer's bedroom on the day of his release, takes off his shirt and she sees a huge devil's head tattooed on his belly. (She gulps.)

Lee organizes an acting troupe made up of former cons he worked with: a doltish shoplifter called Burt (William Forsythe), who was paroled twice during the time Lee was staging plays; a murderer (Ernie Hudson); an embezzler (Lane Smith); a smart pimp (John Toles-Bey), who taught Lee how to develop the abilities of the convict actors; a flasher (Mark Rolston); and others. But as a writer Lee is something of a faker. And the material that went over big inside doesn't have the same impact outside. Tour-

ing in a camper, with no money, the men—Lee included—are torn by impulses to revert to their former crime patterns. The movie is about their efforts to become professional men of the theatre. It's about the ways in which working together changes them and the ways in which it doesn't. (The murderer goes into a drunken rage during a performance, and the crowd perks up—the show has become more dynamic. The flasher, feeling the excitement in the air, can't resist flashing the full auditorium.) It's about how the men react to college-girl groupies, and how they behave during the confrontations with the audience which are held after the play. It's about a performance they give in a prison, where Lee gets so carried away by his ability to arouse the inmates that he starts a riot.

Hancock, who used to be the director of the San Francisco Actors Workshop, did some work with the convict Rick Cluchey and his San Quentin Drama Group (whose late-sixties show "The Cage" toured the United States and Europe). This movie grew out of Hancock's contacts with Cluchey's company and out of his and Tristan's research into other

prison theatre groups; it gives the impression that they piled together the stories and anecdotes they liked best, and left the job of unifying them to Nolte. He does it—largely by not overacting. Nolte plays Lee with an incarcerated holdup man's closed expression: there's nothing hopeful in the muscles of his face. Nolte's Lee doesn't pretend to have more feelings than he has. He never comes too close to us; he's a stony, inarticulate man struggling for expression, a man cut off by what twelve years of confinement have done to him, and by his need to control himself. (He thinks only when he's forced to.) Yet his harrowed expression—the caution and fear in his sunken eyes—keeps you watching him. In a scene where he has to summon up all his powers to fight his drive to regress (i.e., to commit an armed robbery), he's like a man fighting back his own



animal nature. When we see him dressed up for his New York opening in what he thinks a big-time actor should wear—a white topcoat, like something on a poster of a twenties movie star—he looks ill at ease, drawn, more tense than in his prison uniform. His smiles are gaunt-cheeked and stiff; he doesn't know how to relax.

"Weeds" is full of surprising effects. I don't think Hancock gets the dramatic value out of most of them—often, they barely sink in.

But they're there: Lee's suicidal cry of misery as he flings himself down from the upper tier of the cell block; the way Lee, who has never tried to talk to the other prisoners, eagerly solicits their reactions to his first play; the mixed emotions of the cons who are standing around waiting to audition for Lee when Ernie Hudson's tall young murderer decides that it's his turn and sings "The Impossible Dream," a cappella and in tune; after Lee is out, the moment when the paroled pimp tells him that he isn't sure about performing in the show, because he can't stand going back to the joint in his head; the stubborn determination of William Forsythe's Burt the shoplifter to overcome his stagefright; the panic when the men think that the camper is about to be searched and they don't know what to do with their parole-violating weapons; the way a genial Off Broadway actor (Joe Mantegna), who is brought in as a replacement for one of the ex-convict actors, learns to blend in; the inspired stroke of casting that gives Lee a gnomelike mom (Anne Ramsey) whose face—a distorted version of his—suggests the animal he fought back.

The movie encompasses way too much, and it never goes very far into the issues it raises, but the messy collision of energies keeps a viewer feeling alive. Forsythe's Burt is both a comic-strip goof and a believable character; when Lee shouts at him and he holds his ground, your sympathies are with Lee, but you feel something like love for Burt. He's magic. Or, to be more precise, Forsythe incarnates the magic of theatre that the convicts are reaching toward.

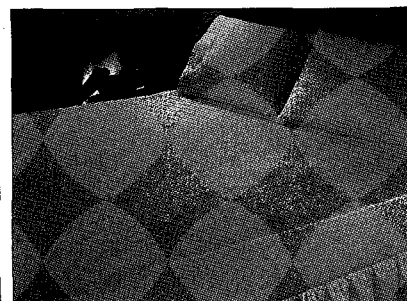
"BARFLY," the director Barbet Schroeder's faithful rendering of a semi-autobiographical script by

the sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski, has a howler right smack at its center. Bukowski is writing about himself just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid to late twenties—a budding writer who was beginning to be published. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. Looking at the world through puffy, slitted eyes and

smiling to himself, Rourke is a facsimile of Bukowski as he is now, and the effect is weirdly romantic. With his face beaten out of shape and his body contorted from broken bones, this wreck of a man—Henry Chinaski, he's called—is always willing to go out in the alley behind his East Hollywood hangout, the Golden Horn, and fight his

enemy, the powerfully built bartender (Frank Stallone), who kicks him when he's down and leaves him lying there, a lump of bloody garbage. Yet, despite his greasy hair, his split lip, and his skid-row tailoring, beautiful women are drawn to Henry. If he were an energetic young writer, their interest in him might not seem unusual; here, thanks to the howler, it has a comic element, and Rourke responds to them with a bemused, grizzled courtliness. He has a cocky gleam in those barely open eyes. Bukowski (who has said that he doesn't go to bars anymore) loves the movie. Why wouldn't he? He's presented as the eternal rebel boozier, the artist as life spirit.

One day when Henry is refused service in the Golden Horn, he goes down the street to another low dive. That's when he first sees Wanda (Faye Dunaway). After muttering that she looks like "some kind of distressed goddess," he asks the bartender, "How come nobody sits near her?" The bartender answers, "She's crazy." Henry picks up his beer, and as he walks around the bar toward her the camera slowly moves over the faces of the other deadbeats sitting there (among them is Bukowski). Wanda, like Henry, spends her days and nights drinking, but she doesn't write. When Henry isn't in a dive, he's in his flop-house room listening to Mozart on the radio. Wanda's soul is burned out: she doesn't listen to music. But she recognizes Henry as a kindred dedicated



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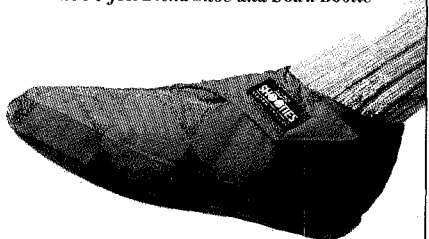
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drinker and invites him to share her seedy furnished apartment. And Dunaway and Rourke begin to show the facial shine of actors in love. They're a lively bedraggled couple. Wanda has flickerings of real oddity, and Henry talks to her soothingly, in soft, slow rhythms that are like a gentle, honeyed version of W. C. Fields' drawl.

At his most distinctive, Mickey Rourke has a seductive one-to-one manner, wrapped in silence. He sometimes overdoes the sweat and stubble, the bruises and curses, but as the weary I.R.A. soldier in this year's "A Prayer for the Dying" he's isolated in a way that suggests what the life of a terrorist might do to you—the lilt in his muffled speech is painful. And in Schroeder's static barrooms Rourke responds to the possibilities of heroic nonchalance in the role of Henry Chinaski. With his lower lip and his jaw jutting out, his shoulders pushed back, his chest thrust forward, and his arms hanging down, apeman style, as he walks, Rourke comes through with some of his best-humored, subtle clowning. The movie, though, is bilge. ("Henry and Wanda refuse to accept the living death of acquiescence," says Bukowski in his publicity statements. "This film is a focus on their brave madness.") But it's canny bilge, full of the author's self-love, and Rourke seems to revel in that canniness.

He's likable here, and so are the two principal women; he twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski and they twinkle back. Dunaway plays the self-destructive Wanda with a minimum of fuss; it's a forthright star turn—she wins your admiration by the simplicity of her effects. She redeems platitudes with a glint of insane conviction; she makes her lines sound right for the character—even lines like "We're all in some kind of hell. And the madhouses are the only places where people *know* they are in hell." And as Tully, the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine, Alice Krige, who wears her lustrous dark hair flowing loose, keeps pushing her hand back through it, in true L.A. nervous-narcissist style. Krige has a touch of Claire Bloom's wit in her acting, and in her beauty. At first, Tully may think Henry is smelly, but after a few drinks...

Bukowski's loving view of himself reaches its cartoon apex when Dunaway's Wanda and Krige's Tully fight over their rooster Henry—biting and



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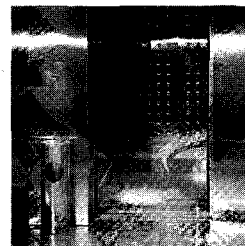
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scratching as they roll on the barroom floor. And, the way the movie is rigged, you know why they go for this bummy little guy: he's the only character with a soul that's intact. His humanity hasn't been corrupted or dried to dust; he isn't afraid of life—he isn't afraid to lose a fight or to hit bottom. This is a mighty simple movie, with its flyblown wisdom spelled out. It doesn't have the vision or the suggestiveness of Marco Ferreri's 1981 film "Tales of Ordinary Madness," which was also based on Bukowski's life, and which starred Ben Gazzara as the poet and Ornella Muti as a younger version of the Duna-way character. Gazzara (who gave a marvellous, raspy-voiced performance) played Bukowski as a poseur who was also an artist. Bukowski, in adapting his own material to the screen, seems content to be a poseur. "Barfly" asserts that Henry isn't tempted by security. Offered the guesthouse on Tully's estate, he snubs her; he calls her world "a cage with golden bars." (Of course, she's infatuated with his integrity.) Waking in her bed, he gets up saying, "I belong on the streets. I don't feel right here. It's like I can't breathe!" He goes back to his grimy haunts, where—we're supposed to believe—the real people are.

"Barfly" might be a film about the leader of a religious cult which was made by an altar boy. Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. His script is a pastiche of his earlier writing. It's not about finding truth by living among society's rejects—it's about peddling that notion of truth to the well-heeled. (Working-class people aren't likely to be among the buyers; skid row doesn't have the same appeal to them.)

I became impatient with this movie during the scene where the distressed goddess sleeps and Henry writes (on paper torn from a cheap notebook). My reaction was nothing compared with the stupefaction I experienced at Jean-Jacques Beineix's "Betty Blue": Betty had to go mad and poke her eye out in order for her man to become a writer—she gave up her soul for his art. But what a puny little myth of creation "Barfly" is! So this fellow chose to live like a bum: does that have to be a superior way to live—a spiritual quest? To be blunt about it, a

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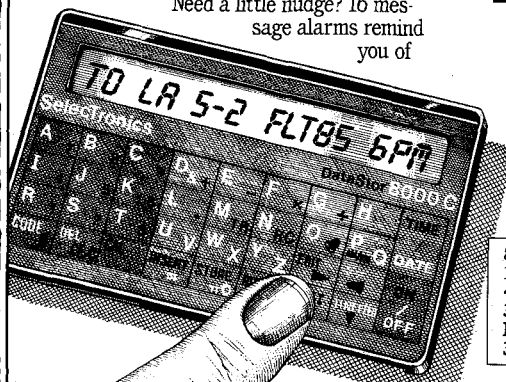
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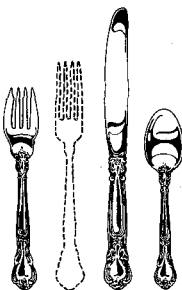
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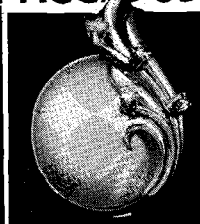
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director who stages fights—whether Henry's or the women's—as clumsily as Barbet Schroeder does has to go in for tony quests. But it's surprising that Bukowski couldn't come up with something fresher than a life-affirming hero who (we're actually told) "refuses to join the rat race." There are the obvious yuppie movies and then there are the ones like "Barfly," where viewers are guided to thumb their noses at the race to be the fattest rat. This script is a lazy con job. He didn't stay up enough nights.

RIDLEY SCOTT's thriller "Someone to Watch Over Me" is all moods. Prodigious planning and editing have gone into them, along with a lot of smoke, Gothic lighting, and interior decoration. They give the picture a high-class hauntedness. You drift into it. You can even trance out on it, because Scott works like a visual hypnotist: he seduces you by the repetitive monotony of the stimuli. He draws you into a dull, sensual daydreaminess (that TV directors wouldn't dare to attempt—they want you awake for the commercials). But after watching Tom Berenger and Mimi Rogers for a while you look around for the stars. With so much buildup—so much terror-tinged atmosphere—you expect actors with some verve, and you wonder why the script doesn't sneak in a few jokes. (Has a good thriller ever been this solemn? Or this simple?) A Manhattan socialite, Claire (Mimi Rogers), who writes about art and looks expensively asymmetrical, goes to a glamorous disco and wanders down to see her friend the young owner, who's in the basement, where he has a private swimming-pool art gallery. (If you want to know where all this opulence is to be found, the exterior of the disco is the Rex II Ristorante in the Oviatt, an Art Deco building on South Olive Street in L.A., and the dancing area and the basement were shot on the Queen Mary.) She sees her friend being stabbed to death by a beetle-browed, ferociously evil-looking gangster (Andreas Katsulas), and he catches sight of her and scowls like Dracula. She gets away, but since she's the only witness, the police assign men to guard her. One of them is a cop who has just been promoted to detective (Tom Berenger), a warmhearted, decent, uncultivated fellow who lives in Queens with his smart, happy wife (Lorraine Bracco) and their terrific son. Put in this protective relationship

to Claire, he falls for her, and she—less understandably—falls for him. (He must be the first sincere man she's ever met, or, since it's pointed out that he's not superficial or artistic—the same thing here—the first real man.) That's all there is to the movie—that and the moodiness and how Dracula will be prevented from murdering Claire, and how the detective's commitment to the two women will be resolved. Actually, there's no contest, since the wife stands in for the common people who buy movie tickets, and the wealthy dame has her art collection and her refinement. Statues are posted throughout her apartment like sentinels, and she must have rich people's Muzak—classical music pours through her walls.

Berenger gives a perfectly creditable blue-collar, regular-guy performance, but without the vitality and the rough edges that would stir things up. He and his role are so bland that you wonder what Claire is looking forward to when she looks forward to seeing him. He has no conversation—nothing but his soggy solicitude for her. Is it all his brute strength, his courage—and sex? That's an easy out for the scriptwriter (Howard Franklin has the credit); in thirties and forties movies, poor guys won the rich girls' hearts by making them laugh—by knowing how to enjoy life. Berenger's detective isn't gifted in this department; both women seem to need him mostly for protection. Daniel Hugh Kelly brings some kick to the small role of a cop who has split up with his wife; the only performer who really stands out, though, is Lorraine Bracco. Her line readings have a hard-headed urban earthiness. She's saddled with a few big emotional scenes, but when she uses her comedy timing she sparks the movie. It needs her badly, because as an erotic dream this visual spread on the life style of the rich is a bummer. (Not enough irresponsibility.) And you see Ridley Scott red-eyed and anxious hovering over each hypnotic shot. He has put such morbid, finicky care into this silly little story that he's worried the fun out of it.

—PAULINE KAEI

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President Reagan and OAS Secretary General Joao Clemente Baena Soares work with device that translates Reagan's speech into English.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Spirit of Delight

RARELY, rarely does one come upon an operatic evening of pleasures entirely—or all but entirely—unalloyed. Such an evening was provided by a performance of Antonio Vivaldi's "Giustino" in Houston last month. Several things conspired to make it so: a well-written libretto, the inventions of a great composer, staging that was always a pleasure to look upon, musical direction swift in response to each turn of the score, a cast of sensitive young artists with cultivated but fresh, unstrained voices, and—something audiences once required more insistently than now they do—the adventure of encountering an opera previously unheard.

"Giustino" is set in and around Constantinople, early in the sixth century. The plot is one of those that sound complicated in the telling but unfold clearly enough on the stage. The protagonist is Justin I, the plow-boy emperor, the uncle of Justinian the Great (who was the uncle of Justin II, the hero of Metastasio's early tragedy "Giustino"). At the start, the widowed Empress Ariadne welcomes her new husband, Anastasius, to the throne, and they set out against the rebel Vitalian. The scene changes from court to country: Justin, wearied by his rural labors, falls asleep over his plow and is visited by a vision of Fortune, promising him fame. Waking, he rescues Anastasius' sister Leocasta from a bear, and they fall in love. Later, he rescues Ariadne, who has been captured by Vitalian, from exposure to a sea monster. He conquers and captures Vitalian. He rescues Leocasta from rape by Vitalian's brother Andronicus, who has come to court disguised as a fugitive princess.

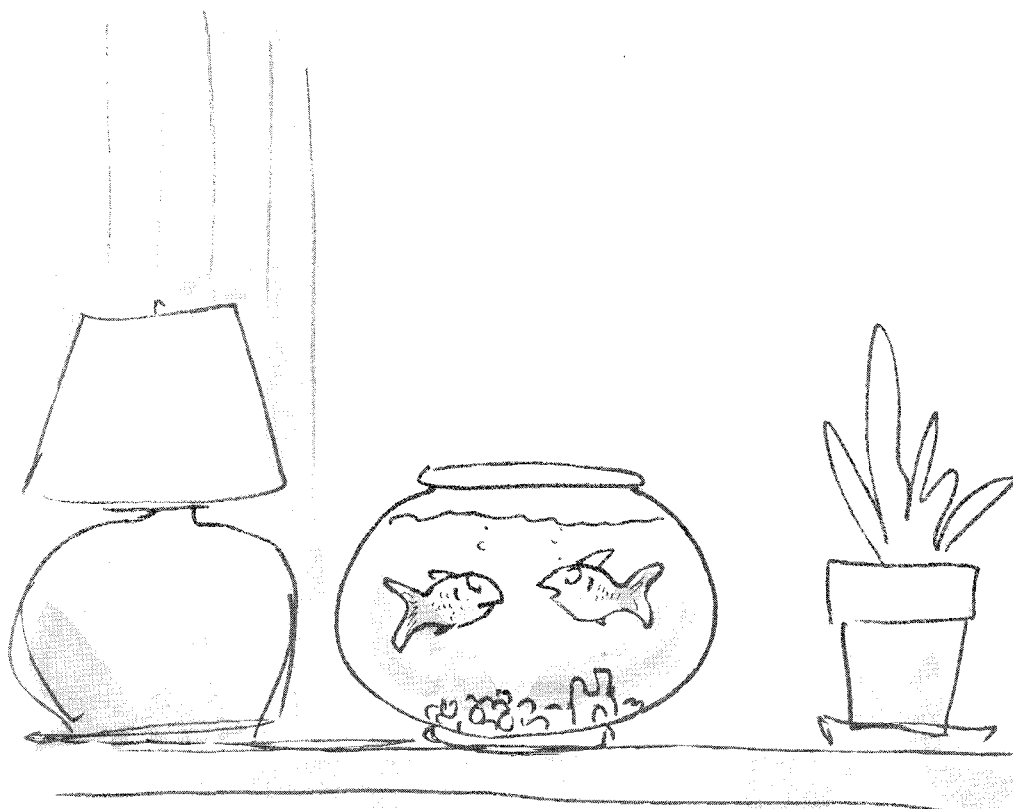
Anastasius' ambitious general Amantius, incensed by the honors heaped upon the peasant hero, instills, Iago-like, in Anastasius the suspicion that Ariadne and Justin are lovers. Justin is imprisoned, and the general seizes

the throne from a demoralized Anastasius. Leocasta contrives Justin's escape; in the country, he again falls asleep, and Vitalian and Andronicus (who have also escaped) come upon him. Vitalian is about to slay him when the mountains open, revealing a tomb from which the voice of Vitalian's father announces that Justin is Vitalian's long-lost brother, who was snatched by a tigress from his cradle beside the Euphrates. A star on Justin's left arm—the Vitalian family mark—confirms it. The brothers return to court and depose the usurping Amantius. The opera ends with another coronation scene as Anastasius, reunited with Ariadne, bestows his sister on Justin and invites him to rule beside him.

This animated libretto was written by Nicolò Beregan for Giovanni Legrenzi's "Giustino," produced in Venice in 1683. Pietro Pariati revised it for Albinoni's "Giustino," produced in Bologna in 1711, and it was a revision of this version that Vivaldi used, in 1724, for Rome. Abridged and further revised, it was set by Handel in 1736 for Covent Garden. (Handel

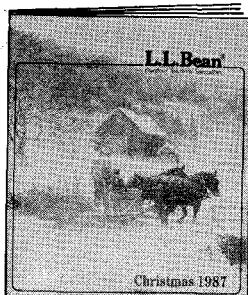
simplified the story by omitting the role of Andronicus; and in Houston Andronicus, who has only two arias, was also omitted.) It's a satisfactory drama: a tale of personal and political intrigues, of strong-willed characters, of steadfastness through sudden reversals of fortune. The two coronation scenes provide a frame, and there are other parallels: two strong episodes of defiant stichomythic exchange between Ariadne and Vitalian, the first when she is in chains before him, the other vice versa; the hero's two sleep episodes, each preface to a supernatural intervention. There is scenic variety. A 1743 inventory of Covent Garden props and sets includes "two oxen in 'Justin'" and "four furrows." And a stage bear (as also in "Calisto," "Siegfried," "The Bartered Bride," "Kitezh") is always fun. Act II begins in "a wood open to a wide view of a tempest-tost sea, with boulders and cliffs, on which is seen a vessel, which is wrecked on the shore, discharging Anastasius and Justin;" later, "in the distance, gradually rising from the sea, is seen a fearful monster, which swims toward the rock to which Ariadne is bound."

A text—Italian only, reproduced from the 1724 libretto, and not edited to correspond with what Vivaldi set or



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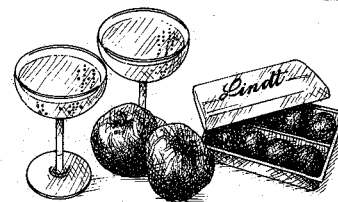
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what was actually performed—was on sale in Houston, but it was illegible during the show. (The cast's diction was wonderfully clear; I proved that later when checking against the printed libretto some trenchant lines that I'd jotted in the dark.) A rough English translation, all in capitals, was scrolled out in projection above the stage. Whenever it caught my eye, it was either useless (stuck, baldly proclaiming such things as "NEW SUN," "HEART," or "RUSTIC ORIGINS" for minutes on end, through whole aria sections) or positively misleading (lagging three or four recitative speeches behind, bearing no relation to what those onstage were saying and doing). During aria introductions, the scroller hastily caught up by running through dialogue that had passed long before; the audience had to guess who had said what to whom. There are arguments for as well as against supertitles in an opera seria: it might be helpful to be able to glance ahead at a couplet (as in a properly lit theatre one would glance at the libretto) and then pay attention to it while it was being sung. Clumsy, out-of-sync projection turns supertitling into a mockery.

Vivaldi's text needs to be understood. He was responsive to words. When Justin invokes sweet sleep, "bel ristoro de' mortali," recorders and oboes lull him, violins and harpsichords are silenced, violas and cellos are muted, and the double-bass holds to a low-C drone. (Slumber arias are frequent in early opera; this is one of the most beautiful.) When Justin sings "Hò nel petto un cor sì forte," the second-act finale, a virtuoso dulcimer part accompanies him; at the words "Amo il rischio" Vivaldi indicates just basic harmonies and invites the dulcimer player (in Houston she was Gertraud Nader) to take risks *a piacimento*. When Anastasius declares that he feels the heart in his breast to be breaking into a shower of tears, the quick, keen teardrops are pictured by string lines played simultaneously pizzicato and arco, without continuo.

In 1979, after the offerings of the Vivaldi tercentenary, and two years later, after a Dallas presentation of "Orlando Furioso," I praised Vivaldi's long-maligned operas. (Since then, three more opera recordings have appeared—"Catone in Utica," on Erato, "L'Incoronazione di Dario," on Harmonia Mundi, and the Clarion "Farnace," on Voce—bringing the tally to seven.) Let me, without plowing the same furrows in de-



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tail, affirm that "Giustino" afforded fresh proof of Vivaldi's unflinching melodic invention, his instrumental variety, his adventurous command of forms; and exclaim again at his power to sustain or rekindle interest during long acts, to pull out new surprises. He's not Handel. He doesn't create inspired, penetrating dramas to rank among the world's masterpieces of lyric theatre. But he writes music that delights the senses, elevates the spirits, fascinates the mind, and moves listeners by its beauty.

The first-act finale of "Giustino" is an aria for Ariadne, "Mio dolce amato sposo," whose melody flows in long, linked bouts of poignant sweetness—an invention to set beside the "Va tacito" of Handel's Caesar, or Semele's "O sleep." In Act II, Ariadne, chained to the rock, laments in measured recitative accompanied by arpeggiando harpsichords; her cries for help are answered by an echo and then a second, fragmentary echo. Later in the act, rescued, she lists to birds in the palace garden: Vivaldi writes three measures of birdsong to open her aria "Augelletti garruletti" and then leaves gaps in his score to be filled by Ariadne and the birds in emulous, pretty improvisation. The heroine's next number is extraordinary. The text is a thirteen-line poem in metres that suggest recitative:

Dalle gioie del core amor pendea,
Mà scolto non uscia,
Per ch'era troppo oppresso, e ancor
languia:
Languir l'alma il vedea,
E per pietà dolente ella piangea.
Quand'ecco, ecco che amore, ò
meraviglia!
Dalle sue vaghe ciglia
Stemprò del sen sopra le nevi argenti,
Onde gioisse il cor perle ridenti.
Quindi all'or fù; ch'il pargoletto Nume
Trasse l'empio costume
D'aver poi sempre, ò Amanti,
Quella sete crudel de' vostri pianti.

The general sense is clear: Love, having learned the melting power possessed by tears of grief, has acquired a cruel thirst for lovers' tears. (A prize for anyone who can put the lines into passable English!) Vivaldi sets the irregular verses as a through-composed formal aria. Ariadne's voice is doubled by first violins, second violins weave a line around it, and violas provide the bass. This G-minor aria moves through piercing chromaticisms. (I was moved to check whether there are deliberate twelve-tone melodies. There are—but only if one is prepared to cheat in the counting.) As in Bellini's "Ah, non credea" and "Casta

Diva," motivic variation and development build a coherent structure without direct repetitions. Precedents for just about everything turn up sooner or later, but I've not encountered a monologue quite like this in any other eighteenth-century opera.

"Giustino" opens and ends in C. It moves on the sharp side to G, D, and A, to E minor and B minor, and on the flat side to F, B-flat, and (once) E-flat and their relative minors. Act II opens and ends in E minor. There are many bold modulations, but only twice does Vivaldi venture further with a main key. When Justin has fallen asleep in C and "at the sound of a gay sinfonia the stage brightens, and Fortune descends," the strains of the Spring ritornello from "The Four Seasons" break out in E. In Act III, when Fortune has lifted Justin high and seems about to topple him, he and muted strings recall her key and her rhythms.

THE "Giustino" production in Houston originated at the 1985 Vicenza Festival, where it played in Palladio's Teatro Olimpico. It was brought over as part of the Italy in Houston festival: three weeks of music, drama, dance, films, exhibitions, and folklore presented by the Italian Ministry of Tourism and Spectacle. Sicilian and Venetian puppet troupes, G. D. Tiepolo's Pulcinella frescoes, and Massimo Ranieri in the Teatro di Roma's "Pulcinella" were among the other attractions. The city was *en fête*, its squares glittering with *luminarie*—the architectural "light sculptures" that deck Italian streets at festival time. The Houston Grand Opera opened the first season in its new house, the Wortham Center, with an Italian opera, "Aida," and with an Italian soprano, Mirella Freni, in the title role. On the same night, "Giustino" was playing a block away, in Jones Hall.

Palladio's Teatro Olimpico, built just over four hundred years ago, has a permanent set: a pillared, niched, and statued classical façade pierced by a tall central arch and two smaller side portals. Behind this stretch classical streets modelled in three-dimensional perspective. In 1948, a wooden replica of the famous stage was built, so that Teatro Olimpico productions could be toured; it housed the Vicenza "Giustino" in Venice, Milan, Versailles, Buenos Aires, and, now, Houston. The fixed set meant the special scenic effects could not be achieved: there

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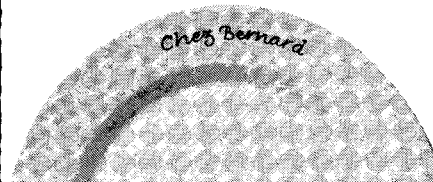
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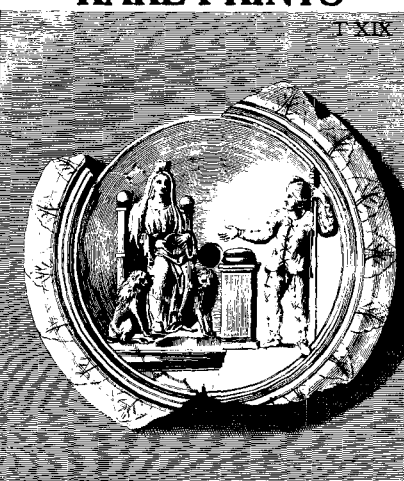
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was no plow, no bear, no raging sea, no appearance of Fortune "on a majestic machine, seated on her Wheel, which turns, and accompanied by her genies bearing sceptres, crowns, and treasures." On the other hand, Palladio's scene—based on harmonic proportions derived from the laws of musical consonance—is so harmonious and beautiful that a more profoundly pleasing background for a musical enactment could not be imagined. Pasquale Grossi, the designer of *interventi* specific to the opera, used it skillfully. The portals were made closable with panels of rich red, and for a while there were only glimpses of what lay behind them—until for Fortune's appearance the stage was thrown open to its full depth. Grossi's costumes, of Byzantine inspiration (Ariadne resembled her successor, the Empress Theodora, in the Ravenna portrait), were also executed in stuffs of rich red. They were formal, beautiful, and cunningly designed so that, despite the monochrome, there was no mistaking one character for another. The staging was by Marise Flach, who has worked much with Giorgio Strehler. She deployed the actors in stage pictures—subtly lit by Diego Dall'Orsa—that made vivid the dramatic situations. Grouping, movements, and gestures were precisely composed and eloquently rendered.

The musical director was Alan Curtis, who spends part of each year as a professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and the rest as a busy European maestro. It is nearly nine years since he was heard in New York—leading a Brooklyn Academy production of Cavalli's "Erismena" which was musically rewarding but was rudely staged. Meanwhile, reports have arrived of his work: annually at the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music (Stefano Landi's "Sant'Alessio" done in reproductions of the Bernini sets, Handel's "Ariodante" and "Rodrigo," Antonio Cesti's "Tito" and "Semiramide"); at La Scala and La Fenice; in Rome, Naples, Bologna, Turin, Reggio; in Amsterdam (Jommelli's "La Schiava Liberata"), Basle (Rameau's "Dardanus"), and Lisbon ("Rodrigo," Mozart's "Il Re Pastore"). This year alone, before the Houston "Giustino," I'd read about Grétry's "Zémire et Azor" in Liège, Gluck's "Armide" in Paris, Monteverdi madrigals staged in Siena, Cesti's "Semiramide" in Innsbruck, and, in Venice, the first performance in more than three centuries of Fran-

cesco Saccati's once popular "La Finta Pazza." (Saccati, esteemed in his day as the moon to Monteverdi's sun, had become a phantom composer, all his music lost, until "La Finta Pazza" turned up recently in the Borromeo archives. Venice revived it in a portable Baroque theatre erected in the Campo Pisani, decked with scenes after those Giacomo Torelli designed for a 1645 Paris performance.) In Berkeley, Professor Curtis had given tryout performances of some of these scores, with mainly local forces and without the scenic and instrumental resources of Europe's state-subsidized theatres and festivals. Thanks to the Italian Ministry, America has now been able to hear and see one of Maestro Curtis's shows in full splendor. May others follow.

VIVALDI composed "Giustino" for Rome at a time when women did not appear on Roman stages. He used an all-male cast. Giacinto Fontana, called Farfallino, the little butterfly, was Ariadne, who has the longest role, with eight arias, two duets, a solo in the opening number, the measured recitative and echo scene. Three years earlier, Farfallino had been Alessandro Scarlatti's Griselda. Girolamo Bartoluzzi, called il Reggiano, was Leocasta, with six arias. Justin (Paolo Mariani) and Anastasius (Giovanni Ossi, the celebrated virtuoso of the Borghese princes) also have six arias apiece. All the characters were sopranos or altos, with the exception of Vitalian (sung by Antonio Barbieri, a tenor much favored by Vivaldi, and later one of the first tenors to be assigned leading roles) and Polidartes, Vitalian's captain, a small, one-aria tenor part. In the Vicenza-Houston "Giustino," however—as if in belated affirmative action—all the roles, Vitalian and Polidartes included, were given to women. It didn't seem to matter. Houston's soprano Vitalian, Adelisa Tabladon, was a powerful vocal presence. Upward shifts do less harm than downward; it's a baritone Caesar, a tenor Xerxes whose virile heroism is compromised by murky downward transposition of a ringing castrato role.

The star of the evening was the Anastasius, Susanna Anselmi, who made her début in the 1985 "Giustino." It would be extravagant to declare that she compounds the best of the young Janet Baker with the best of the young Marilyn Horne, but the hyperbole may suggest the way she

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sings—with tones, phrasing, and words that go straight to the heart, the flash of bright metal when situations call for it, fluency in divisions and subtlety in their shaping, tender sostenuto in slow arias. She has a shining, affecting stage presence. All the cast gave evidence that in Italy there are now young sopranos and mezzos who value purity, clarity, and steadiness of tone above mere loudness, suppleness and accuracy above brute force, and verbal intensity above vociferousness. The others were Alessandra Ruffini (a noble Ariadne, especially moving in "Mio dolce amato sposo"), Gloria Banditelli (Justin), Caterina Trogu Röhrich (Amantius), Valeria Esposito (the Leocasta at my performance; Silvana Manga had sung it at an earlier performance), and Alessandra Mantovani (doubling Fortune and Polidartes).

The players, the Complesso Barocco Italiano, used modern string and wind instruments, apart from a Baroque cello and two archlutes in the continuo division. Besides the usual strings, oboes, and harpsichords, Vivaldi calls for occasional recorders, horns (for Amantius when he has usurped the throne), and trumpets—and the dulcimer. For most of his shows Curtis has "original-instrument" bands; when circumstances prescribe otherwise, he inspires the modern instrumentalists with a feeling for Baroque sound and style. The playing in this "Giustino" was light, transparent, and vivid. Curtis has always been a finely tempered, perceptive, impassioned musician. He is now also a bold, assured dramatic conductor. "Giustino" was done with a daring possible to an ensemble that has played a piece many times, and with the freshness of enthusiasts presenting to a new audience a work they believe in.

The edition was Reinhard Strohm's, which Ricordi is publishing. The opera contains thirty-nine arias, two duets, a final *coro* that is no perfunctory signing off but a chaconne on a seven-bar bass. The piece was not done complete: eleven arias and much recitative were omitted. I regretted this when, after the performance, I managed to get hold of a score. The show, done with just one intermission, after Act I, had lasted under three hours, and half an hour or an hour more of enchantment would have been welcome. There was nothing to regret during the performance; one surrendered, spellbound.—ANDREW PORTER

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THE THEATRE

Porter

ANYTHING GOES," in joyous revival at the Beaumont, opens with the rather tinny sound of an old recording of Cole Porter singing the title song; midway through, the orchestra joins in, the stage lights go up, and we're off. The show, under the acute, talented direction of Jerry Zaks and with an exuberant company, is primarily a celebration of Porter. Primarily but not entirely; the book, originally by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse and Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, has been revised by Timothy Crouse (son of R.) and John Weidman (son of Jerome), and it is entertaining and serviceable (and not all that different from the book I remember from fifty-some years ago). The action, which is quite active, takes place aboard an ocean liner, where there is some crisscrossing of romances. The passengers include a sexy female evangelist called Reno Sweeney and a sweet, fumbly criminal called Moonface Martin, who is Public Enemy No. 13. Hence, some chasing. The moment of truth occurs early on, when Patti LuPone, as Reno, steps out to sing "I Get a Kick Out of You." She is unaffected and cheerful (the question of the inimitable and indelible Ethel Merman does not arise), and the relief can be felt all over the house. All should go well, and it does. The settings and the elegant costumes by Tony Walton, as lighted by Paul Gallo, bring back to life Porter's cosmopolitan world—and somehow comment upon it, too, without becoming camp. Michael Smuin's choreography is witty and always in keeping, and there is also wit in the orchestrations of Michael Gibson.

As for the performances, the temptation is just to list the treats in this Jack Horner pie of a show. As Moonface, Bill McCutcheon, lovable and sly and moonfaced, is a worthy successor to Victor Moore. Anthony Heald, of "The Foreigner" and "Misalliance," among other Off Broadway hits, takes to the big time as to the manner born; he plays a droll English nobleman who thwarts a matchmaking matron with a marriageable daughter when he decides that Reno Sweeney is the girl for him. Howard McGillin, a leading man of distinction, with a remarkable voice, sings "Easy to Love," as a solo, and "De-Lovely," as a duet with Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, another

charmer, who is the marriageable daughter. (Mr. McGillin's character is an extremely marriageable man.) Linda Hart is a funny little gangster's moll. I do have at least this reservation: on the evening when I saw the show, Miss LuPone was so overmiked (damn amplification anyway!) that I couldn't understand a word of her "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" or her reprise of "I Get a Kick," although I know the lyrics by heart. The addition to the score of a couple of songs from other Porter musicals (among them "De-Lovely") didn't bother me at all, although I expected it to. Everything works; the production is full of surprises (including a pretty and pert chorus girl who is wearing eyeglasses), and of music and humor, and, most important of all, of spirit.

THE Roundabout is presenting a suitably dismal revival of John Steinbeck's dismal "Of Mice and Men." What did we ever see in this sentimental story of the attachment of a couple of itinerant ranch hands—George (John Savage), who is small and smart and tough, and Lennie (Jay Patterson), who is big and stupid and gently lethal? There is little force or focus in the leading roles as written or played, but the evening is sporadically brightened by the performances of Edward Seamon, Roger Robinson, and Mark Metcalf as other, and livelier, ranch hands. —EDITH OLIVER

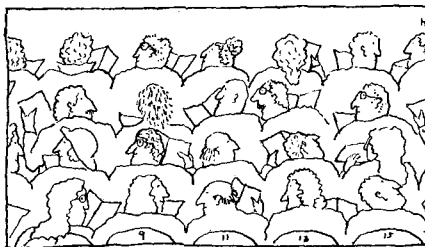
Brecht Strikes Again

THERE'S a sort of spiritual terrorism at work in Peter Brook's "Mahabharata." It wouldn't be going too far to call the entire enterprise an act of high-minded hostility. When you are staging an adaptation of an ancient Hindu epic that few people can claim to be familiar with, it's an act of aggression to provide less information about each of the characters than your average production of Shakespeare

would include in the program, and to list them not in order of appearance but alphabetically according to the names of the actors who play them—so that we have to sit with our noses in the program trying to figure out who is who. It's like being in grade school again: sitting for nine hours on the uncomfortable bleachers at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's newly distressed Majestic Theatre on Fulton Street, thinking at nine-forty that it's twenty long minutes to ten o'clock, after which there will still be an hour and forty-five minutes left to go.

The whole notion of trying to stage an epic is a bit problematic. When the Greeks turned for dramatic material to the story of the Trojan War, they chose an isolated incident—the death of Ajax, or the story of Philoctetes' bow. Actually, that "The Mahabharata" lasts nine hours has less to do with the vastness of Brook's undertaking than one might expect. It's not so much that a lot is happening onstage as that everything is said and done and allowed to happen very, very slowly. But the real problem with "The Mahabharata" isn't that it's long—"Nicholas Nickleby" was as long—it's that it uses essentially undramatic material. Nothing in the story of the great conflict between the Pandavas and the Kauravas gains by being acted out for us.

The production is vintage Peter Brook: elements of Brecht and Grotowski blended with a touch of Kahlil Gibran. There's a certain amount of pseudo-Brechtian fussing with props—wagon wheels that are meant to represent chariots, and arrows carried toward their mark by human hands—and now and then a voice intones sententious pronouncements: "Take the disguise of your most secret desire," "Victory and defeat, pleasure and pain are all the same," "Death doesn't kill anyone; creatures kill themselves." Mostly, though, "The Mahabharata" is the kind of theatre created by a lot of people hitting things, ranting, rolling about on the floor, and pouring things on themselves. There are engaging moments, and even one or two jokes. An amusing magic trick is performed in the second part, and sometimes there are interesting things to look at: puppets and processions, brightly colored carpets and cushions, cloth of gold. Occasionally, a ring of fire springs up onstage with a line of fire behind it, and that's exciting. ("Please note," says the program, "that during



the performance of 'The Mahabharata' special effects and pyrotechnics will be used.") But these are sops thrown to the audience, a reward for sitting in glum docility for so many hours.

Scarcely anything in the production is dramatically or theatrically effective. When the cast of "Nicholas Nickleby" transformed itself into the walls of a house surrounding the villainous Ralph, the staging device showed us at once the spectacle of a man tormented by imaginary demons and an image of that torment expressed in theatrical terms. The literal embodiment of Nickleby's terror was made up of the faces of people he had wronged. The theatrical devices in "The Mahabharata" serve only to make the production longer, not more expressive.

It's always exhausting to watch bad acting, and the international cast of "The Mahabharata" performs badly in many different ways. One actor favors the

old-fashioned declamatory style where you speak your lines forcefully out to the audience; another prefers to shout directly at his colleagues. There's a Polish style, an African style, a Japanese style, an Indian style, and an "international" style that is virtually unintelligible. The principal women are among the weakest performers: Miriam Goldschmidt, as Kunti, mother of the Pandavas; Malika Sarabhai, as their wife, Draupadi; and Hélène Patarot, as the vengeful Amba. And some of the men don't fare much better. (I found Bruce Myers' oleaginous Krishna especially hard to take.) But there are good performances, too: from Andrzej Seweryn, as good king Yudishthira; from Vittorio Mezzogiorno, as the great archer Arjuna; from Yoshi Oida, who doubles as a rapist and a sage, and, surprisingly, from the children, Nolan Hemmings and Antonin Stahly-Viswanadhan.

There is a certain kind of French afflatus that sits well with Oriental afflatus, and Brook's collaborator on "The Mahabharata" was the French screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrière. With all the afflatus going on in "The



"An excellent selection, Madam. Yours was O.K., too, sir."

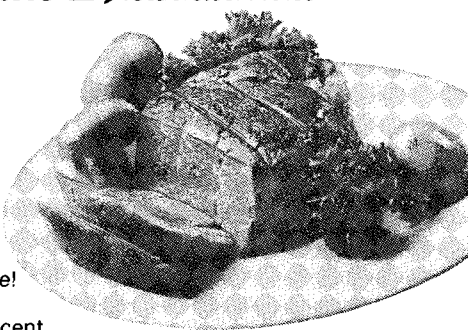
Mahabharata"—the phony mysticism and the divine imparting of "secret weapons" from sages to heroes—and all the pageantry, the whole thing gets to be like a cross between "Star Wars" and Paul Green's "The Lost Colony." But "Star Wars" never pretended to be high art or part of a Next Wave. And outdoor cultural pageants like "The Lost Colony" have at least the merit of being honest. They *care* about the tradition they try to preserve. Peter Brook doesn't really care about what "The Mahabharata" represents in Eastern culture or what it might have to offer a Western audience. He's not really interested in the conflict between the Pandavas and the Kauravas at all; he's interested in the threat of nuclear war. The warring factions in his "Mahabharata" are almost explicitly likened to two rival superpowers, and after a number of symbolic reminders that we're all children of one father there's a general bid for peace and brotherly love.

I'm not in any position to gripe about fidelity to the text. My Sanskrit's a little rusty, and the only English edition of "The Mahabharata" I managed to turn up appears to have been written for children. But I'll bet

"The Mahabharata" isn't that simple. Great epic poems don't usually have an easy moral, they don't give facile warnings, and they don't talk politics. Brook seems to have grafted onto "The Mahabharata" a sensibility full of Western, modern concerns, and I can't help thinking that he's diminishing rather than demonstrating the poem's appeal. I suspect what "The Mahabharata" has to offer a Western audience is a chance to glimpse human psychology refracted through the medium of poetry—like Ovid's "Metamorphoses," another story collection that purports to tell "the history of mankind." The stories in "The Mahabharata" are about people who fail or triumph because of individual traits so idiosyncratic as to seem like prototypes—even projections—of particular human fantasies and frailties. Draupadi, the woman who marries five different men, all of them brothers; Ghandari, who goes through life with a bandage over her eyes lest she see more than her blind husband; Amba, who walks the earth in search of a man to kill the lover she feels has wronged her; Uttara, the *enfant soldat* who goes off to fight an army single-handed; Yudishthira, the noble king

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with a weakness for gambling who loves to lose; Pandu, the man who commits a crime against passion and nature and is killed by a natural passion of his own; Bhishma, who takes a vow of celibacy to stave off conflict in future generations and ends up causing an epic war—they're all of them metaphors, eloquent because of their extraordinary specificity.

It's a shame that Peter Brook was less interested in metaphor than in editorializing. For metaphors are really his field. He is, after all, the man who taught us to fill "the empty space" with Brechtian theatre, and metaphors are what Brechtian theatre is all about.

ALYSON REED's performance as Sally Bowles in the current revival of "Cabaret," at the Imperial Theatre, perfectly captures a particular kind of upper-class English party girl. It's not just that her accent is good. (Actually, it was ever so slightly erratic the night I saw "Cabaret.") What's extraordinary is what Miss Reed has done to the quality of her voice—giving it a weird, tinny breathiness and studied inflexibility of tone. With her loose limbs and peroxide hair, she looks the part, too, in a way that Liza Minnelli never did: sort of brittle, yet brassy, yet sleek. Everything in her bearing and demeanor (how she walks, how she stands, how she moves) is quintessentially thirties, and everything she does (the way she holds a long-stemmed cigarette or flutters her fingers—like a gambler fluttering his hands above the chips—in preparation for being partnered in a dance) is in the service of an idea: something about the fragility of badness and a certain kind of little-girl promiscuity.

There's nothing vain or self-indulgent in her performance. When Liza Minnelli played Sally Bowles in the movie of "Cabaret," everything she did was in the service of Minnelli, and what most people remember is Minnelli, not Sally Bowles: Minnelli screaming under a railway bridge, Minnelli sobbing, Minnelli laughing, Minnelli suffering, and an image of tremulous lips and beckoning hands.

Alyson Reed's performance does much to reclaim the figure of Sally Bowles. In other respects, too, this revival, directed by Hal Prince, is curiously felicitous. It seems meant both to re-create and to update his original 1966 production—which I, alas, never saw. There are costumes by Patricia

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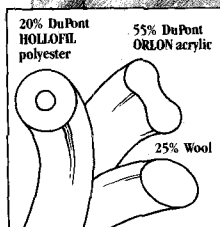
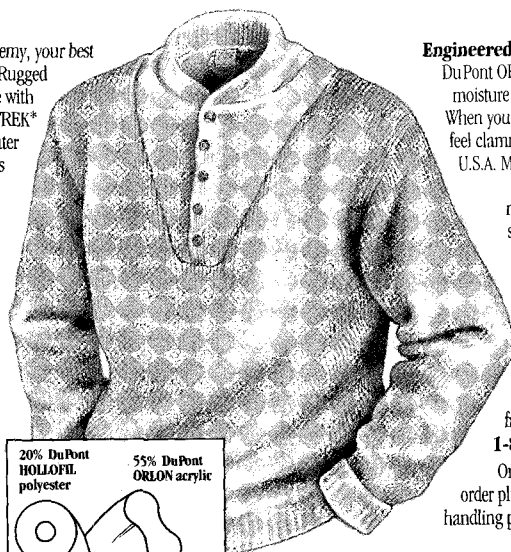
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Zipprodt, the original designer, dances staged by Ron Field, the original choreographer, and sets by David Chapman, based on the originals by Boris Aronson. And, of course, Joel Grey re-creates his performance as the Emcee. (His stage version of the role is vastly different from the performance he gave in the 1972 movie directed by Bob Fosse—subtle in a way one wouldn't have thought Mr. Grey capable of if one had only the screen performance to go on, and generous in that it doesn't choose to dominate the show at the expense of Sally Bowles.)

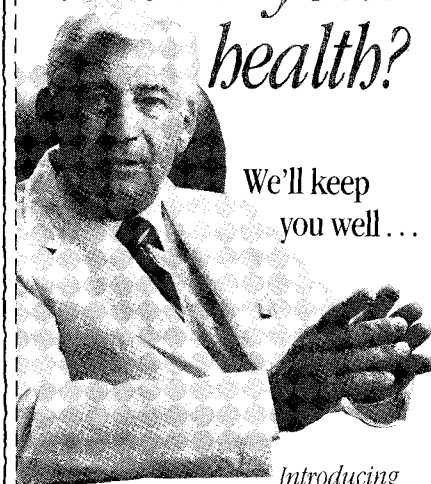
John Kander and Fred Ebb have somewhat altered their original score, eliminating two unperformable songs ("Why Should I Wake Up?" and the embarrassingly folksy "Meeskite") and substituting two new ones. I imagine, though, that the most obvious difference between the original show and this revival results from Joe Masteroff's revision of his own book, which reintroduces the hero's bisexuality, an element that (except in the 1972 movie) had always been suppressed. The issue of the hero's sexuality was left ambiguous both in the 1951 play "I Am a Camera," which John van Druten based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories," and in Isherwood's own "Goodbye to Berlin." But it was, of course—as Isherwood later explained in "Christopher and His Kind"—boys that took him to Berlin in the first place, in an effort to find what his friend W. H. Auden had depicted to him as a homosexual heaven. The real-life "cabaret" where Isherwood met Jean Ross, the girl on whom Sally is based, and which is given the Wildean name of Lady Windermere's Fan in "Goodbye to Berlin," was a "boy bar" named the Cosy Corner. Actually, the Kit Kat Klub, the cabaret that Kander and Ebb chose to use as a metaphor for the decaying Germany of the Weimar Republic, bears a closer resemblance to the heterosexual "dens of pseudo-vice" Isherwood describes in his memoir, where "screaming boys in drag and monocled, Eton-cropped girls in dinner jackets playacted the high jinks of Sodom and Gomorrah, horrifying the onlookers and reassuring them that Berlin was still the most decadent city in Europe." Masteroff's rewriting of Cliff as a bisexual (though Isherwood was not himself bisexual) goes some way toward correcting the lie that has been implicit in so many of the retellings of the story of Sally Bowles. It

was never really about political loss of innocence, or nostalgia for prewar Berlin. The appeal of this story has always resided in its ability to evoke the wistful nostalgia that hovers about relationships between homosexual men and the heterosexual women who love them.

Perhaps it's the zeitgeist that makes this production so surprisingly effective—something we bring with us to the theatre. For the rewriting of Cliff as a bisexual is not entirely successful (his lines have been changed but not his character), and Gregg Edelman is not always believable in the role. (He sings well, particularly in the upper registers, but he doesn't seem like the type who would let a "wild unpredictable girl" just barge into his room and put down roots there.) As Fräulein Schneider, the woman who runs the boarding house where Cliff and Sally live, the veteran opera singer Regina Resnik is a disappointment. She has a deep, melodious voice, but she gives her lines an almost perfunctory reading and brings nothing of the resignation and rage that Lotte Lenya brought to the Weilleian numbers "So What?" and "What Would You Do?" (You can hear it on the original-cast recording.) Werner Klemperer's performance as Herr Schultz, the Jewish greengrocer who sues for Fräulein Schneider's hand, is affecting and mercifully lacking in the delicatessen humor Jack Gilford brought to the role. And Nora Mae Lyng is particularly winning as the boarding-house hooker. In fact, all the performances are good. There's an odd self-consciousness about them, moreover, that helps to bail out the hokier aspects of the show. "Cabaret," after all, is an old-fashioned musical. Though it was revolutionary in bringing the concept of Brechtian stage devices to the Broadway musical, using musical numbers to comment ironically on the action of the play rather than to advance the plot, it dates from a time when musicals could still ask an audience to believe that people just spontaneously burst into song. The principals in the current production—all except Miss Reed—seem a little uncomfortable singing to one another, as though they were surprised to find themselves doing so, which has the effect of proposing a twilight area between realism and self-conscious theatricality—like the one "Cabaret" itself inhabits and always will.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 25
ONCE in a while, something, or a collection of things, happens here that tells us we are at someplace new—somewhere we have never been before—and it makes us uneasy. People here like to think that they have anticipated everything, that there's nothing that can't be easily interpreted or taken in stride. But what has befallen the Reagan Administration in the past few weeks, and especially in the last week, has many people here—inside and outside the Administration, supporters and opponents of Reagan, and also detached observers—in something of a state of shock, and feeling substantial unease. Many people here understood that the Reagan Administration was running out of time and out of gas, that it was suffering from more than having lost the 1986 elections, and also that it was astride policies that could bring it to grief. But not many of us were prepared for the sudden sense that it was overwhelmed by events, and worryingly weakened. Of course, things could change, but it is hard to see how they could change sufficiently to give us a Presidency that is not—and does not put the country—in danger.

A Presidency too weakened invites more trouble: it can tempt foreign adversaries, and it can also tempt a

President to take actions that might be more popular (at least temporarily) than wise; it can make domestic problems more intractable. Having a Presidency that seems totally at sea has made even people who have opposed Ronald Reagan uneasy about the shape his Administration appears to be in now. We can't know all the implications, and we don't like not knowing implications. What we do know is that the Wall Street panic, the resounding defeat the President took on the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, the increasing evidence that the situation in the Persian Gulf is out of control, and the setback—of whatever duration and seriousness—to the President's arms-control policy left us with a President who seemed more weakened and more exposed than we have had for a very long time. The blow on arms control was especially bitter, because the President and his advisers had been counting—perhaps too obviously—on a summit meeting here soon with Mikhail Gorbachev, to distract the country from certain realities. Two weeks ago, a senior Presidential aide said to me that it didn't matter that President Reagan was having difficulties with Congress—his ability to manage foreign policy, and to stage a summit meeting, would compensate.

Lame-duckness notwithstanding, Reagan still has an important role in most of the issues he, and the country, are facing. Through his veto power and his megaphone and his residual popularity, he can at least keep some things from happening. He had seemed to be growing no more flexible as his Presidency was running out; in fact, the opposite seemed to be the case. This may have changed somewhat in light of the stock-market panic, because the President was forced by his advisers—and by panicked Republican Party leaders—to face certain realities. Yet he still seems most reluctant to do so. An example or two of Reagan's flexibility as governor of California gave rise to an assumption that as President he is often taking a position that he is willing to bargain away. Another myth was that Reagan was a passive figure, easily manipulated by his advisers. By now it should be understood that Reagan is a very strong-willed man, and a combative one, not easily moved on things he feels strongly about (getting hostages back, not agreeing to new taxes, and not bargaining on the Strategic Defense Initiative). Reagan is also, according to the testimony of a number of senators, in both parties, the most partisan President they can remember—a Johnson, even a Nixon, could be worked with on issues of great importance. Reagan, they feel, fights on just about everything, and feasts on the politics of blame. A Howard Baker, they say, would know when to cut a deal. Reagan's time may be running out, and he may now be quite weakened politically, but he is far from irrelevant.

THE Bork chapter also shows how a subject can suddenly come on the agenda—no one had thought that Justice Lewis Powell would resign—and take a great deal of a great many people's energy, and produce its own political implications, whatever they may be. Despite all the cries of foul by Bork and his champions, and their strange rage at what happened—which grew out of their apparent inability to understand what happened, or to accept defeat—what cost Bork



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his appointment to the Supreme Court was Bork himself. Specifically, what did him in was his own testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Hard as this might be for Bork and his champions to accept, the lobbying by "special interests," the not very large advertising and the lobbying campaigns against him had only a marginal effect. The right's sudden abhorrence of television advertising was amusing, because the liberal groups who opposed Bork were simply taking a leaf from the right, which has mounted some pretty rough—and rougher—television ad campaigns of its own. Reagan's and others' indignant charge that Bork's opponents had "politicized" the process of selecting someone for the Supreme Court was laughable (though sense of humor has been in short supply here): Bork was selected for the explicit purpose of carrying out a certain political agenda; and some Reagan advisers happily saw the pending fight over Bork's nomination as an opportunity to motivate, and consolidate, Reagan's political base for the Republican Party in 1988. It was they who built up the nomination fight as the most important struggle of Reagan's last two years in office. And they saw Reagan's presumed victory as just the shot in the arm his Presidency needed. When Reagan returned to Washington after his August vacation at his ranch, he told a rally of his appointees that there was "no more important task" than getting Bork confirmed.

Bork's defeat was not much expected here as the fight over his nomination got under way, even though the White House had been warned before Bork was nominated that there would be a tough fight against him. Bork had been considered on "the short list" of possible Supreme Court nominees since the early nineteen-seventies, and civil-rights groups, among others, had been tracking his record since that time. Their task was helped by the fact that Bork was so prolific—and confrontational. As Ralph Neas, the executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, who spearheaded the lobbying campaign against Bork, put it, Bork had "left a twenty-five-year paper trail." Yet it was widely assumed that his opponents had slim chance of winning, because rejection of Supreme Court nominees is rare, and because Bork was already on the Court of Appeals here and was a substantial figure with good connections—including some well-known



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and briefings with various news organizations Biden did do much to get it across that trying to defeat a Supreme Court nominee, and doing it on philosophical grounds, was legitimate. Kennedy, too, started with what many felt was a misstep—a harsh attack on Bork—but in doing so he got people's attention, and put potential Bork opponents on notice that there was going to be a fight and they should not throw in the towel before it got under way. Kennedy and Biden played a large role in determining the structure of the hearings, and among the decisions they and some others made was to focus on a few basic issues out of the many possible ones that Bork's record offered, and aim for the center of public opinion, and of the Senate. At the same time, Kennedy made calls to Southern black leaders to encourage them to join the fight, and organizations opposing Bork stirred up grassroots activity in key states—in the South, and in states with undecided senators on the Judiciary Committee—so that what senators heard from their constituents would track with the issues being emphasized in the hearings.

Biden may have trouble at times

finishing a sentence, and he may lack what the British call gravitas, but he followed a smart strategy in conducting the hearings. He was determined to be nice to Bork, and to be seen as utterly fair to him, and though this sometimes came across as unctuousness, the Republicans on the committee made no complaints about how the hearings were conducted, and Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, the committee's ranking Republican, twice commended Biden for his conduct of the hearings. (Moreover, committee members of both sides admired Biden for staying focussed on the hearings, and not engaging in self-pity, while his Presidential campaign went down the tubes.) Biden's strategy was also to press Bork on some positions that he had taken, and if Bork recanted some of those positions, as the indications were that he might, so be it—this would, and did, raise questions about Bork's character and questions as to which Bork would serve on the Supreme Court.

Substantively, out of the large number of potentially controversial positions Bork had taken, Biden and Kennedy concentrated on the two—privacy (Biden) and civil rights (Kennedy)—

that were most likely to disturb a large number of people, and to reach the political middle. Privacy turned out to be the most powerful issue, but civil rights was also very important, as it became clear that Southern whites as well as blacks did not want to see various civil-rights issues reopened. And the Democrats on the committee steered clear of such controversial issues as abortion and affirmative action. Though "privacy" was in part code for abortion (since the Supreme Court based its decision approving abortions on a right to privacy), it also was a wedge that could split open the crack in Reagan's constituency—the tenuous and uneasy alliance between the moralists with a social agenda and the libertarians and young voters who don't want the government messing around in their private lives. (Biden emphasized this dichotomy by focusing on Bork's objection to a Supreme Court ruling in 1965 overturning a Connecticut law that prohibited everyone, even married couples, from using contraceptives.) Reagan, through his force of personality and popularity, had been able to hold these incompatible forces together, and one question is whether any of the Republicans vying

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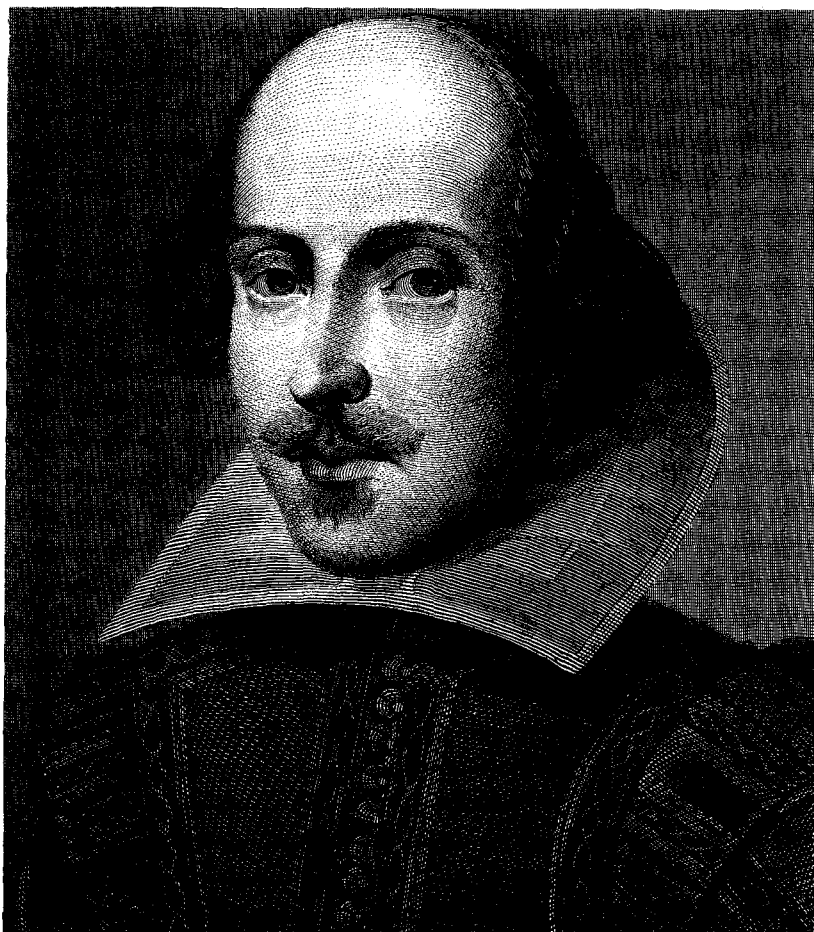
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What came through in the thirty hours of Bork's testimony, and the brief television news accounts of it, was that Bork does not believe there is a right to privacy, and that he had opposed virtually every Supreme Court decision that advanced civil rights. Also, the White House had, for some reason, given Bork advance billing as a powerfully charming man, who was likely to sweep the television audience—and thus built up an expectation that was not, for some reason, fulfilled. Bork came across as strained, intellectually arrogant (a trait that is evident in his writings and speeches), and bloodless—as without any connection to the real-life consequences of his views. Moreover, it was demonstrated that though Bork argued that the civil-rights advances should have come through legislation rather than the courts, he opposed the public-accommodations section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act when it was before Congress, saying, in an article in *The New Republic*, that the principle behind it was one of “unsurpassed ugliness.” Some Southern Democratic senators said privately to their colleagues that they recognized in Bork's article, when he wrote that the law would apply to barbers and chiropractors, an old racist code. Bork in his testimony reiterated his opposition to Supreme Court decisions striking down the poll tax and restrictive covenants, but he moved away from earlier positions severely restricting First Amendment rights and saying that the Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteeing equal protection of the laws, did not apply to discrimination against women. These two shifts were what Senator Patrick Leahy, Democrat of Vermont, termed Bork's “confirmation conversion.”

And Barbara Jordan, who testified shortly after Bork completed his testimony, made brief work of Bork's suggestion that if people wanted one-man, one-vote they should seek it through the legislature, not the courts. Jordan pointed out that if it hadn't been for the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling she would never have made it to the Texas State Legislature, where she began her political career. Before that ruling, Jordan pointed out, her district had been so arranged as to make sure that a black would not be elected, and she had been defeated twice. Jordan and William Coleman, a highly successful black attorney who

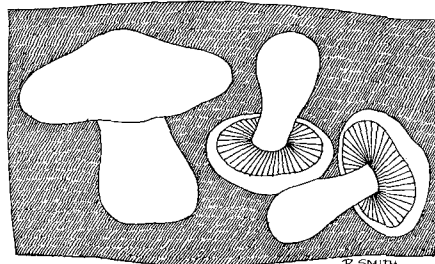
had served in Gerald Ford's Cabinet, were the most lethal witnesses against Bork. Coleman, an establishment figure and the first witness to appear after Bork, presented a closely reasoned as well as emotionally powerful case against him. He and Jordan, whose testimony followed his, dealt commandingly not only with the legal questions raised by Bork's ample writings and speeches—and by his testimony—but also with the real-life consequences of positions Bork had taken. Some observers think that committee Republicans made a mistake in taking Coleman and Jordan on—thus giving them additional hours to plow Bork under.

A secondary theme that Kennedy developed—and one that could have been important if confirmation had been undecided when it went to the Senate floor—was Bork's record of generally favoring the executive over the legislative branch. Another important tactical decision taken by Bork's key opponents inside and outside the Senate was not to have representatives of interest groups opposing Bork testify before the committee—in order to counter the charge that “the special interests” were opposing him. (Some interest groups were more willing to go along with this stratagem than others.) After assessing the impact of Bork's testimony, and then that of Coleman and Jordan, they decided to quit while they were ahead. An effort was also made to keep potentially strident witnesses off the stand. This was largely, but not completely, successful.

The big thing that happened to Bork is that he undid himself. Bork and his supporters argued that his “academic” writings and his speeches were not germane to whether he should be confirmed. But this was obviously disingenuous. Moreover, Bork had reiterated some of his more controversial opinions this year: that the Constitution should be interpreted only according to the original intent of its framers; and that the Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteeing equal protection of the laws, covered only race and ethnicity, not sex. And Bork was

understood to have been running for the Supreme Court for some time (others, in both the liberal and conservative camps, have done this as well), and some senators thought that it may be no accident that some of his views (such as his argument for “original intent”) mirrored those of Attorney General Edwin Meese. Bork tripped himself up both in this respect and in another: his insistence throughout the hearings that he did not disagree with the substance of the civil-rights or certain other decisions, that his problem was simply with the way the Court's conclusions had been reached. Thus, he wanted it understood that he did not favor restrictive covenants or poll taxes or oppose one-man, one-vote—he simply could not find in the Constitution the justification for the Court's findings on these issues. Some senators found this too cute. Also, Bork's opponents pointed out, in a long academic career Bork hadn't found other ways to grant people their civil rights. (A pro-Bork witness, Thomas Sowell, who is a fellow at the Hoover Institution, and a black, testified that he had no big problem with a poll tax as long as it was held to, say, a dollar-fifty.) Bork and his supporters were indignant that some of the ads and other literature opposing his nomination placed him in favor of or opposed to the outcome of various decisions, rather than simply the method by which they were reached, but their objection demands an acceptance of Bork's formulation, and in some instances the ads' characterization of Bork's positions were correct.

It is understandable that, for example, blacks didn't accept Bork's formulation, or find it particularly comforting. (Barbara Jordan dismissed it out of hand.) Southern blacks—whom Bork and the President appeared to consider a “special interest”—were a particularly potent force against Bork. Black churches, a locus of political activity in the South, went to work against him. But many senators were struck by a poll taken by the Roper Organization, published after Bork had concluded his testimony, which found that Bork was opposed in the South not only by most blacks but also by most whites, and even most conservatives. Senators on and off the committee were also struck by polls indicating a loss of support for Bork in the course of, and presumably as a result of, his testimony. This mirrored many senators' own reactions. While there is no scientific way to determine



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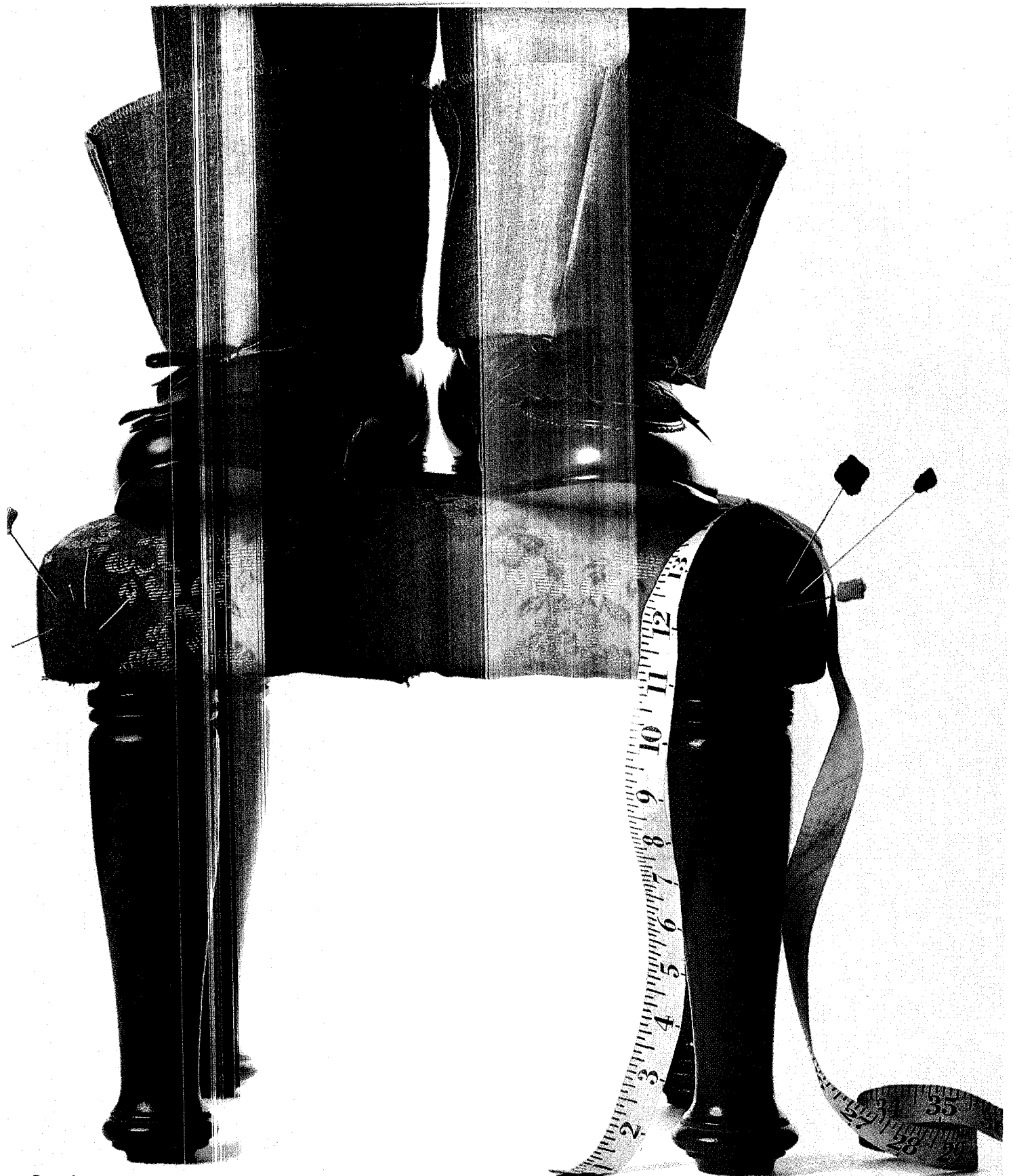
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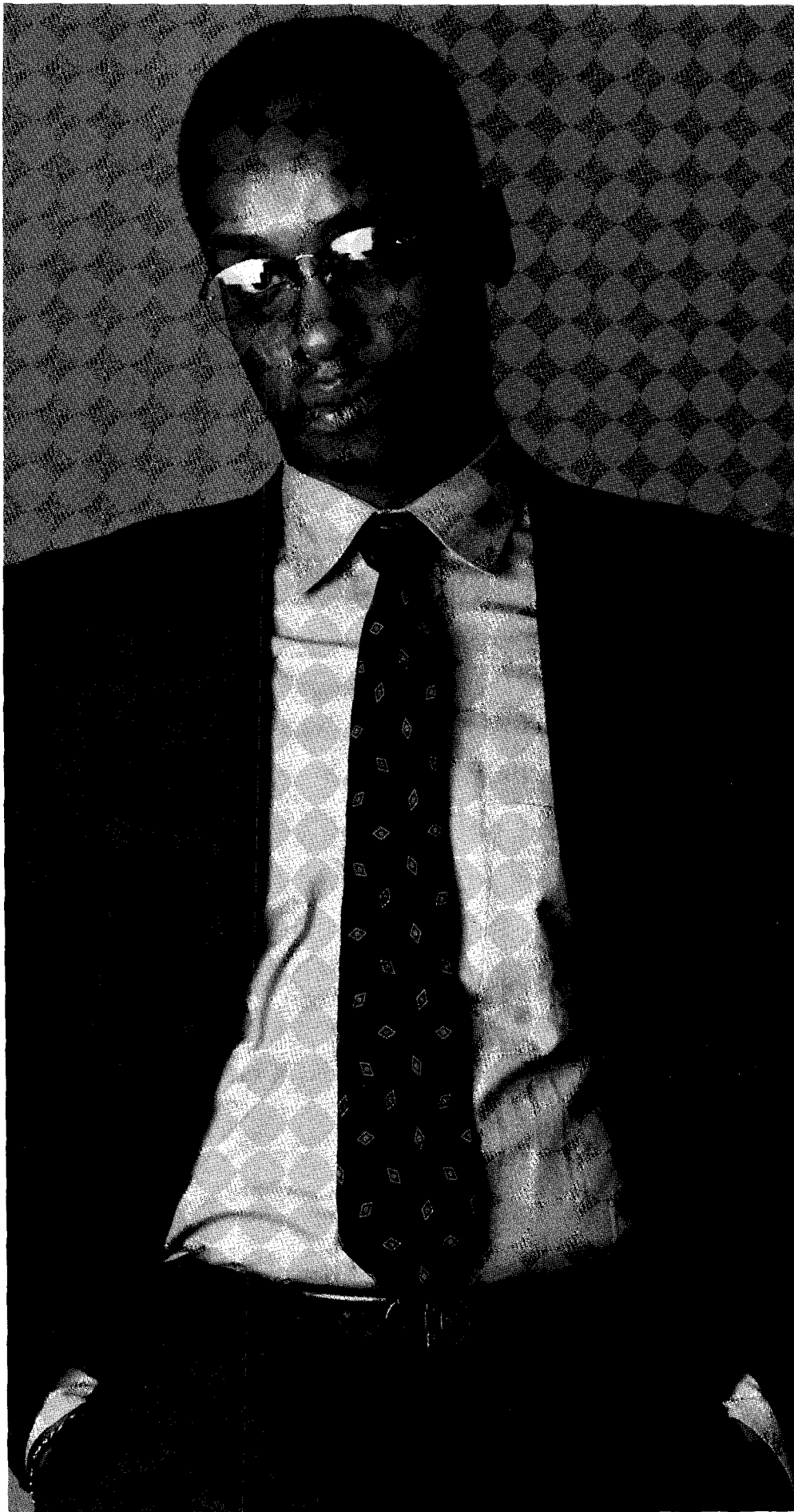
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how various senators reached a decision to oppose Bork, and though some decisions were undoubtedly influenced by the attitude of Southern blacks and others, several key senators—including some who at first were inclined to support Bork—were moved to oppose Bork by his own testimony. And the indignation of Bork and his supporters, including the President, at the campaign against Bork overlooks two facts: that there was also a campaign for him (one Southern senator told me he received more organized mail—senators can always tell when it's organized—in support of Bork than opposed to him), and that the decisions of most of those who went against Bork were based on what happened in the hearing room.



Bork's decision not to withdraw despite the facts that the committee had voted nine to five to reject his nomination and that a majority of senators had announced their opposition to him took Washington by surprise, because it did not follow the expected form. And though the President and his aides publicly professed themselves all in favor of bringing the nomination to a vote on the Senate floor, it was clear that a number of them regarded Bork as a houseguest who had overstayed. Reagan himself had been lukewarm in his endorsements of Bork in the days leading up to Bork's surprise decision, and had made the type of statement (that Bork "has a decision to make") that usually opens a trapdoor beneath the person in question. (It was considered significant that Reagan did not appear in the pressroom with Bork when Bork made his announcement.) Though the decision was Bork's, he may have been led into it at least in part by the false pretenses of others, who were frying their own political fish. I'm reliably told that several Republican senators encouraged Bork to stay in on the assumption that he would not. That way, they could portray themselves as diehards without being terribly inconvenienced. The unusual rally some Republican senators staged for him on the steps of the Capitol (for the television cameras) had more to do with the senators' positioning themselves correctly than it did with their real views about Bork at that point. Some White House aides and Republican senators feared that a lengthy and bitter Senate-floor debate would get in the way of other issues as well as of Reagan's next Supreme Court nomination. (But some Bork

supporters wanted to have a tough, even rough, debate in order to, among other things, discourage people from opposing Reagan's next nominee.) Robert Dole, Presidential candidate as well as Senate Minority Leader, was caught in a bind and looked far from overjoyed when he rose in the Senate to praise Bork's decision. In fact, Dole, George Bush, and Jack Kemp vied for the Robert Bork Support Award—Kemp, who appeared at a pro-Bork rally across the street from the White House and announced that as President he would renominate Bork to the Court, won. (Such a rally was presumably not "political.") Some senators were disturbed by Bork's emotional performance at the White House, and one, Harry Reid, Democrat of Nevada, cited this as one of his reasons for opposing him.

Dole, Reagan, and Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, in rare unanimity—if for different reasons—wanted to get the Bork floor debate over as quickly as possible. But right-wing groups were gearing up their fundraising phone banks and direct-mail machines—to target certain senators opposing Bork and to raise money—and Dole, unable to control his most right-wing troops, could not get their agreement to end the Bork matter quickly. The nomination was finally taken up on Wednesday, two weeks after the Committee voted, and the fifty-eight-to-forty-two vote against Bork on Friday afternoon was heavier than most people had expected and the largest ever against a Supreme Court nominee. The Bork opponents' two prize catches, disclosed at the end, were John Stennis, the eighty-six-year-old Democrat from Mississippi, and John Warner, Republican of Virginia and usually a strong supporter of the President. Warner said shortly before he voted that the President's assertions that Bork was the victim of a "lynch mob" were "unbecoming the office of the Presidency."

The Bork battle exposed and intensified the schism within the Reagan Administration between the pragmatists, headed by Chief of Staff Howard Baker, and the ideologues in the Justice Department (in particular, Attorney General Edwin Meese and Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds) and elsewhere. Right-wingers in and outside the Administration laid into Baker for losing the nomination—and seemed to find not unwelcome another excuse for taking

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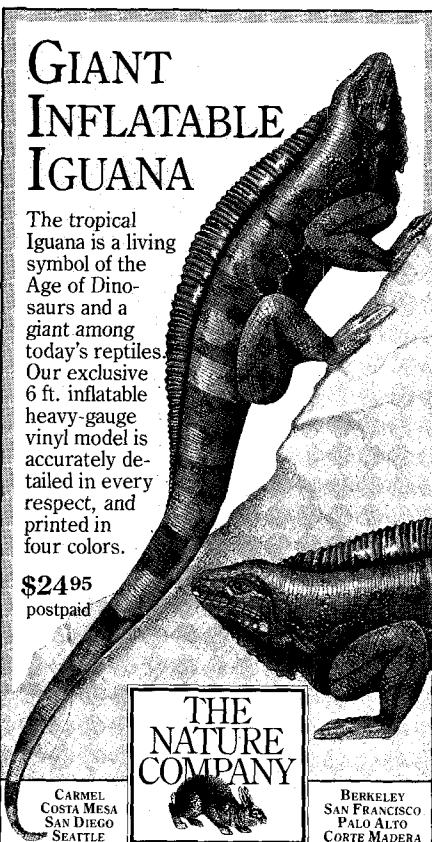
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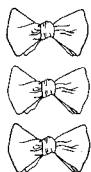
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on the always-suspect Baker. The right-wingers argued that Baker had misguidedly tried to present Bork as a moderate, and had failed to anticipate the strength of the campaign against him. (Actually, Baker had warned the President that it would be difficult to get Bork confirmed.) The argument over how Bork should have been presented—as a moderate who had changed some of his views or as a fire-breathing ideologue of the right—was another version of an old argument, and was pointless. If Bork had come on as the right-wingers wished, he would have been rejected as well. The right is often arguing that Reagan should be unleashed (the presumption being that moderate aides are muffling him), that in a no-holds-barred fight, one that accuses his opponents of the worst possible sins (as in, those who oppose Contra aid support Communism), he would prevail. There is no evidence of this, or of the fact that Reagan is perpetually bound and gagged by some of his aides.

NOT very long ago, foreign-policy officials here were convinced that Iran had no interest in engaging in hostilities with us in the Persian Gulf. Though the government's intelligence about what is going on in Iran is still poor, the theory—based largely on Iran's actions—was that Iran had decided to be careful not to bring down on itself United States military force. Whatever was the case in the arms sales to Iran—the Administration says, and may have thought, that it was dealing with "moderates," but Ayatollah Khomeini is believed to have been in on the whole thing—Administration officials believe that there are factions in Iran, some of which do not want to see Iran drawn into a war with the United States. But though the Administration believes that the factions exist, they don't know what that means. Some Iranians who say they represent this faction or that have approached Administration officials, who are understandably chary. As of now, they deal with Iran by exchanging messages through the governments of Switzerland, Algeria, Pakistan, and some others. Administration officials have sent word to the Iranian government that they are ready to establish direct contact (to which, thus far, the Iranians have said no), and say that if there are direct talks Congress will be informed forthwith.

Administration officials believed

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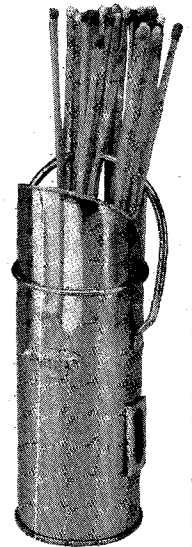
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that for about two months Iran had not laid any more mines, and during that same period it seemed receptive to the diplomatic efforts by the United Nations to bring the Iran-Iraq War to an end (and was trying to ward off a United Nations resolution calling for a worldwide arms embargo against Iran), and there had been no attacks on American-flagged ships. The prevailing view within the Administration was that the buildup in the Gulf had "worked," and was another example of the fact that projecting power—as against Libya, as against the Sandinistas—does accomplish foreign-policy purposes. (They also believe that Syria has become more circumspect, because President Hafez al-Assad was convinced we were ready to use force if Syria didn't lay off engaging in terrorism or hostage-taking.)

Officials also believed that Iran understood that its actions had brought not only our ever-increasing forces into the area but also—after a while and some importuning by us—help from Great Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium, and that this, too, was making it more cautious. An official said to me not long ago, "They had deluded us into thinking they were proceeding on a diplomatic, pragmatic track." About a month ago, an official who usually supports taking a hard line, and military action if necessary, said to me, "Our Gulf policy has had a major impact on perceptions; we have been perceived as a very major power by all the countries in the area." He went on to say, "But what does it get you?"—and he shrugged. He continued, "It shows the world we have the power and they shouldn't screw around with the United States. On the other hand, we remain right in the Iran-Iraq War—vulnerable to attacks and vulnerable to domestic upheaval. And this all came about so goddam quickly."

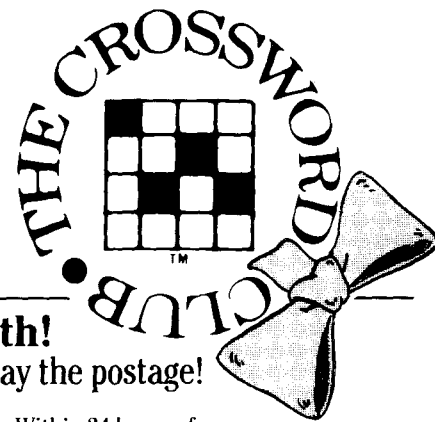
The decision, made in March, to reflag the Kuwaiti tankers was, I'm told, rushed through the Administration by Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger (who has long wanted to zap Iran) and Frank Carlucci, who had just recently become the national-security adviser; the State Department, I'm told, rolled over. So in this most important of questions facing Reagan's new team, there was, as one official puts it, "no process." One major miscalculation—if that's what it was—was that Pentagon officials told the President, and Administration officials told those members of Congress it

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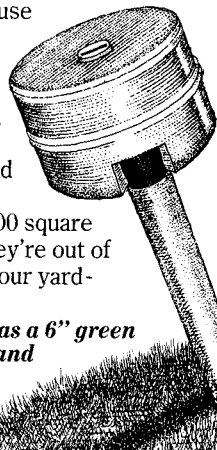
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briefed, that the reflagging wouldn't require any additional ships in the area. At the time, we had nine ships in the Gulf region; at times, we have had as many as forty and forty-one. (The number does not take into account that the ships have been of varying size and potency.) In another miscalculation, Administration officials publicly expressed assurance that the Iranians would not strike against our enlarged Gulf forces. And though as the reflagging got under way the Administration was warned internally about the possibility of mines, and mines were swept from the channel leading to the Kuwaiti harbor, no one thought about, or prepared for, the possibility of mines in the main body of the Persian Gulf itself, not to mention in the Gulf of Oman. And the Pentagon, after spending one and a half trillion dollars and committing to a six-hundred-ship Navy during the Reagan Presidency, was, and remains, woefully unprepared to sweep for mines. Like so many places and institutions, the Pentagon, too, has a caste system, and people who wanted to get ahead in the Navy didn't go into minesweeping. So, in a predictable circularity, minesweeping's low standing prevented it from getting much money, and minesweepers lost out in the competition for Pentagon dollars—because they aren't glamorous. As of now, six thirty-year-old minesweepers are still making their way to the Persian Gulf—a trip that will take three months in all. Meanwhile, the Europeans have helped out, but there are parts of the Gulf—in the north, where it is more dangerous—they don't want to sweep. The Pentagon also has some specially trained dolphins en route that, it is hoped, will attack someone swimming into a harbor to lay a mine. The dolphins have never been tested in a real situation, but the Pentagon is hopeful—every little bit helps. The dolphins, I was told by an official, are a “defensive weapon.”

A number of officials, for policy reasons and political reasons, thought that the reflagging idea was not a great one. At the time, one told me that there were other ways to deal with Kuwait's request that we reflag some of its ships, and its presumed unhappiness with us because we had sold arms to Iran; a political adviser to the President said to me last spring that the reflagging was “a terrible idea,” because “Iran has all the options.” And now even people within the Administration acknowledge that

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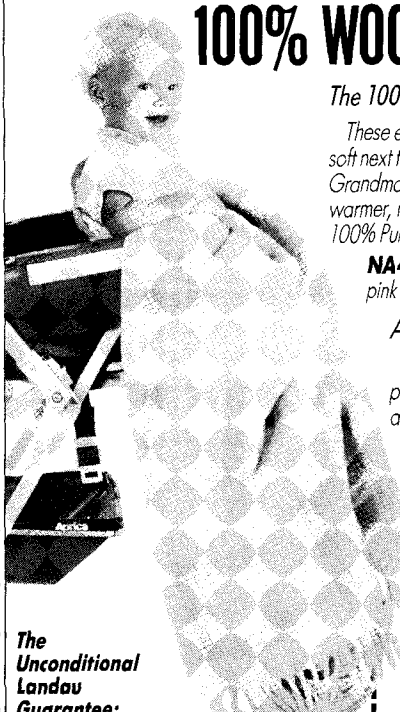
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the reflagging has led to increased, rather than reduced, hostilities in the Gulf. And at the time of the reflagging there had been no substantial interruption of the flow of oil out of the Gulf—except for that caused by attacks by Iraq (our ally) on Iranian shipping. No one seems to have foreseen the extraordinary military build-up that has now taken place in the Gulf, and no one knows where it is headed, or how we can get out of the situation—barring a cessation of the long Iran-Iraq War. That the Administration got itself into the Gulf complications—and, it now seems, into the Iran-Iraq War—as a result of the Iran-Contra affair is not in question.

The Administration is finding out, as Administrations often do, that it is easier to get intricately into a military commitment than it is to get extricated from one. Not long ago, officials were seriously addressing the question of how to reduce our presence in the Gulf. This, however, like so many other things, was a subject that the State Department and the Pentagon disagreed on. State was interested in reducing the presence, and felt that Defense kept upping the ante by insisting that more was needed. And several Administration officials winced when Weinberger, during a trip to the Gulf at the end of September, said that if the United Nations could not bring about an end to the Iran-Iraq War "we will need a totally different kind of government in Iran." Last week, Weinberger was trying to expand our commitment in the Gulf: he suggested in a congressional hearing that the U.S. protect all ships in the Gulf (presumably also Iranian ones), and said that we may have to send more forces there. Weinberger has all along wanted us to protect the entire Gulf, but other officials argue that that's more than the traffic will bear. More than a few officials have been concerned about the apparent open-endedness of our commitment in the Gulf, and when Carlucci said on "Meet the Press" in mid-August that escorting reflagged vessels would no longer be necessary if tensions in the Gulf were reduced, this was a major policy pronouncement. But then, in late September, Iran was caught laying more mines in the Gulf. An official told me that the Administration figured that Iran figured that it could get away with the mining, which Iran chooses to say was done by an "invisible hand." But the hand became visible as we learned how to

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detect what kinds of vessels carried mines, and an official closely involved in Gulf policy has told me that he came to believe that Iran had been laying mines all along. Upon detection of the mining, consideration of reducing our presence in the Gulf had to be dropped for the time being. This was but one example of what an official meant when he said to me not long ago, "We're hostage to the situation." And recently Kuwait has quietly moved to lease two U.S.-owned, and U.S.-flagged, ships—that we will also have to protect.

Once the new Gulf policy—of reflagging Kuwaiti ships—was adopted, other things followed automatically. People who had said that the reflagging policy was not a good idea—this included, among others, Henry Kissinger and Senator Sam Nunn, as well as many liberal Democrats—now feel they have no choice but to support retaliation for any Iranian action against us or our newly flagged ships, lest the United States' prestige suffer another blow. Though many members of Congress were disturbed by the recent round of escalation, including our tempered retaliation for an Iranian attack on a reflagged ship (albeit in Kuwaiti waters, not in the Gulf itself), when the flag is at risk the inclination of politicians is to stand up for it—up to a point.

The Administration's greatest miscalculation may have been its specific warnings to Iran about what actions we would respond to militarily—putting more mines down in international waters (after the U.S.-flagged Kuwaiti tanker the *Bridgeton* was hit by a mine), using Silkworm missiles in the Strait of Hormuz, attacking a U.S.-flagged ship in the Gulf. So the Iranians dropped mines at night—not knowing that we could now spot that, and therefore believing that they could use the "invisible hand." And later the Iranians simply used Silkworms placed further north to attack, on two successive days in the week before last, a U.S.-owned tanker carrying a Liberian flag (which does not come under American protection), and then a U.S.-flagged tanker in Kuwaiti waters (where protection is technically under the government of Kuwait). After the second attack, the Administration felt it had to retaliate. Though it pleases some Administration officials and elected politicians to speak of "the crazy Iranians," other officials recognize that the Iranians, under the Ayatollah, have given us quite a run-

around—in fact have nearly driven us crazy. One official said to me recently, "They're incredibly clever; they have such a variety of tricks." And when I asked an official recently where we are headed in the Persian Gulf he replied, "We are in a mess, because it's a difficult situation out there, and the American people and the U.S. Congress don't like difficult situations."

By the time of the latest escalation, at the beginning of last week (with everything that has happened since then, it seems longer ago), the Administration and Congress were already at odds over the Administration's refusal to let Congress in on the policy via the War Powers Act. That law, passed in 1973, as a result of the Vietnam War, was an attempt on the part of Congress to share responsibility for military involvements that were other than a declared war. (The Constitution gives Congress the power to declare war.) Under the law, the Administration has to report to Congress when United States troops are facing "imminent involvement in hostilities"—and if Congress does not approve the military action within sixty to ninety days the troops must be withdrawn. This possibility of a "pocket veto"—of Congress, by its inaction, forcing withdrawal—is one thing that disturbs Administrations. When the law was passed, many people here believed that Congress got upside down what its purpose was, and actually allowed a President to carry on a war for some time without congressional approval. As often happens, the law was designed to deal with the most recent experience, and did not fit the circumstances that arose after that. Congress did not anticipate such post-Vietnam inventions as the invasion of Grenada or, certainly, the reflagging of ships. Still, the idea of the War Powers Act was to have some machinery in place to give Congress some say in un-

declared wars and require Administrations to proceed accordingly. But all Presidents since the law was passed have considered it an unconstitutional infringement on their prerogatives, and the Reagan Administration has been trying to fend Congress off in the case of the Gulf.

A number of people within the Administration felt from the outset that Congress should be brought in on Gulf policy through the War Powers Act, in order to get it committed to the policy. Congress tends to go along in these matters—it gave eighteen months' approval under the War Powers Act of the Reagan Administration's stationing of marines in Lebanon. The real problem that has been raised is that though the War Powers Act is a dumb law, it is the law. Even after the recent round of escalation, the Administration was still taking the position that we are not facing hostilities in the Persian Gulf—it said that there were "isolated incidents" but not hostilities—and the President still threatened to veto any War Powers resolution adopted by Congress. So the Senate last week, after extensive debate and much wriggling, adopted a resolution calling for a report from the President within thirty days on our commitment in the Persian Gulf, and saying that after another thirty days the Senate would vote on a resolution of undefined nature. At first, this proposal was defeated by a combination of liberals who wanted to stay with the War Powers Act and conservatives who wanted no impingement on the President's prerogatives. After the resolution was amended to say that it neither impaired the War Powers Act nor limited the President's powers, it was passed. Many senators expressed satisfaction that they were now requiring the President to send them a report.

AMONG the many other uncertainties the Administration faces is the fate of its policy in Central America. It has been bitterly divided—the issue being what to do about the peace plan adopted in August by five Central American countries, including Nicaragua.

Some officials tell me that it is militarily possible to prevent the Sandinistas from "exporting" their revolution to their neighbors, and even some officials who had supported the Contra policy feel that the Administration should now settle for a policy of containment. One official, who has sup-



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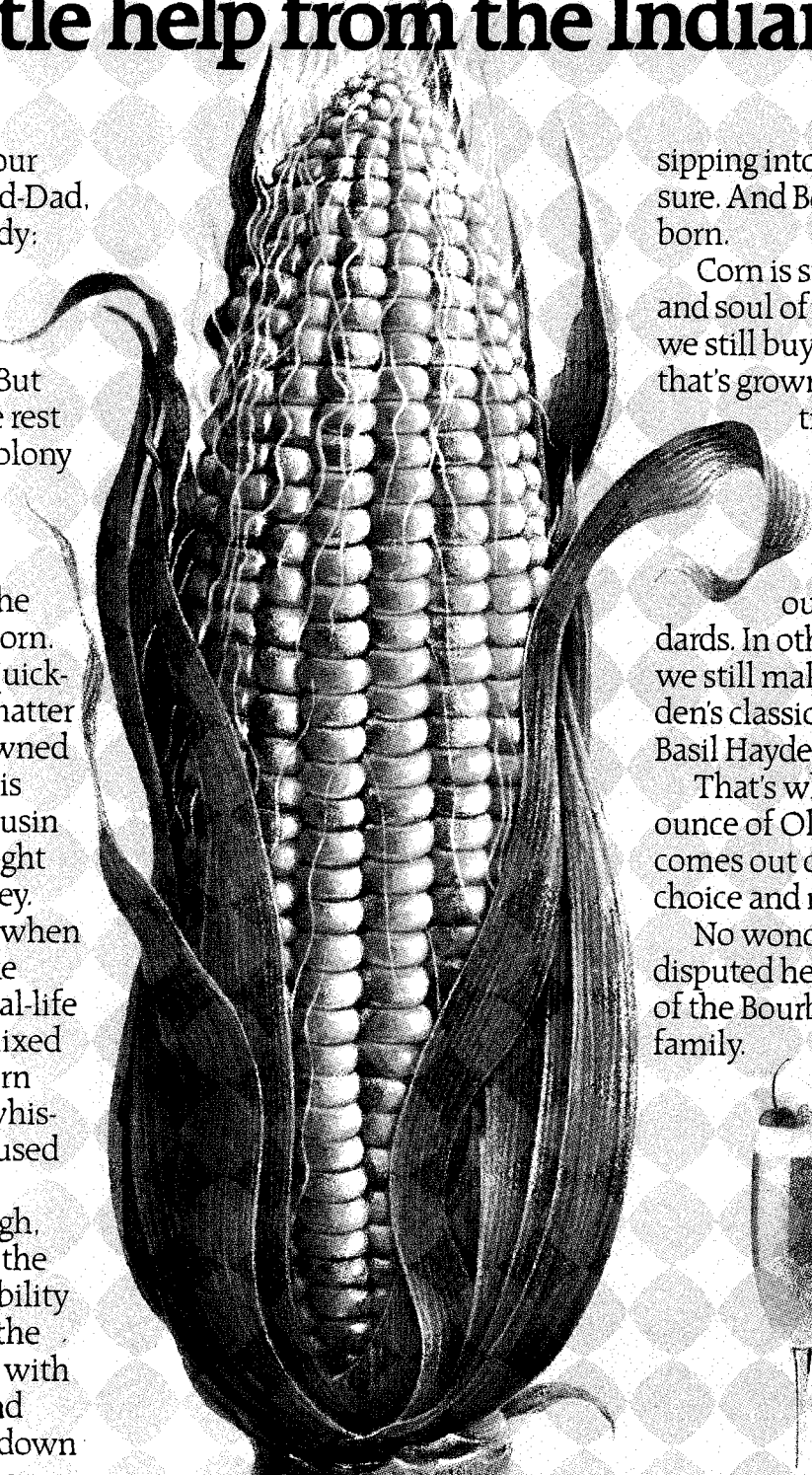
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ported the Administration's policy, told me not long ago, "Our rhetoric has been shockingly untrue—that the Sandinistas will take Texas, that they will overthrow their neighbors. The national-security threat we have invented is nonsense." He argued that though the Sandinistas are prepared to help insurgent movements in Central America—as in El Salvador—that sort of help is not the key element in evolutionary movements. He added, making a point that may fit other situations as well, "We have become prisoners of our own ridiculous rhetoric."

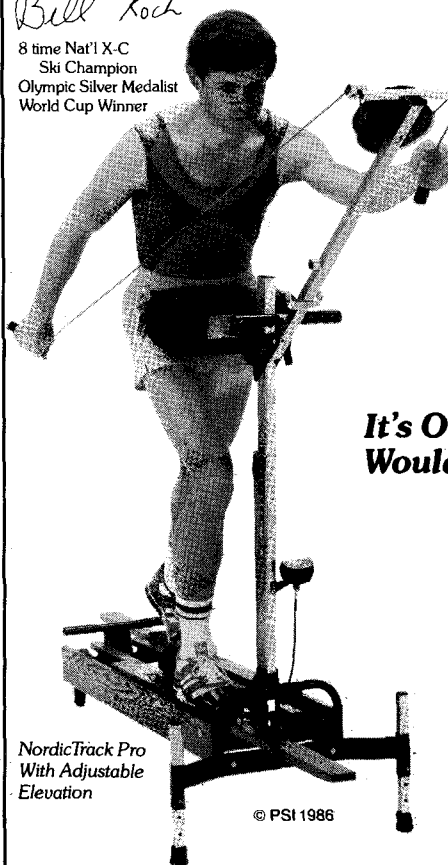
Now the Sandinistas are putting the Administration on the spot by meeting—thus far—the terms of the Guatemala accord. After a lot of twists and turns, the Administration finally decided to ask for two hundred and seventy million dollars in aid in November, after the Guatemala agreement is supposed to have gone into effect. And the President, in a recent speech before the Organization of American States, said—but didn't quite demand—that the Sandinistas had to take further steps, beyond those required by the Guatemala agreement. This was an intra-Administration compromise that left a big question unsettled. The Administration is still faced with the essential question that has been there all along: whether it is prepared to live with the Sandinista regime or is determined to overthrow it.

THE recent stock-market panic took people here by surprise, and shook them, even though it was precisely the kind of thing—if on a larger scale and in a briefer time—that a number of people here had been warning about if the budget deficit and one of its concomitants, the trade deficit, were not brought under control. The failure of the political system to deal with them finally caught up. And the twin deficits substantially limited our room for maneuvering. We had gone on a binge of borrowing and spending, and the short-term growth this brought about masked certain realities and postponed the reckoning. That the reckoning was slow in coming bolstered people's illusions, and the President, who told us in his reelection campaign that it was "morning in America," was content to ride the bubble. Even some of his most loyal supporters on Capitol Hill had begun to feel that, as one of them put it to me in early September, "Reagan will ride off to his ranch at the end of his Pres-

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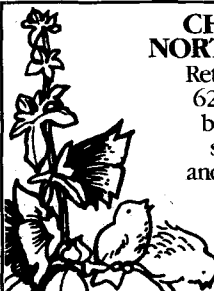
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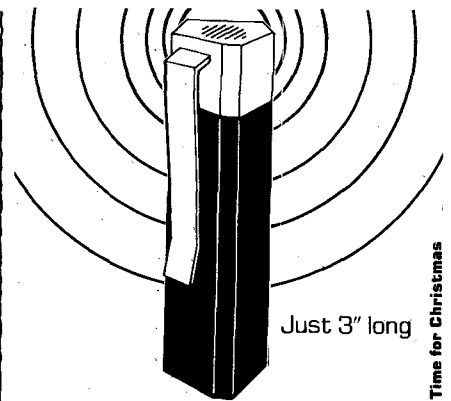
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idency and leave us holding the bag."

For a long time, Reagan had not only refused to raise taxes to help reduce the deficit but, even in his weakened position, had made it politically difficult for Congress to do that without him. A White House aide said to me a couple of weeks ago, before the panic, "One thing you can say about this President is that he is consistent—stubborn, but consistent." (The President did propose new taxes of about six billion dollars in this year's budget. He also asked for spending cuts that both Republicans and Democrats in Congress considered too painful. Also, his budget underestimated the deficit by a substantial amount, and so fell far short in addressing it.) Congressional leaders of both parties had begged Reagan to join with them in a collective effort to reduce the budget—with the mutual political protection that would bring—but Reagan had refused. Not long ago, a most unusual coalition revised and reinstated the automatic trigger, or "sequestration" (which had been struck down as unconstitutional by the Supreme Court), in the Gramm-Rudman law, forcing automatic cuts if Congress did not meet certain deficit-reduction targets. Liberal Democrats who wanted the trigger restored, in order to force the President to agree to a larger increase in taxes rather than take a further cut in defense spending, joined forces with Senator Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas, who wanted to reinstate the trigger in a way that the courts would uphold. And, in the face of higher deficits in the next couple of years, and deficit-cutting requirements in the original Gramm-Rudman law that were politically difficult to reach, the Reagan Administration and Congress colluded in moving targets in the original law. They arranged for smaller budget reductions over a larger period of time, and the new requirements were made as painless as possible. The painful cutting would not have to occur until after the 1988 elections. The deficit cut for the current fiscal year was to be a mere twenty-three billion dollars. The President has boasted of the drop in the deficit in the fiscal year just concluded (fiscal year 1987), but that was largely the result of a one-shot break when last year's tax-reform law brought in greater revenues in the first year than had been expected, and of other one-time developments (such as asset sales), and of accidents and misestimates. (As of now, the tax-reform



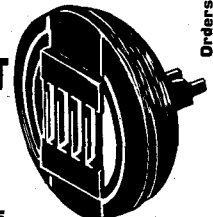
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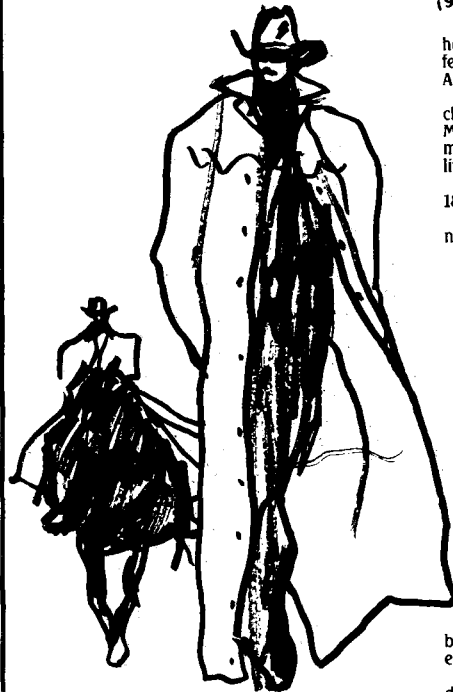


aw is expected to lose money for the Treasury in the coming year.)

If Congress and the President don't reach a compromise on the budget, the Gramm-Rudman trigger would be pulled on November 20th. The result would be just what the law's critics warned about when Congress first passed it, in 1985, as a substitute for making difficult decisions about the budget. Because a number of programs are protected from Gramm-Rudman cuts, the programs that would be hardest hit would be spending for education and for housing, for AIDS research, for air-traffic controllers and other air-safety programs and transportation programs, for NASA, for Immigration and Naturalization service. The defense budget would also take a big hit, especially in the area of "readiness" (the preparedness of troops and weapons to respond quickly, as opposed to defense contracts)—unless, as some expect, the President came along later and asked for more money for defense, in the name of national security. Big programs, including Social Security and other pension programs that help the middle class as well as the poor, are protected by the Gramm-Rudman law, while programs that should be growing will take substantial cuts. We would be spending an even greater proportion on present consumption than on investment in the nation's future. The budget is only one of many subjects on which Congress has been in gridlock lately, coming just short of a breakdown in the system of government. After losing a few at the outset, Republican senators, unhappily back in the minority after 1986, have largely turned to filibusters of proposals they don't like. No appropriations bills for the current fiscal year have been passed.

The stock-market panic, a number of people here feel, was set off by accumulated concerns that nothing was being done to address the budget deficit and the trade deficit. Those concerns, it is believed here, were further enhanced by some comments made the week before last by Treasury Secretary James Baker which suggested that international agreements to keep the dollar and other currencies within a stable range might not be working. Baker was threatening the Germans, but in the process he scared the hell out of Wall Street and other world markets. Baker has had a reputation for being one of the ablest people around, and now he is in the process of trying to restore that repu-

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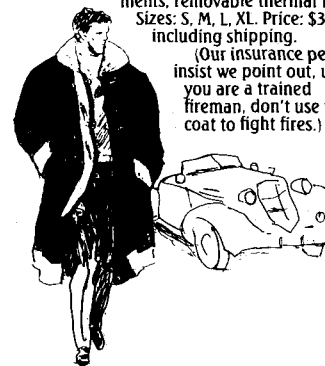
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tation, and part of the exercise was his helping, along with others in the Administration—especially Chief of Staff Howard Baker—and on Capitol Hill, to persuade a reluctant President to, on Tuesday, go so far as to call for talks on the budget deficit between his officials and the bipartisan congressional leadership. But how flexible the President is prepared to be is still in question. When he announced his latest move, he added that Congress, controlled by the Democrats, “was responsible for the deficit,” and he continued to castigate Congress all week. An agreement will probably be reached, because one has to be, but the negotiations will probably be trilateral—between Congress and the President and between the President and his advisers, who will have to keep urging him to make some deal. Howard Baker and James Baker are said to be most intent on bringing off a deal—this is an area in which both men have been frustrated for some time. Though the President, at his press conference, depicted himself as a poker player unwilling to reveal his hand—even whether he will accept more taxes—the working assumption here is that he has agreed to raise taxes, and the only question is by how much. But if the target for cutting the deficit remains only the twenty-three billion dollars that Congress and the Administration recently set for themselves (rather than the thirty-six-billion target in the original Gramm-Rudman law), and if cuts are made for only one year, the exercise might not be seen as serious by the financial markets. Yet the events in the financial markets last week have also narrowed the options: various agencies here are now quietly lowering their estimates of the rate of economic growth in the coming year. This means that there is also a risk of taking too much money out of the economy by raising taxes and making spending cuts.

AND then, at the end of the week, came the Soviet postponement of an agreement to hold a summit meeting here to sign a treaty on intermediate-range nuclear-forces reductions (I.N.F.)—a meeting the Administration desperately wanted to announce at the end of a lousy week. As of now, the Administration—whose understanding of what goes on among the Soviet leadership is hazy—can only speculate about what went wrong. Secretary of State George Shultz's entourage just arrived back

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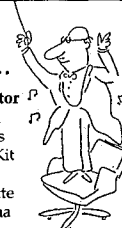
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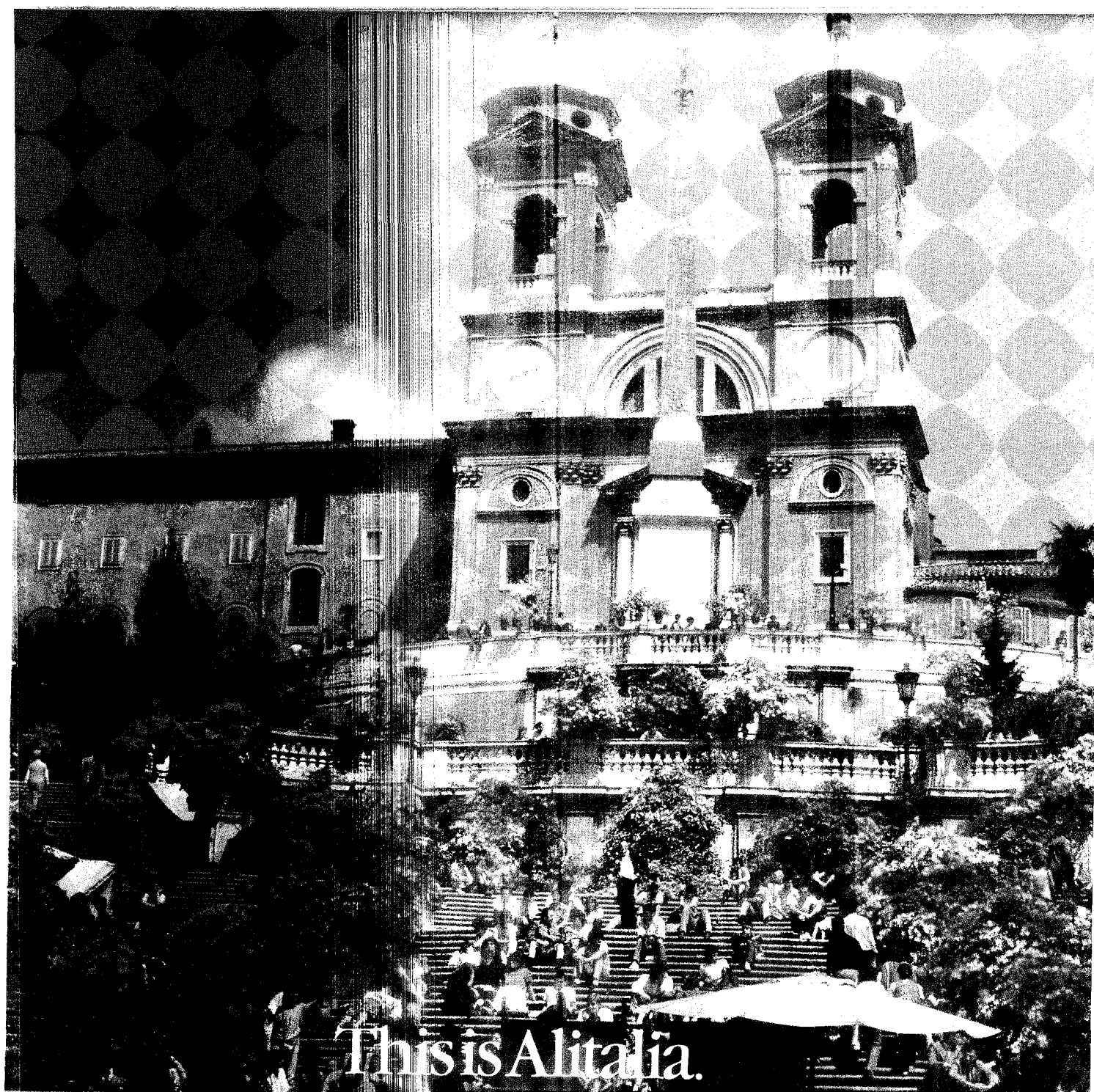
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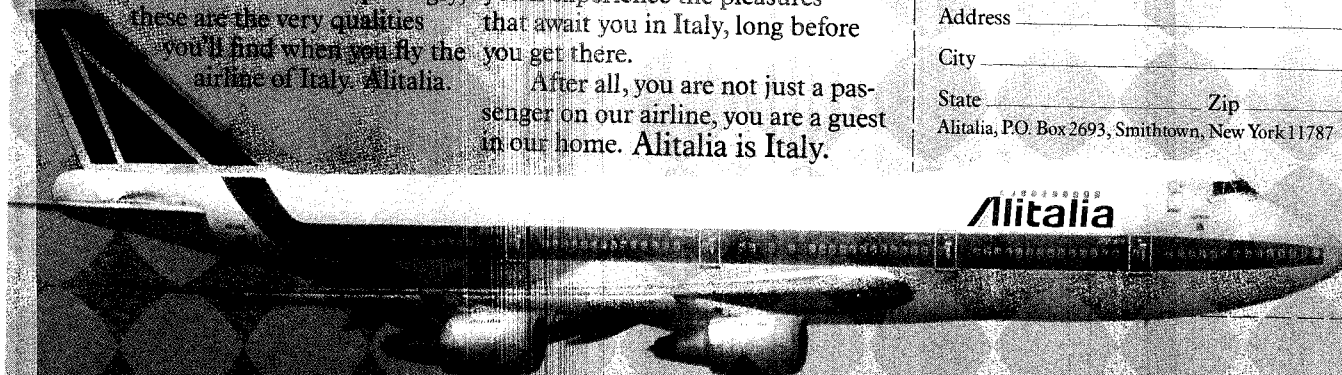
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from Moscow last night. Perhaps, some officials (including some on the trip) say, this was a sign that Gorbachev had internal opposition—they don't really have any idea, but some government experts (as such things go) on the Soviet Union say that there have been some unusual things going on there recently. Perhaps, some officials think, Gorbachev read the Administration's oft-spoken desire for a summit, and Reagan's increased weakness, as an opportunity. The I.N.F. agreement is of only marginal importance, but the public-relations value to the Administration of a Gorbachev visit would be substantial. And so the ante was upped, and Gorbachev added the requirement of a deal on the Strategic Defense Initiative to that of a final I.N.F. agreement before he would agree to a summit.

The President has recently restated his refusal to allow S.D.I. to be a "bargaining chip." But the outlines of an agreement can be seen: it would ban deployment of space-based defense systems for ten years—which would not cause much, if any, delay in what could be done anyway—in exchange for some limits on testing in the meantime. The Soviets have become somewhat more flexible on this, but Weinberger has been adamant—and so far has persuaded the President—against accepting limits on testing of S.D.I. A "framework" agreement isn't out of the question: Shultz's delegation told the Soviets that the United States would not contemplate a framework agreement, but some officials think that this position will change. A framework agreement, which would leave the hard questions unresolved, would not gain either side much substantively, but would obviously be treated as a political plus for the Reagan Administration. Similarly, the President's political advisers are more enthusiastic about a summit here with Gorbachev than some officials dealing with the substance of arms control and of U.S.-Soviet relations are: they foresee Gorbachev wowing the American public, and the Europeans as well, and don't think that's all to the good. Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said to me jokingly, "I'd give him twenty SS-20 missiles to stay away."

Some officials think that Gorbachev will change his mind, and will come here before long to sign an I.N.F. agreement—they point out that the Soviets have often changed their posi-



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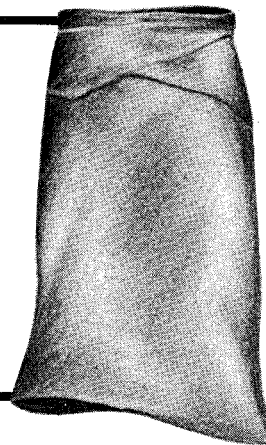
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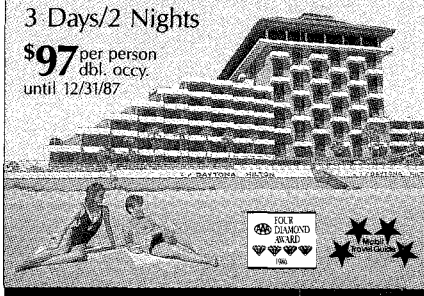
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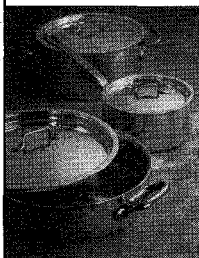
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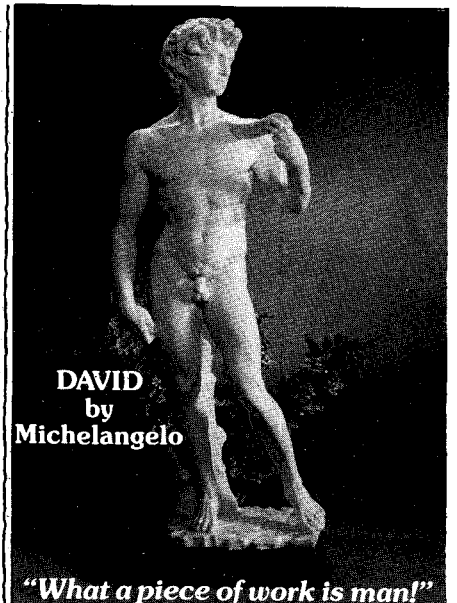
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tion about arms negotiations. And officials say that a lot of progress was made on the I.N.F. agreement during Shultz's Moscow trip. Shultz looked despondent when he announced to the press in Moscow that the agreement to set a date for a summit had fallen through—almost as solemn as he did when the Reykjavik summit came apart, and, as happened then, drew criticism from Reagan aides for indicating that the situation was not rosy. Today, on "Meet the Press," Shultz treated the latest turn of events as no big deal. That's the only position the Administration can take for the moment. While several Administration officials had recently become more optimistic that an agreement on long-range, strategic weapons might be struck while Reagan is still in office, Kenneth Adelman has thought for some time that the obstacles—including issues over the Strategic Defense Initiative, and the limited time for hammering out such a complex agreement—are insuperable. The Administration remains quite split on whether to even negotiate on the question of S.D.I., and can't even agree on a successor to Adelman, who will leave his job in November. Once again, the State Department and the Pentagon are at odds. State backs Paul Nitze, who opposed the SALT II agreement but wants to try to negotiate a strategic-arms agreement, including some bargaining on S.D.I., but Defense considers Nitze a menace and is backing General Edward Rowley (Ret.), who takes a dim view of any arms-control agreement. The Pentagon considers Nitze such a menace, in fact, that it won't let any of its officials meet with him to consider S.D.I. compromises.

AS if he didn't have trouble enough, the President will soon be hit with the report of the Iran-Contra committees—and so a subject that had gone off the screen, and was virtually taboo, will make a probably brief return. (One reason he held a press conference last week—his third of the year—was that questions about the Iran-Contra affair, which the President doesn't handle particularly well, were not likely to be brought up, given everything that was going on. Just in case, the President was prepped for questions on the subject, but none were asked.) But even when that has come and gone the President will have more than enough to cope with.

—ELIZABETH DREW



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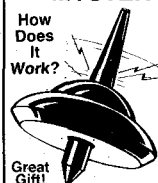


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A House Divided

IF you think about what's most frightening in a horror picture, what "gets" you, it isn't the images but the soundtrack. The reason, perhaps, is that human beings listen in the womb, and hearing is one of the first sensory experiences—one of trust and connection but also, later, of helpless vigilance. The ear listens for the heartbeat, and the footstep, and to the dark—and, in literature, for a certain unwilling cry, to be heard in works as different as the poetry of George Herbert and the stories of Kafka.

That cry resounds from the void in which an infant endures its anguish, rage, yearning, hunger, and worthlessness. A writer can't make a story of that experience, perhaps because language is a relation, and can only describe other relations. But a writer can make a story of the drama of that helplessness as it's played out in and perpetrated upon the world; and it is through that drama that the best fiction engages us in history.

"Beloved" (Knopf; \$18.95), Toni Morrison's fifth novel, is such a piece of fiction. Her protagonist is a former slave woman named Sethe, living near Cincinnati after the Civil War with the last of her four children—a teenage girl named Denver, with whom she was pregnant at the time of her escape from a Kentucky plantation called Sweet Home. Sethe's two sons have run away from her. Her formidable mother-in-law has just died. Her husband has not been heard from since the day that he and the other slaves attempted to board the "train" of the Underground Railroad. And Sethe's house is haunted by the ghost of her fourth child, a furious infant called Beloved, who died there—her throat cut—eighteen years before.

Despite the richness and authority of its detail, "Beloved" is not primarily a historical novel, and Morrison does not, for the most part, attempt to argue the immorality of slavery on rational grounds, or to make a dramatic case for her heroine's act of violence—the way, for example, Styron does in "The Confessions of Nat Turner." She treats the past as if it were one of those luminous old scenes painted on dark glass—the scene of a disaster, like the burning of Parliament or the eruption of Krakatoa—and she breaks the glass, and recomposes it in a

disjointed and puzzling modern form. As the reader struggles with its fragments and mysteries, he keeps being startled by flashes of his own reflection in them.

I would like to consider, for a moment, the relation of that fractured scene to the intact, glassed-over family portrait that is beamed into millions of living rooms on a weekly television program called "The Cosby Show." Bill Cosby has become America's ideal parent, and the household he heads is much the same as the one at which he aims his commercials for automobiles, cameras, computers, stocks and bonds, peppy soft drinks, and Jell-O. What he really pitches, though, is reassurance, and what is most distinctive about him, as salesman, is his amalgam of maternal and paternal qualities. Cosby is rich and powerful, unlike most mothers; he is tender and present, unlike most fathers. His main role, at least as an actor, is to instill trust in children while disarming their parents' fears of them, and he does this so well that he fulfills what must be a vast yearning for the kind of perfect nurturing that almost no one gets, and that would permit the kind of self-mastery that almost no one achieves—most rarely, the children of poor, single-parent families in a ghetto.

Cosby has five children of his own, and he has published his thoughts on raising them in a book called "Fatherhood," which restates a number of

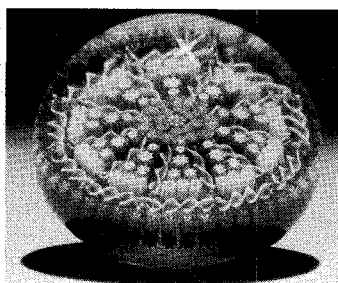
homely truths—basic articles in the implicit social contract of the middle-class family. "Even though your kids may not be paying attention," he advises us, "you have to pay attention to them all the way;" "real fatherhood means total acceptance of the child;" "the most important thing to let them know is simply that you're there;" "kids have one guiding philosophy, and it's greed;" and their "baffling behavior . . . is the same today as it was when Joseph's brothers peddled him to the Egyptians." Cosby's book contains no references to his own past, and there is nothing, except for his picture on the jacket, that identifies him as a black man—nor should there have to be. But his blackness, I think, italicizes his message—the way a contrasting typeface indicates that a passage has a double, an unconscious, an exotic, or a revealed meaning.

Cosby's assimilated American family lives in a state of grace that he invites his audience to contemplate and to share, and it is in many ways an ironic counterpart of Morrison's riven and haunted family. For who were the slaves but the selfless "ideal parents" of their white masters?

As "Beloved" opens, one of the former slaves turns up on Sethe's doorstep near Cincinnati. Paul D. is "the last of the Sweet Home men," and in the score of years since Sethe last saw him he has been a prisoner on a chain gang, a fugitive living in the wilderness, a laborer for both sides in the Civil



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War, and a vagabond. Sethe learns from him that his brother, Paul A., was captured and hanged; that their comrade Sixo—"the wild man"—was "crisped" and shot; and that her husband, Halle, was last seen squatting next to a butter churn with expressionless eyes, smearing the clabber on his face:

"Did you speak to him?"

"I couldn't."

"Why?"

"I had a bit in my mouth."

She, in turn, recounts her story. After she put her children safely aboard the "train" and went back to wait for her husband, she was cornered in the barn by the nephews of her master. Inured as he is to the brutality of white men, Paul D. is still astounded that the boys would have "pulped" Sethe's back when she was pregnant. Yet it isn't the beating that she wishes to impress upon him:

"They used cowhide on you?"

"And they took my milk!"

"They beat you and you was pregnant?"

"And they took my milk."

The scene in which the nephews force Sethe to suckle them is one of the most shocking in a novel stocked with savagery of every description, physical and verbal, and the point that it doesn't register as such for Paul D. is an important one. It is not because he lacks compassion—Morrison has endowed him with an almost mystical (perhaps even sentimental) tenderheartedness. But, as a man, his experience of slavery has been different from Sethe's, as a woman, and if his hardships have been more extreme they have also been less damaging to his pride. That pride has been invested in his own attributes: his strength, his mobility, his manhood, his ability to survive. Hers has been invested in her maternity and confused with her maternity, and until that confusion is resolved, which is the real business of the narrative, she is still, and in every sense, a slave/mother.

Sethe and her two daughters, one flesh and one spirit, are trapped in a void at the core of "Beloved," trapped by a powerfully cohesive but potentially annihilating force—maternal love—that scatters and repels the male characters of the novel. Paul D. puts it one way when he tells Sethe, "Your love is too thick." Baby Suggs, Sethe's mother-in-law, describes it another way when she says, "A man ain't nothing but a man. But a son? Well now, that's *somebody*." What she also means, in the context of her own life,

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“A woman ain’t nothing but a woman. But a mother? Now, that’s somebody.”

Morrison goes on to amplify Baby’s remark, and it is worth pausing at this passage—less for its own sake than because it suggests the kind of impassioned polemic that “Beloved” does not, ultimately, succumb to:

It made sense for a lot of reasons because in all of Baby’s life, as well as Sethe’s own, men and women were moved around like checkers. Anybody Baby Suggs knew, at one time loved, who hadn’t run off or been angry, got rented out, loaned out, bought up, brought back, stored up, mortgaged, won, stolen or seized. So Baby’s eight children had six fathers. What she called the nastiness of life was the shock that she received upon learning that nobody stopped playing checkers just because the pieces included her children. Halle was able to keep the longest... Given to her, no doubt, to make up for *hearing* that her two girls... were sold and gone and she had not been able to wave goodbye.

This language is powerful but manipulative. It is meant to awe us, and it does—like the tiny human figure that the model-builder sets next to a pyramid. The abolitionist novels and tracts of the last century aimed for the same effect. They exposed the plight of the Negro as a slave, a victim, a hero, but not as an individual, not as a familiar. When Morrison sets Baby Suggs and all her griefs on one tray of the scale, she defies us to supply our own moral counterweight—and, of course, we fail.

The occasional excesses of rhetoric and sentimentality in “Beloved” may reflect an anxiety in Morrison that she attributes to her heroine: a need to overfeed and overprotect her children. Paul D. tries to warn Sethe about it, but she won’t listen to him, asserting, grandiosely, that she will “protect [Denver]... while I’m live and... when I ain’t.” One of the ironies of the novel is, in fact, that its author hovers possessively around her own symbols and intentions, and so determines too much for the reader—flouting her own central moral principle and challenge. For throughout “Beloved” Morrison asks us to judge all her characters, black and white, according to the risks they take for their own autonomy and in honoring that of others.

Sethe, Paul D., and Denver are a fascinating family “unit” in part because they are so familiar: a middle-aged single mother, sexually out of practice, whose desire takes her by surprise; a middle-aged man ready to

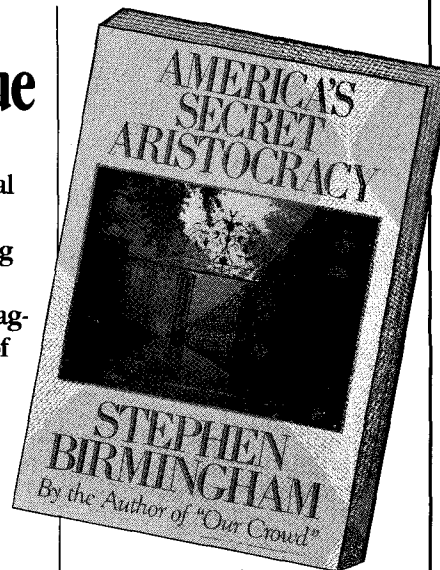
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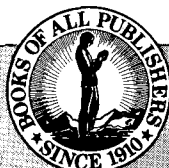
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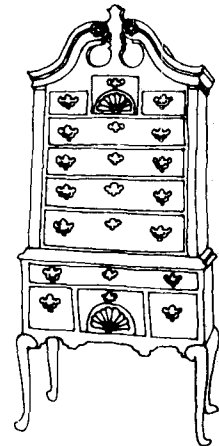
compromise with his own need to wander; and a lonely, "secretive" adolescent who strains their relationship. Denver is jealous and resentful of Paul D., particularly when he exorcises the ghost of her baby sister—her only companion. She comforts herself with carbohydrates and by daydreaming about the glorious adventure of her own birth, in a rowboat—she was dragged from her mother's womb, prematurely, by a young white girl. But Sethe has, in fact, never fully "delivered" Denver. Fat, dreamy, submissive, fearful of the world, and fixated on her moment of entry into it, Denver will be forced to complete the labor by herself.

Morrison makes this family romance just novelistically comfortable and promising enough so that one represents the apparition of a supernatural intruder: a thirsty and beautiful young woman who walks out of the pond behind the house and takes it over. She has no past, or refuses to recall one. There are no lines on her hands and feet, although there are faint scars, like fingernail scratches, on her forehead. She calls herself by the name of the dead baby—Beloved—so there isn't much suspense, either about her identity or about her reasons for coming back. But we are meant to feel, I think, that we are actually losing something to Beloved—losing a story, a family, just as they were becoming real. The family's members are seduced away by her, and forced to serve her, which they do in a trance; and the role of memory in the novel is, at least in part, to inflict enough vivid and specific pain to dispel the trance.

What is most physically striking about Beloved is her smoothness: she's the dark glass of the picture. What is most poignant about her is that, like any vindictive child but unlike most ghosts or vampires, she ("it") is "not evil, just sad." And you finally have to decide between your sympathy with her greed for love and your desire to see the others go on living—the same private choice, I suppose, that one has to make between the claims of past grief and potential happiness.

A number of critics, and Morrison herself, have described "Beloved" as a "ghost story," but that is a somewhat deceptive and sensational tag for it. The characters themselves take the same, almost casual attitude toward ghosts that they do toward violent death, and, as Baby Suggs reminds Sethe when she thinks of moving, "What'd be the point? . . . Not a house

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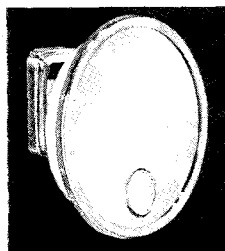


n the country ain't packed to its rafters with some dead Negro's grief." As monster, a helpless but omnipotent "it," Beloved belongs to the family that Caliban and the monster in Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" belong to. Freud, in an essay called "The Uncanny," suggests a way to understand him. "The uncanny," he writes, "is that class of the terrifying which leads back to something long known to us, once very familiar." The German word for uncanny is *unheimlich* (and a haunted house is an *unheimliches Haus*). But he interprets the prefix *un-* not as a grammatical negation of what is "homelike" but as a "token of repression" for what is most secretly terrifying and desirable about home—what drives one away from it and compels one to resurrect it.

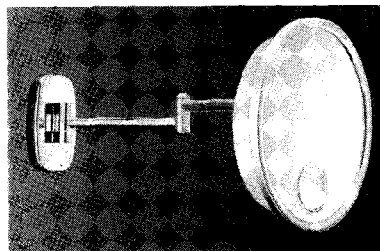
The slaves in "Beloved" recall their bondage to Sweet Home with the same mixture of homesick love and dread: "Although there was not a leaf on that farm that did not make [Sethe] want to scream, it rolled itself out before her in shameless beauty." They were treated humanely there—insidiously so. Their master, Mr. Garner, was a man who encouraged them to "correct" and "even defy him. To invent ways of doing things . . . to buy the freedom of] a mother, choose a horse or a wife, handle guns, even learn reading." But the illusion of autonomy, Morrison suggests, is more debilitating, and perhaps, in the long run, crueller, than a full consciousness of servility. The slaves discover when they are turned over to a fiend named schoolteacher, Garner's heir, that they have been their master's creatures all along. "How 'bout that?" Paul D. reflects. "Everything rested on Garner being alive. Now ain't that slavery or what is it?"

It's important to the story that one of Paul D.'s first acts when he moves in with Sethe is to break her house up—smash her furniture and dishes—as a way of ridding her of the ghost. But he can't destroy her perverse attachment to the memory, to the idea of Sweet Home—in part because the roles of master and slave, mother and child, have been fused within her. This fusion is, I think, what we experience as most sinister, claustrophobic, and uncanny in the novel, and it's what drives home the meaning of slavery.

"I am Beloved and she is mine," the ghost daughter repeats, like a vow or a litany. She means that Sethe is hers—Sethe's body, her attention, her time—



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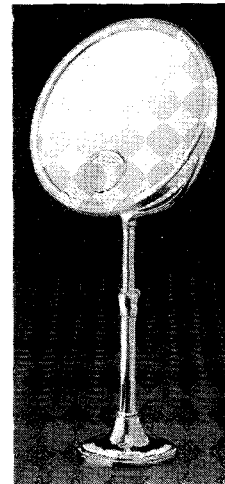


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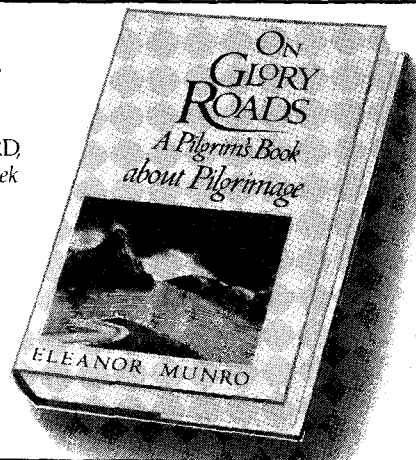
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and she steals Sethe's "milk" more ruthlessly than the nephews did. "Beloved she my daughter. She mine," Sethe says, claiming a privilege that the law did not accord even the slave owner: he could breed or whip or starve or separate his slaves but not murder them. And in surrendering to each other, in claiming to own each other, Sethe and Beloved create a monster like slavery itself: a greedy infant with a parent's "supernatural" power.

Morrison has a dreamer's gift for choosing names and images, and for the ironic doubling of meanings which gives a dream its cohesiveness and makes it an experience of pure retrospect but pure present. Like a dream, however, the novel is vulnerable to the kind of morning-after synopsis that one critic gave it when, quoting coolly from its steamier passages, he labelled it a "soap opera."

It's worth considering the nature of the objections that people who don't like the better kind of Romantic opera make to those who do. The staging is contrived; the plot heaves; the passions are grandiose and the myths obsolete; no one has a sense of humor. "Espresso at any price," Nietzsche says, scowling, "and music in the service, the slavery, of poses—that is the end."

Morrison is essentially an operatic writer, and as a "production" "Beloved" has some of the excesses that Nietzsche objected to in Wagner. She doesn't eschew melodrama in her big, violent scenes, or weeping in her domestic ones. There is a chorus of stock characters—good neighbors, evil prison guards, a messenger of the gods called Stamp Paid, and even a tree named Brother. The prose is rife with motifs and images that the narration sometimes orchestrates too solemnly. Paul D.'s last speech to Sethe is not the only one that trembles on the edge of pathos: "Me and you, we got more yesterday than anybody. We need some kind of tomorrow."

But if you read "Beloved" with a vigilant eye, you should also listen to it with a vigilant ear. There's something great in it: a play of human voices, consciously exalted, perversely stressed, yet holding true. It gets you.

—JUDITH THURMAN

According to Judge Pfau, over 50% of the deceased die "interstate," that is without a will.—*Indianapolis Outlook*.

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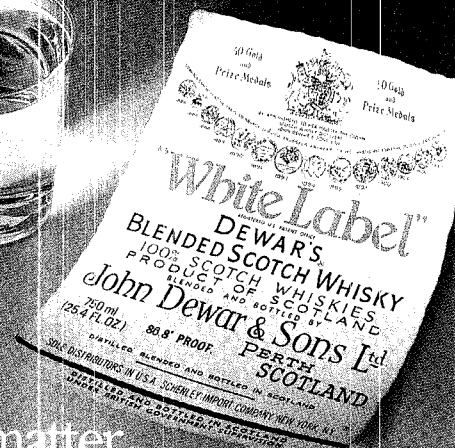
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